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THE PASSION PLAYS AND THEIR NINETEENTH CENTURY SURVIVAL.

BY J. K. PFOHL, '98.

How best to impress upon the minds of the uncultured and unlettered masses, who attended their religious services, the gospel story at Easter and Christmas, was doubtless a question of considerable importance to the clergy of the mediæval period. In the Passion Play we find the solution of this question. The liturgical service conducted in a tongue foreign to that spoken by the majority of the hearers could have no meaning for them; they needed something real, something which they could understand, and the Passion Play was destined to furnish this.

"The Primitive Passion Drama," says Bates, "was nothing more than the solemn lowering of the crucifix on Good Friday, the laying it away beneath the altar, and the raising it again, with anthems of rejoicing on the Resurrection festival." From year to year changes

were introduced. The ritual was made more magnificent, the altar gave way first to the temporary wooden sepulchre and later to the permanent one of stone, embellished in the most elegant manner. Tableaux were introduced to lend vividness to the story which was partly spoken, partly chanted in dialogue form, various persons being chosen to take the parts of the leading Bible characters, as Peter, John and the Marys. This simple acting of the Bible story was not long in gaining a firm hold on the rude masses; it became very popular. The whole narrative became more real, the churches were crowded on these special festivals, they became the occasions of the year to which the people looked forward with much pleasure and expectation. With the growth of the Saint Play, however, which was an offshoot of the Passion Play, the latter received new impetus. It was confined not solely to the representations of the sufferings and crucifixion of Christ, but reaching backward took in the Christmas story, then the prophets who had foretold the coming of the Messiah, and finally Adam and the fall of Lucifer. Then reaching forward to the Ascension and the Final Judgment, so that all the principal acts in Biblical history came within the scope of the Passion Play. We can easily see that a play of such magnitude would require for its production a larger space than that afforded by the church, and in the twelfth century we find a stage erected outside the church door, a step of great importance in its development. Once without the sacred wall of the church it seemed to lose its original purpose. New features were added.

The mediæval fairs were soon associated with it, and the rough and motley crowd which congregated on such occasions demanded still further changes

in the dialogue and characters. The play was being gradually weaned from the church; the Bible narrative was no longer strictly adhered to, but the plays show that they were being altered to suit the times and to reflect in a measure the everyday life of the people, another advance toward the Secular Drama. It might be of interest to note briefly some of these changes. For the sake of brevity, I will confine my few observations to the York Cycle of Plays. These plays were written in the Northern dialect and contain twenty-two different forms of stanzas,—the Cycle dates from about 1340 A. D. They are not as humorous as the Chester Plays, but were doubtless rendered with more solemnity.

In Noah and The Flood we are surprised at the ludicrous character given to Noah's wife. Noah sends for her time and again, asking her to come into the ark and warning her against the flood. She replies that she will not come, but later decides to go and see what he wants. Then follows a long dialogue in which she refuses to leave dry land and wants to return and 'pack her things.' This results in a quarrel and Noah's sons, seizing their mother, force her into the ark, whereupon she becomes angry and strikes Noah with her fist. How unlike the Bible narrative this seems to us! It had only been their aim, however, to make it more real and impressive, more to suit the times in which they lived.

In the Cain and Abel Play a third party is introduced, Cain's servant, a strife-brewer, who helps to make Cain angry with his brother Abel. This part was taken by a young fellow, typical of his time, rough in manner and speech. He too causes some merriment when he exclaims, "O! Maister Cayn, I have broken

my to!" But when we come to the Crucifixion we notice a special desire for physical reality. Four soldiers perform the deed. The cross is laid upon the ground, the holes are bored and Christ is made to lie down upon it, the soldiers conversing all the while. They then stretch out his hands and feet and fasten them to the cross, always careful to see that their work is well done. Then, after some dispute as to their ability to do so, they lift the cross, carry it to a nearby hill, drop it into the hole made for the purpose and place wedges around it so as to hold it firmly in position. (That part of the story relative to the two thieves is omitted.) This must have been the most vivid of all the scenes, and being acted in a solemn and reverent manner was doubtless very impressive.

We can account for the great interest taken in the presentation of the play of the Crucifixion in the fact that the Catholic Church, at that time dominant, laid special emphasis on the controverted doctrine of Transubstantiation, the conversion of the bread and water into the body and blood or real presence of Christ in the Eucharist; it had become firmly grounded in the faith of the clergy, and prompted by the motion to make this as real to the people as to themselves, to impress them with the great importance of this crowning event in the life of Christ, they spared no pains to make this scene the most important, the most vivid in the whole Drama. On account of this rapid growth in popular favor the church yards soon became too small; the stages were removed to large meadows and later to market towns, but by this time the Passion Play had passed into the Miracle Play.

We turn now to the second part of our subject. The Nineteenth Century Survival of the Passion Plays or

The Passion Play at Oberammergau. The origin of this play carries us back to the close of the sixteenth century. The little town of Oberammergau lies in the Highlands of Bavaria, "2600 feet above the sea, at the head of a long stretch of meadow lands, which the river Ammeer keeps green for half the year,—at the head of these and in the gateway of one of the most beautiful walled valleys of the Alps." Within the town much excitement prevails. The terrible plague which had been playing havoc in the surrounding country, despite all their preventive measures, had reached their own little town and soon it was feared the entire population would be swept away. The story is that in their excitement and despair the people of the little village came together to talk over the situation. They concluded that on account of their sins this calamity had befallen them. They would renounce their sins; pray Heaven for forgiveness, and, if the plague was stayed, every ten years they would perform the Passion Play as a sign of their gratitude for their deliverance from the Black Death.

Immediately, we are told, the plague was stayed and the rendering of the Passion Drama has continued to this day. Some are disposed to deny that it has any connection whatever with the earlier Passion Plays. While it may not be directly connected with them, the fact of the former existence of the Passion Play and the manner of presentation must have been known to these people, certainly to their clergy, and it seems very plausible to believe that they based their play on these facts. We know that the last plays took place in Chester, England as late as 1574. Moreover, research has shown that "the plays, in their less developed ritualistic form, remained a part of the service of the

church until the Reformation, and indeed in many countries or sections long after"; so no considerable length of time could have elapsed between the inauguration of this play and the final production of the former. However this may be, every ten years the little town is filled with strangers, who have come from all parts of the world to witness the representation of "The Story That Transformed the World."

Since the sixteenth century many changes have been introduced into the play. Each priest has revised or rewritten it, until it has been made much more elegant and elaborate than formerly.

This play furnishes to the people of Oberammergau their only source of recreation and in the hearts of the children is early instilled the desire to take a prominent part in the Passion Drama. It is a great disgrace not to be deemed worthy to take part in the play, while to act the part of Christ is considered the highest earthly glory. The selection of actors is left in the hands of a committee of forty-five. Seven hundred actors are required, their ages ranging from three years old and upward, and each player must practice his part four times each week, so that the year preceding the presentation of the play is a very busy one for the people of the little town.

The theatre in which the play is performed stands in a large meadow, the seats being half under cover. About eight hours are occupied in rendering the play, which is divided into eighteen parts and covers the time from Christ's entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday till the Ascension. Between the acts are tableaux representing some Old Testament events prophetic of the act which is to follow. Here again we see the influence of the old Cycle. As mentioned before, the

Cycle included all the principal acts of the Old Testament which were thought to have bearing upon the New Testament narrative. These acts were not represented, however, by mere tableau scenes as in the Oberammergau Play but were separate acts of the Drama. It is very easy to see, however, that the idea in both is one and the same. The whole scheme of man's salvation was to be represented by the Passion Plays and the Oberammergau Play implies that the passion section is only a segment of the whole, and refers us to the unity of the whole Cyclic Drama including, as it did, all the principal acts in Biblical History from the Fall of Lucifer to the Final Judgment. Mention has also been made of the comic element introduced into the older plays for the sake of more lasting impression on the minds of the people, in order to reflect the every day life of the people, and also, doubtless, to afford some merriment for the spectators.

But here we find nothing intended for the amusement of the people. The circumstances of these simple people, cut off to a great extent from the outside world, have changed but little since the origin of this play; their idea in regard to its object and purpose is still the same; and the play is gone through with in a pious, reverent and dignified manner, still viewing it as an act of gratitude to God for their deliverance from the plague. The dialogue is made to conform as nearly as possible to the Bible narrative but some alterations were made, doubtless for dramatic effect. The coarser element of former times is, of course, wanting. The language is just what we would expect from these plain peasants—simple. In the Crucifixion scene the dialogue between the thieves and Jesus is exactly like the gospel story. The hangmen engage in a discussion

as to their ability to lift the cross as in the York Cycle, and the same care for physical reality is noticed. The cross is carefully lifted and placed in the hole after which it is firmly wedged in position. The musical element adds much to the beauty of the presentation. The trained chorus is led by the Choragus, somewhat similar to the Grecian chorus, and the orchestra also assists in rendering the musical part of the play. All the interest of the community is centered in this one event, all else is made subservient to it; but when once over the people settle down again to their every day life, content to think about what has just transpired and look forward ten years hence when the play will be repeated.

This in short is the story of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, the sole survivor of the Passion Plays of Mediæval times. Will the life of these Bavarian peasants remain unconventionalized by the movement of the fashionable tourist and scholarly investigator? Will their simple faith and earnest piety remain steadfast? Will the play continue to be rendered in this reverent and pious manner, or will its object and purpose eventually be lost sight of and the controlling motive be that of pecuniary reward? These are questions which time alone will answer.

THE STORY OF A SNOW-BIRD'S NEST.

BY T. GILBERT PEARSON, '99.

"Wal yes, I reckon as how I can show you a snow-bird's nest," and the gaunt old mountaineer taking his pipe from his mouth, leaned back in his chair until his long gray hair touched the cabin wall; his lips parted, and from the cavern beyond stole forth a thin wavy stream of tobacco smoke. Upward through the cool still air it arose—a pale blue ribbon mounting through the evening twilight towards the cabin eaves, like a signal smoke of the red man rising from a distant hill.

After a little pause he went on. "Down in your part of the country the snow birds they 'aint there 'cepten in the winter, but up here they stay in the summer and raise. Them little fellows make their nests right on the ground, pretty much always on sort of a sunshiny slope or hill-side. They lay four or five eggs and they are right pretty little things too. I don't blame you mister for wantin' to find a nest of 'em but they are pretty tolerable scarce about here, and I don't know as I would have knowed where this nest is now 'cepten that a pair of 'em generally build close about the same place every year. So when you once find a nest if you will look close the next spring you are right apt to find a nest again."

"Get out of my way, Louder," exclaimed a voice, and looking around I saw the son standing in the doorway, his figure tall, slender, swaying, like the mountain pines among which his life had been spent. Arous-

ed by his kick, a large fox-hound got up from the door-step and moved away. "Talkin' about that gal's snow-bird's nest agin are you dad? Well I swan, I don't believe the old man ever will get done studying about that." And the respectful son seated himself on on the door-step.

"Did a girl show you this nest of which you spoke," I asked, addressing the old man.

"Wal no, not exactly," he replied, "yet if it hadn't been for her I never would have known about it. She was a mighty nice little creature, Lula was, and I would like to know what became of her," and the mountaineer sent another signal smoke curling slowly towards the stars. "Do tell me about this girl," I said, "and what part she had in your finding this snow-bird's nest." "It was kinder this way," he begun. "There was an old ball-headed, slick, city chap who called himself Hopkins, that came from some place we never knew where, and built a house over there on the left side of Bear mountain.

"People didn't like him much. He always paid his debts, but he was no way inclined to be sociable. He kept two or three horses all the time and a couple of dogs. Sometimes strangers would come to see him and stay a day or two and he would go hunting with 'em, but he never went to town nor showed himself at a gathering of any kind. Some people said he must have killed a man, or stole a lot of money, or something and run off up here to keep from being caught, but we never knew nothing about that.

"He kept one servant, a tongue-tied old darkey named Pete, who was ugly enough to sour milk. But the old man's gal, she was nice. She always had something pleasant to say when any one came around, and every-

body liked her. She was a powerful hand to sit out of doors and draw pictures of birds and trees and things. Many a time when I have passed along the trail just below their house I have seen her out drawing, or reading a book, or watching a bird.

"One April morning I stopped at the house for something. She was out in the yard planten some violets. When she seen me comin, she called out, 'I know where a snow-bird's nest is.' 'You do,' said I, 'don't you want to show it to me?' 'Its up there on the side of the mountain,' she answered, 'but I don't want anybody to know where it is. I am afraid something might happen to it.' 'You'll show it to me sometime, won't you,' I said, not knowing what else to say. She shook her head from one side to the other so quick-like that her curly hair covered her face most up, and said, 'Maybe, maybe not.'

"Wal, the next year long about corn-planten time, my son Jim here, and me, and three other men had to go over the mountains to attend court. So we all rode along together. When we got over on Bear mountain and was going down by the old man Hopkins' place, we met Lula in the road. She and I had been pretty good friends all along; so I says, 'Morning, Miss Lula. Have you found the snow bird's nest again this year?' 'Yes,' she says, 'I saw it yesterday, and I wrote some poetry about it too.' 'Will you show me the poetry some time?' I asked. She shook her curls all around her face and said mighty sweet and sassy like, 'Maybe, maybe not.'

"It was three or four days before we got back. We had just begun to climb up Bear mountain when it commenced to rain terrible. Night had come on, so we concluded to stay in a little cabin by the side of the

road 'till morning, for there were some mighty rough places ahead to cross. Long about midnight somebody punched me. "Hear that holleren?" he said. I listened. It had slacked up a little and way up the mountain towards Hopkins' house I heard some one yellen', then a gun went 'bang, bang,' and everything was quiet.

"But it began to rain so hard that we was afraid our horses couldn't keep the trail, so we staid where we was till morning. There was a lamp burning in the house when we got there a little after daylight. The two outside doors were open, a chair was turned over on the floor, two or three trunks had been ransacked, and that was all, nobody was there. We went out to the stable and found the horses gone, so was the dogs 'cepen old Louder here, he was shut up in the little dog-house, and was a yellen for all he was worth. That's all there is about it, except that two days later the old darkey came up to our house with his clothes most tore off of him from running through the bushes. He was plum gone crazy too, didn't have sense enough to bell a buzzard. About a week afterwards he died without ever telling us what had happened."

"And did you never learn what became of Lula?" I asked. "No, we never heard nothing more about her or the 'ole man; but I was about to forget the part about the bird's nest. I found that piece of poetry she had wrote lying on her table. It sorter told me where the nest was and I went up the mountain and found it. That was last year, and the other day I was over there and found the little fellows nesting again; but I'll show it to you tomorrow." "I should like to see her verses too," I said, "the story will not be complete without those." "Sarah!" he called, "bring Lula's piece out and read it to our company." Soon the poorly clad

wife of my host appeared in the door-way and holding a little smoky kerosene lamp in one hand, and in the other a sheet of paper, she read these lines

To the Carolina Snow-bird:—

I know a place where the snow-bird nests,
You may seek for it near and far;
But only the parents beside me know
The place where their treasures are.

'Tis a mossy bank on the mountain's side,
And with wood-land girt around;
While close below is a laughing brook
That loves the enchanted ground.

'Tis a quiet nook for the snow-bird's nest
Where the laurel blossoms dream;
And only the moss and the drooping fern
Guide the foot-steps of the stream.

Oh! warm is the heart of the mother bird
As she warms her eggs in the nest,
For all the day her mate sings on
Of the love which fills his breast.

And often times when my heart grows tired,
And the day seems drear and long;
I steal away up the mountain's slope
To hear the snow-bird's song.

For the happy notes of the little prince
Bid my sorrows flee away;
And the rolling hours are one sweet refrain,
And in gladness wanes the day.

And where'er thro' life my path may lead,
Will his singing dry my tears;
As the memory of his liquid notes
Floats down thro' the falling years.

The morning sun was flooding the tops of the Blue Ridge in a blaze of golden light. Down the slopes and into the valleys its foremost rays were darting, jeweling in their course a thousand dew-drops on every tree and crag. Silent, yet grand and beautiful were the

surroundings, and fresh did the world seem as if just from the Creator's hand.

On the eastern side of a mountain, where it was always sure of the warmth from the rising sun, a little bird sat snugly in her nest on the ground. Now the light shown directly on her, but later when the blazing orb should climb higher through the heavens there was the shelter of an over-hanging cluster of grass to protect her from the scorching rays.

Her head turned inquiringly from side to side, as with first one eye and then the other she examined a neighboring laurel bush behind which appeared two heads. "Queer those fellows keep looking at me," she doubtless said to herself, "but I guess they wont hurt a body." Just then her mate flew along and alighted on the topmost limb of a neighboring bush. He evidently did not see the strangers, for a moment later in a low reassuring tone he began his morning song. Louder and more confident he became as the beauty of the morning, and the sense of security of his mate and their treasures grew upon him. His head was thrown back, his white breast contrasted strongly with his black head and gray coat, and his throat swelled as the enchanting strain came stronger and clearer. Ah! why did we ever have to leave the singer and his song?

And so on and on each spring he sings,—a solitary songster on the mountain side; his only accompaniment the murmur of the brook, his only hearer the mate he loves.

THE SILENCE OF SNOWDEN.

A TALE OF COLLEGE LIFE.

The other day I sat under the big canvas of the orthodox three-ringed circus.

There were the usual disadvantages of heterogeneous crowds and smells and the ennui born of a too-oft repeated experience of haggard women and powdered clowns and peanut venders and undeceptive tights, and the nerve-racking blare of a discordant band.

It was all very commonplace and the expected was sure to happen, and I found myself wondering vaguely over the change of disposition from that of the time when I dropped from bed, after a sleepless night, at four o'clock in the morning, tucked numb fingers in the pockets of possibly the fourth pair of pants and, quivering with excitement, proceeded to the witnessing of the then most important event of my life—the elephants coming off the cars. Then I would look down at the wee Miss who occupied the next seat on the hard board bench, who clung to my index finger with a grip the tightening pressure of which betrayed the workings of a mind quick with awe-stricken admiration, whose face flushed and paled alternately with the arrival and departure of the spangled lady from one aerial perch to the other, who uttered no sound save an occasional gasping sigh—and I understood and envied. All the way home I left this little maid to her unmolested reflections.

At the gate of her mother's house she released my finger for the first time in hours and said with a sounding expiration, as though the sum total of human expe-

rience had been realized, "Thank you for taking me." That was all, yet it was more than enough. It made up even for the crease I felt had been impressed upon my person by the lapping of two boards on my circus seat. That was all; to have given an expression of opinion at that moment would have been quite as impossible for her as that Elijah, arrived at heaven, should have criticised with a jockey's eye his celestial steeds. Unique events often have the effect of producing an apparent dumbness—the more so if they raise a tumult in the mind. One is afraid of serving one's most cherished delights to an unappreciative public in the poor dish of human expression. We talk it out with ourselves, as my little circus girl doubtless did with her dollies, but we are afraid to tempt the condescending skepticism of grown-ups.

"Babe" Snowden—he would not appreciate the comparison perhaps, but it's good—went to his first circus a week or so before the ball team, on which he had been playing an indifferent half, played the last game of the season—the game for which all the other games had been in the way of preparation, which to the mind of a well-regulated college means, in its alternative aspect, Elysium, or Hades through a purgatory of many months. The splendor of it all burst upon his unsuspecting vision when his Captain, taking him by the sleeve of his dress-coat, lead him up to be introduced at a ball to a dumpy-figured little girl with regular features and a pretty set of teeth that smiled at you rather monotonously.

Babe's behavior strengthens the comparison. He stared and muttered some words and lapsed into silence and stared again. Finally, in all too brief a time, the first canter of the show was done—I mean somebody

asked her for a waltz—and the Captain, startled by the look in his face and fearing for Babe's condition, led him away, unresisting but peering over his shoulder as long as the ball-room was in sight.

Up to the time he was safely seen to bed he said not a word, but after the Captain had gone he got up and paced the room for hours, talking, talking, talking! At last he had seen her! How was it he had never heard of her before? "Wonder how she was dressed?" "What a dear way she had of half lisping her words." "What a wonderful mouth, what serene eyes!" Yet the next morning Babe went about his law lectures—a bit more taciturn than usual perhaps—but behind it all was the rambling undercurrent of thought of a commonplacely pretty face and a dumpy figure that seemed to his startled senses the extravagance of the Gods; just as the little maid saw swinging between the words of her speller a dazzling vision of gleaming gold and silver sailing through space as swiftly and with as splendid a show as ever fairy through the mind of Grimm.

A day or so later he plucked up courage to call with a friend at the home at which Miss Lucy Bates was visiting. Twice only did he speak during the evening save in monosyllabic answers when addressed, on which occasion he started as though aroused from sleep; and he walked home talking foot-ball. But at his room door he squeezed his friend's hand with a grip that made the knuckles ache and surprised him by saying:

"Understand, old man, I'd do as much if I could for you and if there's ever *any* favor I may do you, come to me."

Miss Bates comment when he had gone was: "What a queer man! Is he always so uncommunicative?" To

which Thompson, not understanding, replied sententiously: "Man is dual: man man, and woman man."

And on three more occasions, three nights apart, a circumstance, which, in the light of subsequent events, might have suggested a dog greedily watching a bone, till the anxiously looked-for word of "Hi-on," Miss Bates had an opportunity to look furtively at Babe's riveted eye and ponder over that remark; for Babe did not lack for gab among his fellows and his Instructor would have been outraged had any one called him a fool.

As the big game approached, Coach and Captain had occasion to congratulate themselves that Babe, an emergency half, had waked apparently to a sense of his position's importance and was become a tower of strength. No one connected the plucky dives and the brilliant end runs and the nervy tackles with the little speck of red hat ribbon seen sometimes far away on the spectator's benches.

Once Babe was downed gloriously after a magnificent gain just in front of where she sat. "Ugh!" she exclaimed as the heavy thump of the tackle resounded over the field, "how foolishly brutal!" But Babe limped back to his place behind the line, the happiest man in college, and thanking his stars that the blow he got on the head bled red instead of swelling blue.

A week later everybody who had excursion rate railroad fares—Miss Bates of course included—was watching two lines of men that stood facing each other prepared for the struggle of the year. Miss Bates in the grandstand looked at the colors, and sniffed her big chrysanthemum, and asked her escort (who was cursing himself for not being on the side lines with his

fellows and a horn) some question concerning the next german. To which he, biting his nails, replied absent-mindedly: "penalty for off side is ten yards." His reply was drowned in one of those whoops that comes cracking from throats dry with excitement and exercise. The ball, well kicked, had bounded to one side, and Babe running like the wind, had downed the man who received it in his tracks.

The game was on and pandemonium reigned. The shouting was fierce as the play, for it was one of these evenly matched swaying struggles where both sides have a chance for exultation in nearly every play. For the 'Varsity Babe was easily the star. Time after time he plunged into the line with an abandon that was well nigh irresistible. Time after time he circled the ends successfully and fought his way for crawling yards after he was tackled. Time after time he upset blockers and made phenomenal tackles behind the opposing line. Soon he became a dangerously conspicuous object to the opposing team; and the ball player that does that had better have a care. Rush after rush he came forth bleeding; again and again did the rubbing in of his thumped-out breath cause Miss Bates in the grandstand to ask what they were talking about out there in a knot. At the end of a scoreless first half, the coach tenderly patted Babe on the back and advised him not to go in again; but Babe spat out some more blood and shook his head stubbornly.

The second half was full of fear of impending disaster. Slowly the ball was forced toward the 'Varsity goal. The strain was telling on the players. It was the time when you see men white in exercise with their teeth clinched, and that strange look of an automaton in their eyes. Only Babe fought on unaffectedly; every

rush saw him bloodier than before; he alone failed to foresee the coming defeat. "Oh, for 'leven such flints!" exclaimed the Coach as Babe got up again after being rubbed in various spots after a vicious tackle. The next moment he emerged, head down, from the ruck of a rush. There was a clear field for an instant and he successfully smashed the first man he reached with the "stiff arm." Then ensued one of those six second fifty-five yard runs that an interested man with a weak heart shouldn't witness—a dash of maniacal frenzy down through lanes of dense-packed people pregnant with delirious sound, with the rush of fleet tooted Nemeses in the rear and a cyclonic enemy with eager arms of iron awaiting in front—a flight that is a valiant assault; that means, Oh! height of human happiness! perhaps a touch-down. But Babe, springing in one final lunging dive at the goal posts before him, saw perhaps but a feeble little shake of a very small flag and heard in his ear amid the tumult of throat and horn the soft clapping of a little gloved hand.

They picked him up unconscious, for the goal post was still shaking from the impact of his head, and tore the ball from his clenched arms and some one else kicked the goal.

The team, following the Captain's instructions, had just kicked the ball defensively far into the enemy's territory in the last moments of play, when the dressing-room door at the far end of the grounds flew open and a foot-ball player with a big bloody bandage 'round his head, and swelled lips and black eyes and grimy face and hands rushed madly into the crowd. A doctor came in anxious pursuit, but the crowd made way for Babe and closed on the physician. Crazy he undoubtedly looked as he pushed his wild way through the

crowd, fought past the grandstand ticket taker, clambered over benches and presented himself finally, a gory apparition, before the startled Miss Bates.

Crazy he undoubtedly was as he stared in the old way for a moment and found his panting speech at last: "Did - did - you - see - me - do - it?" he said painfully: "I - I - I - did - it for you!" The young woman flushed and looked beseechingly at her escort: "Thanks awfully," said she coldly. "Aren't you afraid you'll catch cold?" "Babe" stood, swaying.

Slowly he put his hand to his head: "You didn't know? Oh, didn't you know?" he asked weakly. And then Babe did a very unmanly thing—he fainted.

A year later a friend of Babe's married Miss Bates. Babe got cards and sent a very pretty present. Today he is a prosperous lawyer in a hustling town, and more mamas than one would like him for a son-in-law. The young women who know him say he is very interesting.

"Going to the circus to-night?" I asked him, thinking of my little maid. "Naw!" said Babe disgustedly. "You never saw but one did you?" said I. "What do you mean?" said Babe.

THE OPENING OF THE UNIVERSITY, JANUARY 15, 1795.

BY KEMP P. BATTLE, '49.

The opening of the University on the memorable January 15th, 1795, gave no prophecy of the swarms annually appearing at the openings of our day. The winter was severe and the roads almost impassable. Governor Richard Dobbs Spaight, whose energy and devotion to duty had been shown when, as a youth of twenty, he left Trinity College, Dublin, and ran the hazard of being captured by British vessels, in order to throw in his fortunes with his native State, had braved the discomforts of the twenty-eight miles of red mud and pipe-clay and jagged rocks stretching from Chapel Hill to Raleigh. It is recorded that he had attendants and we can assuredly guess that among them were State Treasurer John Haywood, and John Craven, the Comptroller, the first University Treasurer. The gazette of the period, the *North Carolina Journal*, merely states that there were present "several members of the corporation and many other gentlemen, members of the General Assembly," then in session. We may almost certainly see in attendance the members from Hillsboro and Orange, Samuel Benton, father of the great Senator, "Old Bullion," Thomas Hart Benton ; Walter Alves, son of James Hogg, the said Walter, according to tradition, changing his name in order to marry the belle of the county ; and Wm. Lythe, probably son of the colonel, Archibald Lythe, who fought so bravely under Sumner at Eutaw ; also Wm. Cain, the Senator, ancestor of

our professor of mathematics : Wm. Person Little, Senator from Granville, and Thomas Person, Commoner, both nephews of the gallant General Person, the University's benefactor, detained at home by the infirmities of age ; John Baptist Ashe from Halifax, afterwards elected Governor, but dying before taking his seat, in place of General Davie, then employed on official duty elsewhere. Of course the ever active Joel Lane, Senator from Wake, who offered broad acres to secure the University at Cary, was there. And it is reasonably certain, judging from the interest they took in the new institution, that John Macon, Senator from Warren, brother of the more eminent Nathaniel Macon, and Daniel Gillespie, Senator from Guilford, and the brilliant young Commoner from Fayetteville, afterwards the first Chief Justice of our Supreme Court, John Louis Taylor, were willing to add eclat to the occasion by their presence ; and of course in attendance were Alexander Mebane, the Congressman, and James Hogg, the rich merchant, both of Orange, Trustees, and Commissioners to select the site and members of the Building Committee.

The morning of the 15th of ~~March~~ January opened with a cold, drizzling rain. As the sighing of the watery wind whistled through the leafless branches of tall oaks and hickories and the Davie poplar, then in vigorous youth, all that met the eyes of the distinguished company, were a two-storied brick building, the Old East, the unpainted wooden house of the presiding professor, opposite to the Gymnasium, the avenue between them filled with stumps of recently felled trees, a pile of yellowish red-clay, dug out for the foundation of the chapel, or Person Hall, a pile of lumber collected for building Steward's Hall, a Scotch-Irish Preacher-Pro-

fessor, in whose mind were fermenting ideas of infidelity, destined to cost him his place—*and not one student.*

The proverbial optimism of the press as to matters hoped for did not fail the ancestor of our modern newspapers. The editor of the *Journal* mildly comments: "The Governor, with the Trustees who accompanied him, report to the Board, by which they are enabled to inform the public that the buildings prepared for the reception and accommodation of students are in part finished, and that youth disposed to enter the University may come forward with the assurance of being received." The editor goes on to give the terms of tuition and board in apparently naive unconsciousness that he was giving the University a first-class advertisement. When I state that this important item appears in the issue of February 23rd, forty-nine days after the event, we must give the palm for furnishing news more promptly, if not more reliably, to the modern reporter.

The learned presiding professor, Dr. David Ker, reigned in his solitary greatness for the greater part of the revolution of the wintry moon. It was not until the 12th of February that the first student arrived, with no companion, all the way from the banks of the lower Cape Fear, the worthy precursor of a long line of seekers after knowledge. His residence was Wilmington, his name, Hinton James.

It was of good omen that this, the first fruit of the University, was worthy to head the list of her students. The Faculty records show that he performed his duties faithfully and with ability. For several years the students were required to read original compositions on Saturdays and those deemed especially meritorious were

posted in a record book. The name of Hinton James occurs often on this Roll of Honor. His tastes took a scientific and practical direction. One of his subjects was "The Uses of the Sun," another "The Motions of the Earth," a third "The Commerce of Britain," a fourth "The Slave Trade," a Fifth "The Pleasures of College Life." and a sixth the "Effects of Climate on the Minds and Bodies of Men."

After leaving the University James became a civil engineer of great usefulness in his section of the State, as assistant to Chief Engineer Fulton, who was brought from Scotland at a salary of $6,000 a year, payable in gold, to improve the navigation of our rivers. In passing from Wilmington down the beautiful Cape Fear, I was shown by my intelligent friend, the late Henry Nutt, some of James' works for deepening the channel, which had withstood the floods and tides of fifty years. He was likewise called into the service of his county as a legislator for three terms beginning with 1807; for two of them being the colleague of a lawyer of great reputation in the old days, William Watts Jones.

We learn from a letter written by Mr. James in 1835 that the next arrivals were, a fortnight later, Maurice and Alfred Moore of Brunswick, their cousin Richard Eagles of New Hanover, John Taylor of Orange, and from Granville William M. Sneed, and three sons of Robert H. Burton, then Treasurer of the University, namely, Hutchins, Francis and Robert H. Burton, Junior. It is pleasant to announce that all these turned out to be good men. The two Moores were sons of Attorney General Moore, afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. Maurice served Brunswick county in the General Assembly and then

became a planter in Louisiana. He it was who had the misfortune to be embroiled in a quarrel with the choleric General, afterwards Governor, Benjamin Smith, and in the duel which resulted the bullet from his pistol was lodged in the body of the General, and was found among his bones when they were exhumed for removal many years afterwards. Alfred Moore, whose bust may be seen in Gerrard Hall, was a popular politician, reaching the dignity, once considered as second to that of Governor, the Speakership of the House of Commons. His name and talents are perpetuated in those of his scholarly grandson, Alfred Moore Waddell. The father of Richard Eagles gave the name to Eagles Island opposite Wilmington. The son, like the father, was a man of wealth and high standing in a cultivated community. John Taylor, son of the first steward of the University, was for many years Clerk of the Superior Court of Orange and was grandfather of our Professor Ralph H. Graves. Of the Granville men Wm. Morgan Sneed was seven times Senator and twice Commoner; of the three Burtons, Hutchins G. became thrice Governor of the State, after being Congressman. Francis Nash Williams Burton was a lawyer of large practice in Lincoln and the adjoining counties, while Robert, his partner, was at one time Judge of the Superior Court. A daughter of Judge Burton married the eminent lawyer, Michael Hoke, and was the mother of one of General Lee's best Major Generals, Robert F. Hoke, and grandmother of Secretary Hoke Smith, and of a late victorious captain of our foot-ball team, "Mike" Hoke, now an M. D.

The numbers reached forty-one in the first term—during the second term they rose to one hundred nearly, but such was the dearth of good schools in the state

that at least half of them were unprepared to enter the University classes. It became necessary to inaugurate a Preparatory department, or "Grammar School," for the benefit of those juveniles, many of them belonging to the "Small Boy" genus. The profession of teaching was then, and years afterwards, at such a low ebb that obtaining professors was a most troublesome problem.

Among the earliest students besides those above named we find men afterwards notable for good works; such for example as Ebenezer Pettigrew, a member of Congress, father of General J. Johnston Pettigrew, a still more eminent son of the University; Thomas D. Bennehan, famed for bounteous hospitality, long a Trustee of the institution, which his father Richard Bennehan, assisted in its young days; James Mebane, Speaker of the House of Commons, father of another University Graduate, and Speaker of the Senate, Giles Mebane. I could name many others.

The increase of numbers led to the election of a Tutor of Mathematics in the spring of 1795. The choice fell on one of the family of Harris of Cabarrus, of which in later days Wm. Shakespere Harris was a most worthy member. This was Charles Wilson Harris, a recent graduate of Princeton with highest honors, a young man of great promise, of big brains, of literary tastes, of courtly manners, and weight of character. These two, Ker and Harris, sustained the burden of instruction and discipline, during the first year of the University life,—and sustained it with conspicuous faithfulnesss and ability. It was a great misfortune that Ker the next year went off into infidelity and politics, being rewarded by Jefferson, when he reached the Presidential chair, with the judgeship of the Mississippi Territory,

and Harris two years afterwards into law, in which he was winning a high name, when, under the exposures incident to a heavy practice in an extensive circuit, he fell a victim, only thirty-one years old, to pulmonary consumption—*Valde deflendus est.*

A Correction

After my article on the "Opening of the University in 1795" went to press I recalled with shame that I had called Samuel Benton, father of Thomas Hart Benton. He was the uncle. Senator Benton's father was named Jesse.—Kemp P. Battle.

THE PHYSICIANS IN THE CONVENTION OF 1861.

BY J. C. McCORMICK '98.

While many delegates to the Convention of 1861—better known as the "Secession Convention"—have had their full measure of praise, there are others of less wide reputation, who served their State and the Southern cause no less devotedly and are equally as worthy of mention. Among such men were the sixteen practising physicians in this body.

HECTOR TURNER:—Hector Turner of Moore, was born March 1816, in the isle of Jura, Scotland. His parents, Malcom and Isabella (Currie) Turner emigrated to America in 1820 and settled on a plantation in Moore county. They had three sons, Daniel, who died before reaching the prime of life; Hector, the subject of our sketch, and Alexander, who is now a physician in Alabama. He received the larger part of his education at the Fayetteville High School and in 1847 was graduated in Medicine from the University of New York. Dr. Turner then settled in his adopted county to practise his profession soon becoming associated with Dr. John Shaw of Carthage, which connection was sustained for nearly twenty years. During the war, he served as Surgeon of the Twenty Seventh North Carolina Regiment and later as a Brigade Surgeon, remaining in the army until the surrender at Appomattox. He then returned to Carthage giving his attention to his practice and to farming, but later removed to Cameron. In 1881, he was elected to the State legislature and was returned at the succeeding election.

In politics, Dr. Turner was, previous to the war, a whig, and since that a democrat, and in religion, he was a "true blue-stocking Presbyterian." His long professional career embracing a period of almost a half century was terminated by death on September 21, 1896.

RICHARD DILLARD:—Richard Dillard of Chowan, was born in Sussex county, Virginia, December 1, 1822. His father, Major James Dillard, was a native and resident of this county. He was of Scotch lineage possessing many of the characteristics of that race. He was graduated in the collegiate course at the University of Virgina and in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. Locating in Chowan County he soon built up a considerable practice. In 1856, his fellow citizens elected him to the State Senate and re-elected him at the subsequent election. Dr. Dillard was a typical Southern secessionist having decided after mature deliberation and study that the doctrine of State's Rights was both just and constitutional. He was blessed with more than a competence of this world's goods and gave one of his large farms to the support of the Confederate soldiers. Governor Clark appointed him an aide-de-camp on his staff with the rank of colonel, his duty being to superintend the defence of the Albemarle section. He was afterwards Acting Brigade Surgeon to General Royer A. Pryor, and was in active service in the memorable "Seven Days Fight" around Richmond. Upon the restoration of peace, he found his home almost destroyed by shot and shell and his fortunes gone, but he went to work and soon succeeded in restoring them. Governor Scales appointed him a Director of the Western Insane Asylum in 1884 and later of the Asylum in Raleigh, which position he held at the time of his death in 1887.

HENRY MARCHANT SHAW:—Colonel Shaw of Currituck was the son of John Allen Shaw, a ship owner and trader of Newport, Rhode Island, who lost heavily by the war of 1812. He came to North Carolina with the remnant of a large fortune and settled in Tyrell County, at first embarking in merchandising and in the lumber business which he soon abandoned to enter the Baptist ministry. His mother's, Betty Muchmore, family became extinct with her death. Henry M. Shaw was born in Newport, November 20, 1817. His ancestry, both paternal and maternal, was Scotch-Irish. He attended school only six months, but found a friend and benefactor in a Dr. Marchant in whose office he stayed for four years, after which he entered the medical department in the University of Pennsylvania where he was graduated. He was a member of the State legislature in 1852, a member of Congress from the Edenton District in 1853–55 and again in 1857–59 and an elector on the Buchanan and Breckenridge ticket in 1857. Dr. Shaw strongly favored secession. He soon resigned his seat in the Convention to accept the Colonelcy of the Eighth Regiment North Carolina Troops. He was in several sharp and heavy engagements at Roanoke Island, Newberne and other places,* and was mortally wounded in a skirmish with sharp shooters on Batchelor's Creek, near Newberne, on May 1, 1864, expiring on the field.

JOSEPH ALBERTA MCDOWELL:—Dr. J. A. McDowell of Madison, son of James Moffit and Margaret (Ervin) McDowell of Pleasant Garden, Burke (now McDowell County) and grandson of Major Joseph McDowell, who was wounded at King's Mountain, was born November 20, 1821. His ancestors were Presbyterian and came into Northern Ireland during the

* Wheeler's Reminiscenses.

protectorate of Cromwell. He was a physician of some eminence in his section and Colonel of the Sixteenth North Carolina Regiment in the Confederate Army. He was a whig and originally opposed to secession. He died November 10, 1895.

JOHN CALHOUN MCDOWELL:—The brother of the subject of the above sketch was Dr. J. C. McDowell of Burke, named for "Hunting John" McDowell and John C. Calhoun. He was graduated from the Medical College of South Carolina at Charleston in 1847 and located in Morganton. J. C. McDowell disliked public office and ran for the Convention against his will being elected as an original secessionist over B. S. Gaither. He had an exceptionally large family connection, all of whom with but few exceptions were whigs while he was a staunch democrat. He was born July 1, 1825 and died August 2, 1876.

PINCKNEY COATSWORTH CALDWELL:—Dr. Caldwell of Mecklenburg, oldest son of Captain Samuel and Elizabeth (Gulick) Caldwell was born in Gaston County on August 2, 1802. His parents were both of Scotch-Irish extraction. His father was a Captain in the Revolutionary War. After being graduated in Medicine at the Transylvania University (Lexington, Kentucky) he located in Mecklenburg County, and for many years was one of the most prominent physicians of the county. Dr. Caldwell never sought public office and never held any except delegate to the Convention in place of William Johnston resigned. He was a democrat, a strong secessionist and an Episcopalian. His death took place July 26, 1865.

JAMES EDWARDS WILLIAMSON:—Dr. Williamson of Caswell, a native of that county, born September 19, 1799. In his fifteenth year, his parents, James and

Annie (Edwards) Williamson moved to Georgia where he resided until he reached manhood. He then returned to his native state; studied medicine; began practising when twenty-six and continued to practise for forty years. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in his youth and served it for a number of years as President of the Board of Trustees of the Greensboro Female College; as a Trustee of Trinity College, and as a Director of the Board of Domestic Missions. He was a conservative in politics, and a staunch friend of the union, deprecating secession to the last, but became a loyal Southerner as soon as North Carolina withdrew from the Union. Dr. Williamson entered the Convention on June 10, 1861, as the successor of Colonel J. A. Graves resigned. He died in his native county on January 29, 1867.

Edward Travis Brodnax:—Dr. Brodnax of Rockingham, born in Brunswick County, March 31, 1796, was the son of W. E. and Sallie, (the daughter of Frederick and sister of Pride Jones of the Revolution). During the War of 1812, he joined a company raised in his native county and served, as a private, in the defence of Norfolk. After the war, he went to the University of Pennsylvania to study Medicine, and upon receiving his degree, settled on a large estate, given him by his father in Caswell County. Dr. Brodnax represented his adopted county in the House of Commons in 1823; in the State Senate in 1828, and in the Convention of 1835, being amongst the few who served both in this body and the Convention of 1861. He was the colleague of David S. Reid in the latter body. His death occurred January 7, 1874.

Charles James Gee:—The subject of our sketch was a delegate from Halifax. Charles James, son of

Sterling H. and Mary (Williams) Gee was a native of Halifax, born November 4, 1831. His paternal ancestors were Scotch, coming originally from the midland countries of England, and his maternal Welsh-Scotch. He studied Medicine at the University of Virginia for nine months and then entered Jefferson Medical College (Philadelphia) receiving his degree in 1852. He settled in Weldon to practise his profession. Dr. Gee was elected to the Convention as an original Calhoun democrat. Dr. L. W. Bachelor contested his seat, and being satisfied of the validity of his opponent's claims, he resigned after voting for secession. Dr. Gee served for awhile as Surgeon of the First North Carolina Regiment under Colonel M. S. Stokes, but resigned in 1862 to accept an appointment on the staff of General Ramsour, which he held until Appomattox. Dr. Gee was also a planter and was the originator and first President of the Roanoke and Tar River Agricultural Society. He was, for many years, a physician for the State Farm in Halifax and Northampton counties. He died, on March 25, 1892, as he had lived, a consistent member of the Episcopal Church.

Sidney Xenophon Johnston:—The subject of this sketch was the delegate from Gaston. He was born in Lincoln County January 1, 1811. His parents, Robert and Mary (Reid) Johnston were of Scotch ancestry. He was the grandson of Colonel James Johnston of the Revolution. He was graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1829 and in Medicine from the Jefferson Medical College. He was the first President of the Medical Association of Mecklenburg County; a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church, and for many years, also Clerk of the Session. Dr. Johnston was an extensive practitioner and also had

large farming interests. His death occurred July 21, 1885.

JAMES WRIGHT TRACY:—Dr. Tracy, of Cleaveland, son of Captain William and Mary (Reynolds) Tracy, was born in Spartanburg, S. C., on December 19, 1819. He was of French and Scotch ancestry. He was graduated in medicine from Transylvania University, Lexington Kentucky. He served successively as Assistant Surgeon of the Thirty-Seventh North Carolina Regiment; Chief surgeon of the Fourteenth North Carolina Regiment; as Surgeon of Ramsour's Brigade and as one of the Surgeons at the Fair Ground Hospital in Raleigh. He was also a member of the State Board of Medical Examiners. Dr. Tracy's professional career extended over a period of fifty years. Until Lincoln called on the South for troops, he was opposed to secession. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He died January 17th, 1896.

Book Notices.

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH: By Gilbert D'Annunzio.

It is difficult to review this very original production without duplicating some of the innumerable comments that it has elicited from critics on both Continental and American periodicals. In most of these notices there is seen a decided tendency to depreciate the author's talent on account of his immoral subject, and one cannot but think that too little credit has been given to the originality of his genius and the easy lucidness of his style by rather too prudish reviewers. Nor does it seem necessary for a writer to refrain from depicting an extreme example of morbid sensuality, if that most frequent form of human wickedness occurs to him to be worthy of psycological investigation, merely because he fears that his production may shock some puritanically inclined prayers.

The plot of the story is too intricate to be minutely followed in this limited space, but the general idea is as follows: A young man, apparently of abundant means and unlimited leisure, residing at Rome, falls in love with a woman of about his own age, whose marriage with an elderly man of her parents' choice, has been forced on her contrary to her own inclinations. She has never loved her husband nor any one else until meeting the hero, for whom she begins to cherish an unhallowed passion. Neither party being seriously afflicted with religious scruples, an unlawful *liaison* is the result. At first all is happiness. But soon the

man, whose disposition is naturally morbid on the verge of melancholy, begins to be tortured by distracting thoughts. He gradually comes to the conclusion that there is no happiness in life and begins to hate the former object of his affections, still, however, being overcome at intervals by her extreme sensuality. This brooding continues for some time and every means of pleasure is tried without satisfactory result, until finally driven to insanity by perpetual thinking, he at last murders both the woman and himself.

The story is intended to point a moral—that a life of sensual vice is not satisfying while it lasts and that it inevitably ends in destruction. Had the author pictured a happy termination as the result of such an existence, the accusation of immorality would indeed be well-grounded. But, as it is, how can he be censured for what is evidently a warning against wickedness?

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH is intended neither for undeveloped babes nor religious fanatics, and it cannot fail to edify, rather than injure, all persons not included in one of these classes.

HUGH WYNN, FREE QUAKER: By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

Of all the novels recently published by far the best is "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," by Dr. Weir Mitchell. It is a story of a young man—Hugh Wynne—breaking away from the thoughts and life of the people among whom he had grown up. It is a struggle of the "new" against the "old"—of the new generation, as represented in Hugh Wynne, striving for a place for their thoughts and ideas, against the old, as represented in Hugh's father, who fears a change of any sort. It is the same old story, powerfully put, that it is useless to

struggle against the advance of the world—the British representing the old ideas against the new theories of Americans. The new must always conquer or there will be no advance.

In "Hugh Wynne" the author is at his best in character drawing and in the scenes of the social life of the people. His best of character sketchings are those of his Quakers, though he by no means neglects that of the other types of the times. Of these the best and most important are—Hugh's aunt, the exact opposite of his stern, godly father her brother—Arthur Wynne, Hugh's cousin, an English soldier—the villian of the story—and Dorothea Peniston, the heroine. Besides these are Washington, Arnold, Andre, Hamilton and others prominent in the history of the times, but who play minor parts in our story.

Although the villain is a British soldier, as must necessarily be in an American novel, yet we do not find in this book as in most American novels that every Tory or person differing in the opinion of the American hero is entirely bereft of principle and is a villain of the deepest dye. One is forcibly struck with the fairness of the book. There is no more beautiful character in the entire story than the gentle Andre.

The plot is well conceived and well carried out and keeps the interest up to the end. The reader is in doubt as to the end of the story until he reads the last word. What more can a novel reader want than an interesting complicated plot, well arranged and well carried out—a faithful picture of the people and the times—plenty of wholesome adventure and a style which is simplicity itself, but whose simplicity does not detract from its forcefulness? This is what the reader of Hugh Wynne gets.

The Editor's Desk.

The Old Magazine and the New.

It is due to the liberality of the Literary Societies that the MAGAZINE with this issue enters upon another period of publication.

The history of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE has indeed been checkered; its publication has been suspended frequently for varying intervals, and after a time of slumber, as often revived through the influence of those who realized the need of a college monthly and the purpose that it should fill. Just for what length of time its publication will now continue is dependent upon the enthusiasm of its editors; and, on the part of the students, upon the interest and encouragement evidenced by their voluntary contributions to its pages.

The MAGAZINE of to-day occupies a position differing radically from that of the old. Its purpose is to promote literary activity and interest among the undergraduate students of the University and to fill essentially the position of the college magazine. This the old MAGAZINE did not do. It is not the purpose of the writer to depreciate in the slightest measure the value of the work of the contributors to the MAGAZINE of former years. They have preserved,—and all credit is due them,—much that is valuable of the history of the University and of the State, which up to that time had remained unwritten. The old files of the MAGAZINE alone contain many of the most important of our historical and political records. The avowed policy of the management of that time was that it should occupy a

wider sphere than that commonly filled by the college periodical. Its pages contained articles of much value from the faculty members of the University and from the older alumni,—usually those interested in matters of historical moment. A greater part of which might naturally and easily have sought expression elsewhere. From time to time student contributions were put aside to furnish space for the more interesting matter of the faculty or outside contributor. Long before its latest suspension the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE had ceased to be a college periodical.

The MAGAZINE is now published independently by the two Societies and its management is controlled entirely by its undergraduate editors. Its object is to encourage the student to literary effort. The columns of the MAGAZINE are open to the humblest undergraduate member of the University, who shall contribute any article meriting publication. Still it is not the purpose of the management to institute either a narrow or a selfish policy. Space will be given in each number of the MAGAZINE to an article of interest from either a member of the faculty or an alumnus of the University. Dr. Kemp P. Battle contributes to this issue a delightful and entertaining sketch of "The Opening of the University,"—of interest to all who love and cherish its fame. Dr. Eben Alexander, ex-Minister to Greece, has promised for a forth-coming issue an article dealing with "The University of Athens," to which our readers may look forward with pleasure. There can be no doubt but that this provision will prove a happy compromise and preserve the MAGAZINE from the crudeness and lack of skill of amateur effort.

Foot-Ball and the Press. The death of Von Gammon, the Georgia foot-ball player, resulting from injuries received in the Georgia-Virginia game and the further list of casualties reported during the season, have aroused the press to a general discussion of the brutality of the college game. The war of the ink-pots rages furiously, the editorial sentiment seemingly about evenly divided.

It is contended by the fiercest of those who condemn the game that it should be abolished, and that the general assemblies of the different States would do well to follow the action of the Georgia Legislature and prohibit foot-ball by statutory enactment. This view of the matter is too absurd to merit consideration. College athletics have been far too important a factor in the suppression of vice and the cultivation of a clean, healthy desire for physical development to be thus summarily disposed of. The enemies of the game much magnify the danger to life and limb. We do not the less patronize our wheels for the fact that an occasional victim comes to an untimely end by reason of a broken neck or punctured tire.

The discussion of foot-ball by the press will undoubtedly result in a revision of the rules to the end that all unnecessary violence may be avoided. Yet perhaps more than upon any other one thing, the cleaness of the game depends upon the gentlemanly spirit of the players.

Alumni Notes.

Scott McReynolds '95–'96 is taking a course in the University of Iowa.

Thomas A. McNeill '68 is President of the newly organized Bank of Lumberton.

W. W. Ashe '92, was elected Secretary of the recently organized State Forestry Society.

Rev. R. E. Caldwell '79, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Winston, is now travelling in the "Holy Land."

A memorial tablet of Governor Alfred M. Scales '45–46 has been given to the University by Mrs. Kate Scales Wyllie.

"Lives of Distinguished North Carolinians," with illustrations, edited and compiled by William J. Peele '79 is now in press.

S. A. Hodgin '94, is a member of the firm of Perkins and Hodgins, proprietors of the well known McAdoo House, Greensboro, N. C.

Governor Daniel L. Russell '60–61, has brought suit to dispossess Major J. W. Wilson '52, as Chairman of the Railroad Commission.

Tappan Adney '81–'82 has been sent by Harper's Weekly to the Klondike to write up the gold region and illustrate his own articles.

Rev. Robert Strong '79, D. D. '95, Pastor of St. James Church, Wilmington, N. C., received a call to Christ Church, Norfolk, Va., but did not accept it.

The Southern Chemical Company has been organized with H. B. Battle Ph. B. '81, Ph. D. '87 as President. Thomas H. Battle '80, is one of the directors.

Dr. Battle '49 is engaged in the preparation of a history of the University. He would be glad to have any letters to or from early students given or loaned to him.

William Thomas Crawford, who was elected to Congress while a law student here in 1890, was Moderator of the Baptist State Convention, Western, at its recent session.

Charles Root Turner '95, occupies the position of Editor-in-Chief of the Penn. Dental Journal published by the students of the Dental Department of the University of Pennsylvana.

H. E. C. Bryant '95, has resigned his position on the staff of the Charlotte Observer to become the manager of a branch of the Keely Institute to be established in Wilmington, N. C.

Solomon C. Weill '85, L. L. B. '86, has been elected to the General Assembly of New York from the Nineteenth Assembly District. He has been a resident of New York for thirteen months.

Joseph Buckner Killebrew '56, Ph. D. '78, of Nashville, Tenn., has recently written a valuable book on the Cultivation of Tobacco. He has been employed to collect statistics in regard to the Tennessee Centennial Exposition.

John Sprunt Hill, '89, lawyer, New York City, on November 1, formed a partnership for the general practice of law with Messrs. R. W. Thompson, and Louis Sturcke under the firm name of Hill, Thompson and Sturcke.

Col. John S. Cunningham '78–'79 has been elected President of the North Carolina Agricultural Society, vice Richard H. Battle '54 resigned. The Vice-Presidents are Messrs. Kemp P. Battle '49, Richard H. Battle '54, Julian S. Carr '62–'64, and Bennehan Cameron.

The two brothers of the Mayor-elect of Greater New York, Judge Robert Van Wyck, are alumni of the University. William Van Wyck '61, A. M. '66, married the daughter of late Judge William H. Battle '20, L. L. D. The other brother, Augustus, was graduated in '64.

The State Confederate Veterans in annual session at Raleigh, N. C., elected George T. Leach '57–'60, of Pittsboro, Vice-President. A. C. Avery '57, W. H. Day, '60–61, C. B. Denson, and James C. McRae were appointed to memorialize the legislature to make more liberal provision for the soldiers home.

MARRIAGES.

Victor S. Bryant '90, Law '90–'91 will wed Miss Matilda, daughter of Major Leo D. Heartt, Durham, N. C., on December 8.

Neill Alexander Currie '87–'90 married to Miss Laura Augusta Evans on November 17, at Wildwood, Cumberland Co.

Dr. Richard Henry Lewis '68, Chairman of the Board of Health and member of the Executive Committee of the University, married Miss Annie B. Foreman, daughter of the late Hon. Thomas Sparrow of Washington, N. C., on October 27.

Robert Lee Uzzell '86 was married to Miss Hattie, daughter of Rev. Mr. Martin of Chapel Hill, on October 5, 1897.

On November 2, '97, Rev. Gaston Battle '90, wedded Miss Bettie Plummer Wright of Petersburg, Va.

George Pierce Howell '90, Corps of Engineers United States Army and Miss Louisa, daughter of Major J. G. D. Knight of Willets Point, N. Y., were married on November 17, '97.

Alphonso L. Gregory L. L. B. '92, of Huntingdon, W. Va., has

recently wedded Miss Jennie Alexander, niece of the late John H. Watson and grandaughter of John Watson, both of whom served for many years as Mayor of Chapel Hill.

Arthur Henry Patterson '91, Assistant Professor of Physics in the University of Georgia, married Miss Elenore, daughter of Dr. Eben Alexander, on September 8, '97.

DEATHS.

Samuel McCabe Davidson '67–'68 died in Charlotte N. C., on November 4.

George Vaughan Strong '45, L. L. D. '86, was born in Sampson County in 1827. He served as District Attorney of North Carolina during the Confederacy. In 1871, he removed to Raleigh and entered into a copartnership with Governor Thomas Bragg and later Chief Justice W. N. H. Smith. In 1874. he represented Wake County Criminal Court during its existence. Previous to his death, which occurred October 10, he had been retired from practice for several years.

Thomas Lanier Clingman '32 died in Morganton, N. C., on November 3, aged 78 years. He was born at Huntsville, Yadkin County. While studying law, he was elected to the House of Commons from his native county. In 1836, he removed to Asheville, and was soon elected to the State Senate, and in 1843 to Congress. He was appointed United States Senator to succeed Hon. Asa Biggs resigned, and in 1858, was elected Senator by the legislature. As soon as the war commenced, he entered the Confederate army and for this he was expelled from the Senate. He attained the rank of Brigadier General. After the war, he did not again enter public life.

David Gaston Worth '53 died in Wilmington on November 22, aged sixty-six years. He was a member of the firm of Worth and Worth, and had long been one of the city's most prominent merchants. He contributed liberally towards the endowment of the Alumni Professorship of History and towards remodelling the interior of Gerrard Hall. He was also the founder of the Worth Philosophy Prize and a large subscriber to the building of Alumni Hall.

John Hamilton Coble '96, died at Huntsville, N. C., on November 20, aged twenty-three years. His remains were brought to his home, Laurenburg, N. C. for interment. The year after his graduation, he was a member of the Faculty of the Charlotte Military Institute, but resigned to go into the cotton mill business intending later to enter the Presbyterian ministry.

The College Record.

Twenty-three members of this year's Law Class passed the Supreme Court examination in September.

R. H. Winston, '99, has been elected Captain of the '98 base-ball team, and R. H. Lewis, Jr., '98, Manager.

The handbook for '97-'98, entitled "University Education," has been issued. It is a neat twenty-eight page booklet.

At a recent meeting of the Faculty it was decided to abolish undergraduate honors. The student body approves this action.

The first of a series of studies in the physiography of North Carolina by Professor Collier Cobb appeared in *Journal of School Geography* for November.

Mess. McCormick, Walker and Foscue have been appointed by the Senior Class to make arrangements for the photographic work to be done next spring.

Professor Collier Cobb has recently visited Round Knob, where he engaged in studying the engineering problem of that section in its relation to geology.

The Board of Trustees have recently created two new Professorships in the University. Dr. H. F. Linscott has been elected Associate Professor of Classical Philology, and Dr. Earnest T. Bynum Adjunct Professor of Political Economy.

A number of the students have joined the Chapel Hill Choral Society, Prof. Harrington, Director. The society is composed of about fifty mixed voices, and affords a rare opportunity for musical training to those students who are musically inclined.

The present editorial staff of the *Tar Heel* is as follows: E. K. Graham, Editor-in-Chief; W. J. Brogden, P. C. Whitlock, P. D. Gold, W. H. Bagley, R. E. Follin, Percy Whitaker, Associate Editors; F. A. Rogers and W. T. Bost, Business Managers.

The Committee appointed by the Board of Trustees to select the site for the Alumni Building have chosen a point on the east side of the Campus opposite the Chemistry Laboratory. The other point under consideration was immediately south of the Caldwell Monument near the old Davie Poplar.

Dr. Wilber Fishe Tillett, Dean of the Theological Seminary of Vanderbilt University, is to preach the Baccalaureate Sermon before the Senior Class next May. Dr. Tillett is a native of Person county,

this State, being a descendant of an old ond honored family. He is a scholar and preacher of great ability.

As both the Glee and Mandolin Clubs are minus quantities this year, it is probable that the next musical organization will be the U. N. C. Orchestra, composed of the following: E. V. Patterson and J. K. Pfohl, Flutes; H. C. Cowles, Jr., 1st Violin, A. Edwards, 2nd Violin; R. A. McEachern, Cornet; H. Henderson, Piano.

The thesis of Dr. Earnest T. Bynum, "Das Leben des M. Junius Brutus, bis auf Caesars Ermordung," presented for his doctor's degree at Halle, Germany, has been published. It comprises a book of one hundred fifty pages, written and published in the German language. The work is that of a scholar and has been highly complimented.

The second edition of "Maximum Stresses in Framed Bridges," by Major Cain, has recently been issued. Major Cain is highly complimented by leading Mathamaticians of this country upon the efficiency of this work. The Major is recognized as an authority on many branches of Mathematics, having written six of the books contained in Van Nostrand's Science Series.

The Editors of the *Hellenian* for '98 are the following: W. H. Bagley, A. T. O., Editor-in-Chief; Milton C. Elliott D. K. E., R. H. Busbee Z. P., George Vick K. A., Graham Woodard, K. S., R. F. Rucker P. K. A., L. J. Bell B. T. P., W. D. Simpson S. C., Warren Kluttz P. G. D., Chas. Johnson P. D. T., R. D. W. Connor S. A. E., Jute Caldwell, S. N. Mess. Johnston, Connor and Caldwell were elected Business Managers.

Dr. Alderman is completing a valuable collection of autograph letters for the Library. The list includes letters from Governors, Senators, Judges, military men and prominent public men of this state, together with letters of Americans and Foreigners, such as Lafayette, Washington, Madison, Adams, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Polk, Poe, Lee and so on down to Cleveland. The collection when completed will be one of the first of its kind in the South.

Commons Hall has grown considerably in the favor of the student body this session. About an average of one hundred and thirty regular boarders have been in attendance, besides the fourteen waiters (who are students receiving their board for their services.) The best of cooks and bakers have been secured and good, wholesome food, properly prepared, is being served. Commons not only serves its purpose in reducing the cost of board to students, but enables fourteen or fifteen worthy boys, acting as waiters, to remain in college and fit themselves for life's duties.

The Dramatic Club has been practicing faithfully for some time on "London Assurance," the play which they will put on the boards this year. The first performance was successfully given in Chapel Hill on Dec 3rd.

A tour will be made early in January, 1898. Durham, Tarboro, Wilson and Winston will be among the points selected. The following compose the Club: G. B. Pond, R. H. Graves, Prof. S. May, R. S. Busbee, A. Staton, W. G. Cox, G. L. Myers, R. Rawls, R. E. Follin. R. E. Follin and Geo. D. Vick are business managers. The MAGAZINE predicts a big reputation for the Club.

It might be of interest to our readers to know that seventy-four of the ninety-six counties in North Carolina are represented by students at the University. We take the list from a recent number of the *Tar Heel*. Orange 36, Wake 25, Forsyth 23, Buncombe and Mecklenburg 19 each, New Hanover 16, Sampson 14, Guilford 13, Wilson 13, Wayne 12, Rowan 11, Cleveland 10, Edgecombe 10. Other counties which have as many as five are Alamance, Anson, Durham, Granville, Halifax, Iredell, Johnston, Moore, Pasquotank, Perquimans, Pitt, Union and Vance. Other States are represented as follows: Virginia 9, South Carolina 4, Florida 4, Pennsylvania 3 Georgia 2, Tennessee 2 and Alabama 1.

At the February meeting of the Board of Trustees a School of Pharmacy was established. Professor Vernon Howell, a graduate of Wake Forest College and of the College of Pharmacy, University of Pennsylvania, was elected to the Professorship of this department. The school opened this fall with fourteen students and promises much for the future. The establishment of such a department in the University has placed this most important profession within the reach of young men of the State and will greatly strengthen the University. Professor Howell has converted the old Mathematical room at the eastern end of the New West Building, into a neat and attractive laboratory, complete with the neccessary apparatus and specimens for his work.

Many improvements have been made in the the buildings and grounds of the University during the session. The well which stands in front of Memorial Hall, and which for many years has been an eye sore to lovers of neatness and order, has been deepened and its chicken-coop top replaced by a neat summer house. The well in front of the South Building presents a handsome appearance in its new dress. A little Grecian Temple with eight fluted Doric columns, planned by Dr. Alderman, has been erected over it. The temple is painted in the national colors.

The Modern Language lecture room on the third floor of the Old West has been renovated. It was formerly a library and has been used as a lecture room without removing the alcoves.

Professor Harrington has had a small window knocked out of the Latin Seminary and a large window put in.

The Gymnasium, under Instructor Mechling, has been refitted with new apparatus which was sorely needed. In its present condition the Gymnasium can be of some practical service to students.

Dr. Whitehead has had the Dissecting Hall, which stands in the corner of the Campus, enlarged, to accommodate the new influx of students into the Medical Department. The hall is now twice as large as before.

The Campus in general, owning to careful attention from President Alderman, looks neater and more attractive than ever before.

Interest in class foot ball has been very intense this fall. The difference class teams developed to a remarkable degree a perfection and the games played have all been close, hard-fought contests. The medical team won the championship pennant by a record showing no defeat. The enthusiastic medical and pharmacy students gave a banquet to their team at the close of the season. The different scores were as follows:

October 16. Sophs vs. Fresh. 26 to 0.
October 20, Meds vs. Juniors, 0 to 0.
October 30, Meds vs. Sophs, 6 to 4.
November 2, Sophs vs. Juniors, 10 to 4.
November 6, Sophs vs. Seniors, 4 to 0.
November 8, Juniors vs. Fresh, 8 to 0.
November 14, Meds vs. Juniors, 4 to 0.
November 20, Meds vs. Fresh, 6 to 6.
November 25, Meds vs. Fresh, 22 to 6.

The foot ball season just closed has been, from one point of view, very successful. The record by the score card hardly bears this statement out, but when it is considered that the team averaged only 149 pounds, the showing made is realized to have been very creditable. The '97 team is the lightest that ever represented a university of our standing.

The Vanderbilt score is very disproportionate to the strength of the two teams. Carolina was in no sort of condition to play foot ball. In the other games victory went with the strongest team. The work of the 'Varsity in the Va., game was loudly praised by all. The Va. team was 250 heavier. The season was not marred by a single unpleasant incident, the team receiving and giving every where the treatment accorded gentlemen.

THE RECORD.

October 2, U. N. C. vs. A. & M. 40 to 0.
October 9, University vs. Guilford, 16 to 0.
October 21, University vs. Greensboro, 24 to 0.
October 25, University vs. Clemson, 28 to 0.
October 30, University vs. Va. Poly. Ins. 0 to 4.
November 5, University vs. Sewanee, 12 to 6.
November 6, University vs. Vanderbilt, 0 to 31.
November 8, University vs. University of Tenn. 16 to 0.
November 9, University vs. Bingham. 14 to 0.
November 25, University vs. University of Virginia, 0 to 12.

Y. M. C. A.

W hat is the Y. M. C. A. doing? This question is often asked by friends of the University, and it is not an easy one to answer. It is always difficult to see just what good is being done by any religious organizatiou and particularly is this the case with a college Y. M. C. A. The association entered upon the new year with bright prospects. The Annual Reception to new students given in September was unusually well attended and thus far the attendance upon the weekly service has been larger than for several years past. The Bible Classes, five in number, which are held every Sunday afternoon, have an increased membership over last year.

On Sunday evening Nov. 21st Rev. Howard E. Rondthaler of Salem, N. C. preached the first monthly sermon of the term. He was listened to by a very large audience, filling the body of the Chapel and in part the galleries. The December sermon will be preached by Dr. Barron of Charlotte N. C. one of the leading Baptist ministers in the State.

Dr. Walter W. Moore of the Union Theological Seminary at Hampden Sidney, Va. has promised to preach for us in January. The Monthly Sermons Committee are due the thanks of the students and friends for the pains they are taking in this important feature of the Association work. It is the custom of some of the Northern Universities to have published each year the sermons delivered, during the year, before the students. The idea seems to be a good one and we suggest it to the authorities.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Keeping pace with the progressive spirit of the University, the Literary Societies have been unusually active this Fall. As an outcome of this the University Magazine has been re-established under their auspices. Membership Committees have been busily engaged

in canvassing the new men, and as a result over one hundred have already joined the societies. With the reception of new members fresh impetus has been given to the work, and the prospects are brighter than for many years past.

Messrs. W. J. Brogden, Phi. and E. K. Graham, Di., have been elected to represent the societies in the second annual debate with the University of Georgia. The debate takes place in Chapel Hill next Spring. The question to be debated is, Resolved that the U. S. should annex Hawaii.

Last Fall the Societies arranged for two debates yearly between the two societies, in addition to the regular Inter-society Debate; in the first of these, to be held in the Fall, only Juniors and Sophomores are to take part, in the other, to be held in the Spring, Sophomores and Freshmen are to compete for honors.

Messrs. Sitterson and Parker represented the Phi. and Messrs. Pearson and Shaw the Di. in the Semi-anuual debate which was held December 4th.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

Again this year the Faculty have arranged a series of public lectures to be given semi-monthly throughout the session 1897—98.

The first in the series was delivered by Dr. Battle, Sept. 30th, his subject being, Chas. Wilson Harris, First Professor of Mathematics U. N. C., Father of the Literary Societies.

Prof. Cain appeared in a new sphere on Oct. 14th, when he delivered his lecture on The Kalevala (the Epic Poem of the Finns) and What it May Teach Us; but he seemed as thoroughly a master of this subject as he is of Mathematics. The lecture was highly interesting and his many friends hope to hear from him again.

The third lecture in the series was by Prof. Cobb on Living Lakes and Dead Seas. It wae delivered Oct. 28th, and was accompanied with streoptican illustrations.

On the evening of Nov. 18th a very large audience heard Dr. Alexander in his lecture, Greece and The Grecian People. During four years of residence in Greece Dr. Alexander has had a rare opportunity for observing the life, habits and customs of the people. The lecture was very interesting and entertaining throughout. All phases of Greek life were touched upon and the Lecturer appeared thoroughly at home with his subject· Since gaining their freedom in 1827 the Greeks have made many internal improvements. Athens which was then not much more than a village has grown to a city of over 100,000 inhabitants. Many miles of good roads and about 500 miles of railroad have been built. Pride, love of country and independence are the characteristics of the people which strike foreignors most.

The people are chaste and temperate; their food is very plain; the meal of the average laboring man consists of bread and water or wine. They are a Democratic people and titles of nobility are allowed to members of the Royal Family. Greece has never been ruled by one of its own race. The language too has undergone some changes but perhaps not as many as might be supposed. A Greek of to-day can readily read the New Testament in the original.

In concluding Dr. Alexander said that he had thought of giving us some facts as to the causes which led to the recent Greeco-Turkish War but he did not feel at liberty to do so. He said however that when all the facts became fully known the sympathy for the Greeks would be even greater than it is at present.

PHILOLOGICAL CLUB.

At the first meeting of the Club held September the 28th., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President, Dr. Alexander; Vice-President, Dr. Linscott; Sec't'y. and Treas., Mr. May.

The following papers were also read:

Political Authority and Language Extension, by Dr. Linscott. He showed that language depends generally upon conquest, colonization, and ability to maintain political organization.

Roman Allusions in the Amphitruo, by Prof. Harrington.

No places mentioned (except Thebes, the scene of the play). References to persons found in aediles primorum etc. References to customs found in respublicr (not certain); toga; room for safe return home, etc.

Hans Sach's Dissimilar Children of Eve, by Prof. Toy. Interesting as connecting the old mysteries with the more regular form of the drama.

Aims at simplicity, abounds in striking anachronisms and anthropomorphisms. Not liking in personal, known interest. The verse is Hans Sach's regular rhymed doggerel tetrameter.

The second meeting was held on Tuesday evening, October 26th, when papers on the following subjects were read:—

Prof. Harrington:—Some Tests of a New Alliterative Theory.

Dr. Hume:—An English Charlemagne Romance.

Mr. May:—The Character of the Queen in Maria Stuart.

Dr. Linscott:—The Duke of the Three Hands, from the Lithuanian.

ELISHA MITCHELL SOCIETY.

The Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society held its first regular meeting in the Chemical lecture room Tuesday, September 21st, Prof. Collier Cobb presiding.

Dr. H. V. Wilson presented an entertaining paper on the "Development of the Lateral Line." Embodied in this paper were the results of work begun by Dr. Wilson several years ago, and carried on since in the biological laboratory by J. E. Mattocks, '95. Part of this work was presented by Mr. Mattocks in the thesis for his Master's degree a year ago, and an outline of it will soon appear in the *Anatomischer Auzeiger.*

The paper by Dr. Charles Baskerville, "An Account of the Recent Meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Detroit, and the British Association at Toronto," was attentively listened to. Dr. Baskerville attended both of the Meetings. The University was highly honored in having the Dr. elected Secretary of the Chemical Section of the American Association for the coming year.

The second meeting for this term was held in the Chemical lecture room Tuesday evening, October 19th, Professor J. W. Gore presiding.

Professor Gore opened the meeting with a paper on the "Determination of the Velocity of Projectiles by the Aid of Electricity and Polarized Lights." He also called attention to the phenomenal feat of engineering skill displayed in removing an old bridge between Camden and Philadelphia and replacing it by a new one in two minutes and twenty-three seconds.

Professor Collier Cobb presented the next paper, an interesting account of his summer work on the Triassic, and the discovery of a new area near Rockingham. This new area has a dip North-west, making a syncline with the Wadesboro Area.

"Diffusion of Gases," was the subject of Dr. F. P. Venable's paper. He made an experiment showing how a lighter gas, as ammonia, sinks into a heavier gas, as hydrochloric acid.

The last paper of the evening was by Dr. Charles Baskerville on "Some Gains and Losses to Chemistry." Among the gains he made special mention of the liquification of flourine by Dervey and Maisson at a temperature of—185 C. The death of many prominent Chemists during the last year is a serious loss to this science.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

The Shakespeare Club shows its wonted vigor in the thirteenth year of its existence. Made up of Seniors and Juniors, and others elected from the lower classes, it has always a few earnest workers and a goodly number of bright spirits in sympathy with their efforts. There is no occasion for surprise at the large attendance at its public meetings. Shakespeare means life, and "age cannot wither or custom stale his infinite variety." The programme is planned with care, and is, as a rule, worked out with thought and skill.

It is encouraging to those who believe in culture and the special studies that maintain it, that this literary association is progressing under persevering and intelligent management.

The first meeting of the college year was held on October 5, when the general sebject was: "Shakespeare's Method of Dramatizing History with Special Reference to King Henry V." Mr. R. E. Follin read a paper on "Hal as King." Hal was descriped as possessing a character of great valor, simplicity and humanity—in short as being Shakespeare's ideal king. Mr. C. R. Dey read a paper on "The English Dramatist's Portrayal of French Character." A comparison was drawn between the French and the English, and the weaknesses of the former was contrasted with the strength of the latter.

Mr. W. J. Brogden read a paper ou "The Dissection of a Fat Knight." Falstaff was described as a man of sinew, who, though lacking in ideas of chivalry and honor, was by no means a coward. In conclusion Dr. Hume rerd a paper on "Politics and Religion in Shakespeare."

The second meeting was held on November 2, when the general subject was "Richard III." Mr. W. R. Thompson read a paper on "The Family of Richard III and its Relation to the Wars of the Roses." Mr. L. J. Bell read a paper on "Historic Doubt Relative to Richard III." The claim that Shakespeare's portrayal of Richard's character does not accord with historic fact, was here proved untrue. Mr. P. H. Eley read a paper on "The Law of Moral Retribution in Richard III." A contrast was drawn between ancient and modern tragedies in respect to retribution for evil, and nemesis was traced throughout this play.

Other subjects to be presented during the year are "Marlowe: His Personality in his Writings; His Method of Dramatizing History; Shakespeare's Debt to Marlowe, (a), in Richard II, (b), in versification." "The Mystery Play of the Three Kings: its Cyclic Importance." "The Feast of the Ass in the Christmas Pageant." "Studies in Early and Middle Comedy." "Maeterlinck and Ibsen." "The Old Chronicle and Tragedy." "Shakespeare's Influence on the Romantic Movement in France."

THE ALUMNI BUILDING.

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Old Series, Vol. XXVIII. No. 2----FEBRUARY, 1898. New Series, Vol. XV.

ALUMNI BUILDING.

As our frontispiece, we present a picture of the Alumni Building, which is now in process of erection and will, when completed, be a handsome and much needed addition to the University buildings. The almost marvelous growth of the institution has made such a building an imperative necessity. The increase in the number of departments has demanded more lecture rooms and laboratories, and these have been fitted up by decreasing the number of dormitories so that, on account of the large increase in the number of students, the college dormitories are inadequate for their accommodation and about one-half of them have been forced to seek apartments in the village. All the administrative offices, and lecture rooms together with the departments of Physics and Electrical Engineering will be situated in the new building. Their former quarters will then be available as dormitories furnishing about forty additional rooms.

It will be situated directly opposite the Chemical Laboratory (Person Hall) and in front of the Old and New East Buildings. Modelled after the Public Library of Boston with the addition of portico and facade, it will be a splendid specimen of architecture. Granite and the best quality of buff brick are to be used in its construction.

The whole cost will not exceed $25,000. $20,000 have been subscribed payable in five installments. Two of these have been called for and as a result $6,900 have been paid in. On bronze tablets placed in the public reception room will be graven the names of those to whom its erection is due. More money must be given before this sorely needed structure can be completed. Despite its limited means, the University has been steadily growing, and without this building, it seems as if its expansion must suffer a check for a time at least.

Julian S. Carr, Richard H. Lewis, J. W. Fries, Francis D. Winston, Locke Craig, and President Alderman constitute the buiding committee. Frank P. Milburn of Charlotte is the architect.

It is eminently fitting that the corner-stone of this building, whose completion will mean so much to the University, should be laid with appropriate ceremonies. This event will be one of the most interesting and impressive connected with the exercises of the coming commencement. It will occur on June 1st.

THE HARVARD MAN.

Past traditions and present ideals fashion the inner life of Harvard University. To break entirely with the past would be an inevitable destruction of its identity, while to deny place to the new and present would produce an equally inevitable stagnation. Harvard does neither of these things. It retains its past in its present as a vital substratum upon which to build, and welcomes cordially, yet judiciously, the new as the only means of growth and progress. Bound to, yet unhampered by, the past; waiting for, yet not unscrupulously committed to, the new, Harvard is making safe and steady advances in the manifold innate endowment bestowed upon every one of her sons. Having been nurtured upon her inner being for a period of years, and ever more strongly, her son becomes a concrete embodiment of what his mother was and is. The Harvard man is a product of Harvard's past and present.

The traditions behind the latter days, extending back over thrice four-score years and including a long period when Harvard University was a provincial college inferior both in rank and numbers to several Northern rivals and to at least one in the South,—these traditions are sacred not merely for association's sake but for their inherent worth. The ancient motto, *Veritas*, is proudly worn and championed by Harvard's latest scion. Linked to this motto as indissolubly as the circumference of a circle to its centre are those equally ancient imperishable words, *Christo et Ecclesiae*. The pos-

terity of to-day is proud of these armorial bearings and would as soon sell its birthright as change them. In those old unforgotten days of two and a half centuries ago the purpose of the young institution was to prepare an educated ministry to discover and defend truth for the sake of Christ and the Church. Brightly gleaming through all its past that line of white light continues until now and indefinitely multiplied, even as the rays indefinitely expand as the distance from their focus increases.

This is the old which has perpetuated itself in the new. These are the former things which can not pass away so long as the present heaven and the present earth endure. But consider the new thus irradiated and illumined by what was and is.

Within a decade the student body has doubled in numbers. The two thousand of ten years ago are replaced by the near four thousand of to-day. These men are representative, high and low; rich and poor; state, national, and international; churched and unchurched. From so many varying elements can there emerge the typal man? He is the fused product of that past and this present. The new has furnished material to the old, the old has furnished a plan to the new. The dominating influence of truth as it stands embodied in the central figure and the central institution of history and civilization is at work upon an aggregate of men of unequal social conditions, from different geographical sections of the globe, and of unlike religious affiliations. There is a definitive product as these two elements combine, and this definitive product is a representative, a type, a norm.

This is how it comes about. Truth, leavening the

social world, makes merit and not money nor class the test of a man. Poverty is not a shame, nor riches a passport. Neither does poverty attract pity nor are riches a burden. The holder of a Harvard scholarship or fellowship may be rich or poor; in any case he is meritorious and honored. An indigent student has neither an advantage nor a disadvantage over an affluent one. Merit rules, and respect follows in its train. The Harvard man respects every other man in proportion as he deserves, not in proportion to his purse, family, high affiliations, or extraneous attachments. He may be rich, of famous name, of coveted social position, a member of an exclusive club,—as he frequently is, but he accords and is accorded honor in proportion as it is due. Given a man of demonstrated ability, no place either athletic or academic is too worthy for him. Without such ability he need not try. The ultimate test is the man himself. Out of his own worth he is judged and himself passes sentence upon his college career. Democracy rules.

The same leveling influence of truth works upon state, national, and international barriers. Prejudice gets no place. A Jew is a man; a Japanese is a man, a very bright one; a Frenchman is a man; the Southerner is a man. The son of Harvard in the final analysis is not ranked geographically. Good is frequently hoped for, aye expected, from Nazareth. Not so much the weakness as the strength of the barbarian is in evidence. Sympathy for manhood wherever grown; intolerance of sectionalism anywhere There is no enemy's country. Therefore "Fair Harvard." Her son is a citizen of the world, a cosmopolitan.

More audibly doubtless than in either society or the

state the Harvard note is sounded in religion. Already it is evident that, though a member of some club or other, the Harvard man is no snob; though having individual and racial characteristics of his own, he is not sectional in judgment. So in religion. He is a member of a sect but is not sectarian. Truth is the only basis of endurance of any body of believers. The work that is of God endures. Every enduring sect endures through its truth, not through its error. Then it must be respected. There is no external criterion of truth. The inner persuasion is the essential thing, and if a man has that, whatever he may be persuaded of, he has his place among the worthies. Character is built upon positives, not upon negatives; and however meagre and radical the positive may be, it furnishes a possible basis for an advance. Believe something that you can believe; believe it hard enough to die by it, and more especially to live by it. And accord others, Jew or Gentile, the same privilege. Be a Catholic, a Protestant, a Liberal, an agnostic, what you will, or rather, what you can; but this above all and in all: be tolerant toward other convictions. If vigorous and combative, spend not energy in fighting supposed error. Pray your prayer, live your life, teach your truth, and you and it alike will win as you deserve, while falsity dies of itself unnourished. Earnestness born of conviction, enthusiasm born of insight, endeavor born of conscious strength, these are the unpriced possessions of the Harvard man.

In the large he is democratic, cosmopolitan, tolerant.

The type of man in question is generic. Not every separate son that wears the crimson will claim for himself the perfect incarnation of these unique qualities.

These three in one are the constant limit toward which he as a variable continually tends. These are the things he is in part and would be *in toto*. The type is well known. The perfect specimens are rare. In Politics he might be Richard Olney; in Letters, Francis J. Child; in Religion, Phillips Brooks. With a party, yet not a partisan; with scholarship, yet not scholastic; with convictions, yet not dogmatic; with a country, yet not prejudiced; with a class, yet not narrowed; with the highest, yet not scorning the lowest; all in all, a man.

HERMAN HARRELL HORNE, '95.

JOB AND SARTOR RESARTUS.

In what, one would ask, does Job resemble Sartor Resartus? Is not one a superbly dramatic epic and the other a quaint and profound biography? Were they not written in far different periods in the world's history? Are they not as much unlike as possible in style and diction? Truly these and other differences may be found; but to the thoughtful reader, notwithstanding these differences, a careful analysis of the two books will reveal striking and peculiar points of similarity. What is common to each and gives value to both, is the recorded experience of thoughtful men as they daily come upon and grapple with the problems of life.

The distinguishing characteristic of both heroes, Herr Teufelsdröckh and Job is that they are honest earnest seekers after the truth. The object of the Book of Job is not, as some think, to prove the general law of retribution unsound. Job himself realizes the half-truth in this doctrine. Nor is the object, as still others pretend, to develop the idea of a future state. Arguments on either of the above theories may indeed be found in Job, but the real object in both Job and Sartor Resartus is to show the effect of the worst calamities on a truly religious spirit; to trace the steps in the development of an honest man as he interprets the daily recurring troubles and sorrows of the world, sees God's plan in them, and draws from them the lessons of life.

Job, "the greatest man of all the East," the hero of

the people, the leader in the affairs of State, the head priest and pastor of his flock, the one respected and looked up to by all, enjoying deservedly the bounties of life, blessed with a large and loving family, a very example apparently of the results of obedience to God, is brought to the lowest depth of sorrow, suffering and affliction. He is borne down by a terrible disease. His wife, his everfaithful companion and sympathizer, loses all patience. But Job remains faithful and "sins not with his lips." With wonderful submission he asks, "Must I receive good at the hands of the Lord and not receive evil?"

But his trial is not yet over. His children are taken from him. Calamities fall on all sides. Job is led to curse the day on which he was born. He looks not for any more pleasure in this life. His only hope is an end of such trials, the grave. Job has proved faithful but the problem is not yet solved. The mystery of suffering in the world, though yielded to by him, is not cleared up. So men of the East, of great learning and experience come to comfort him and explain the mystery. But they are blinded by tradition, think Job a great sinner, and urge upon him repentance. Job realizes his own innocence of their charges and can the better analyze their position, and prove the worthlessness of their words. As yet he can only see that his pretended friends are sophists, feel his own innocence, and know that all is in God's hands somehow, though he cannot understand the principles.

In the course of the argument the friends become more elaborate and resolute. Job more emphatically rejects their charge. And now once more is het hrown back on his only resource, dependent upon some as yet

unknown power. "I am honest at heart," reasons Job, "Why will not the final outcome be for my good?" Brighter and clearer becomes Job's view of a future manifestation of Divine Justice. "My record is on high, my deeds are written down in Heaven." From this point his opponents make no progress. Job changes not, except to reflect and to correct hasty statements. The next speaker is a young man, Elihu, a descendant from Abraham. He brings out the thought that God speaks to man by chastisement. He sees a loving purpose in the plan of the universe.

All the speakers are exhausted and the mystery is not solved. The arguments of the three sides are all incomplete. Job must find the solution of the mystery in something else. Nature comes to his aid. A storm, a mighty whirlwind of the East, arouses in him a feeling of the sublime, of awe, and from thence it passes into reverence. Meditation now with this aroused feeling helps him through the difficulty. Here Job comes to his mind and confesses his inability to understand or comprehend the all-wise plans of the world. His submission ends the trial. The final restoration to his former contented state of mind is the ultimate compensation. Such in brief is the Book of Job.

Many circumstances similar to these are found in Sartor Resartus. The troubles of the hero, whom we understand to be Carlyle himself, are dated from his birth. Born under mysterious circumstances his whole life seems to have been dominated by the mysterious, as well as the mystic element. The mild, tender, deep, profound, ascetic, observant Teufelsdröckh must experience many shocks to his sensitive nature before his final goal is reached. Like Job death must afflict him.

His foster parents are taken away. Like Job he suffers from the lack of true spiritual advisers. His "Pedant Professors" knew little about the working of the mind and cared less about the growth of the soul. Like Job he is forsaken by his friends and must live in isolation; and as Job renounced all hope of future enjoyment with his loved ones on earth, so must Teufelsdröckh trample down and quench forever his pure, intense, and fiery passion for his Blumine. Likewise he too, as if afflicted with some terrible, contagious disease, is cast off from society, forsaken, and becomes a wanderer, looking this way and that for comfort and findeth none. And so with all great men must there be this "desert period." Yet in all this suffering, like Job, our hero has also the happiness of an approving conscience. He doubts the existence of a God, but in doubting he remains true and sincere. Like Job he feels his innocence, he suffers, and he too must question, he must protest. Thus bereft of all comfort and peace, friends gone, the world unsympathetic, like Job he must find the Only Reality, God, or die. Thus in each case is the man, as it were, driven to Truth, God, harmony of things, something that really satisfies life. In this predicament the revealer, as in Job, must be the Unknown himself. Man must look away from self. So Teufelsdröckh begins "scenting out religion in everything." He sees that "Nature is the living visible garment of God." Everything is an emblem. Man himself is but a symbol of God. "The true Shekinah is man." His spirit is bound by invisible bonds to the spirits of all men. These facts and all things point to a planner, a God in the Universe. So, led on as was Job, from doubting everything he becomes unable to

find anything that does not manifest God. Everything is a miracle. Where is it force is not? Custom merely blinds us so that we cannot see the miraculous in the common.

In the same way in both Job and Sartor Resartus is the great theme of man's relation to the Universe discussed and concluded. We are all spirits bound together by a mystic force. This mystic element is insisted on by each. Christ expresses the thought in these words, "I and the Father are one, and ye are my brethren." But to get an intuition into this truth we must be honest earnest seekers after the Truth, must work after the manner of Teufelsdröckh and Job. There should be a parallel in our own lives. We are in the world and in a sense must be our own interpreters. Obstacles met the old mythical hero of the Hebrews and with them many trials. Similar were the experiences of the hero of Sartor Resartus, and something like these must all expect to meet in life's journey.

At times how dark, how sad, how gloomy, how strange, how weird, how awful, how terrible are the experiences man must pass through in life's ascending scale! But somehow somewhere in the darksome valley the unseen voice seems to whisper encouragement and comfort and to lure us on and on to higher and higher, deeper, grander and nobler views of life. Would we be in the line of march with the great truth-seekers? Christ, the Truth made concrete, put in this condition to the understanding of all mysteries; "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall *know* of the teaching," and "The Truth shall make you free."

CHARLES HUGHES JOHNSTON '98.

THE PHYSICIANS IN THE CONVENTION OF 1861.

PART II.

LITTLEBERRY WATTS BATCHELOR:—L. W. Batchelor of Halifax, son of James Watts and Mary Lane (Shelton) Batchelor, was born in that county, January 13 1813. After attending Bingham School, Hillsboro, N. C., for about two years, he went to Philadelphia to study medicine, and as soon as he received his diploma, he located in his native county. His attention was almost entirely given to his practice. He was, for many years, a Justice of the Peace, and also a member of the old county court. Dr. Batchelor was a devoted Southerner and a firm believer in the right of a state to secede, and despite his aversion to politics and public office, these facts together with the requests of his friends induced him to become a candidate for the Convention. He was of English descent and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He died in Enfield, N. C., on June 4, 1885.

THOMAS BUNTING:—Dr. Bunting was a native Sampsonian, born August 8, 1801. He was of English-Irish extraction, his paternal ancestors emigrating from Derbyshire, England in 1642, and settling near Philadelphia. His parents were Daniel and Mary (Clinton) Bunting. He attended the University of North Carolina in 1822; then studied medicine, and practiced it for a while, but later gave his entire attention to farming. Dr. Bunting served in the State Sen-

ate in 1836, '38, '50 and'52. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in Baltimore in 1852 and was, for a number of years, Clerk and Master in Equity. He believed in secession as one of the reserved rights of the state, and that the South had just cause to withdraw from the Union. His death took place on April 19, 1871.

James Calloway:—One of the oldest families in the counties of Wilkes and Ashe are the Calloways who are of Scotch-Irish extraction. Dr. James Calloway of Wilkes was born in Ashe County on July 23, 1806. His father, Elijah Calloway, was a native of Virginia and a nephew of Daniel Boone. Soon after attaining his majority, he was graduated from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia ,and settled in Wilkes County. At this time and for many years afterward, there was no other physician possessing a degree in the whole extent of country between Wytheville, Virginia, and Statesville, N. C. His practice was consequently very large and laborious, embracing in its range an area now constituting seven counties. Dr. Calloway was member of the House of Commons, three times, 1828, '30, and '31. He was a whig, and at first opposed secession, but after voting for it gave to the Confederacy, his earnest support. He was a large property owner, but his affairs became almost hopelessly embarrassed after the war. Much of his property was in Kansas where he removed in 1870, but after two years, with broken health and fortune, he returned to Wilkesboro, and died there on December 25, 1878, a member of the Episcopal Church which he had joined thirty years before.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MICHAL:—The subject of this sketch was born in Rutherfordton, N. C., October 19, 1825, and died in Hickory, N. C., January 11, 1892. His father, Jacob Michal, who came to North Carolina from Pennsylvania, and his mother, Catharine Ramsour of Lincoln County, were both of German extraction. In his early youth, he decided upon medicine as his chosen profession, and entered the Medical College at Charleston, South Carolina; but later went to the University of Pennsylvania where he was graduated at the age of twenty one. Commencing to practice in Marion, N. C., he continued there until 1861 when he became Surgeon of the Sixteenth North Carolina Regiment. While thus employed, he was elected to the Convention from Rutherford County to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Jason H. Carson, taking his seat January 21, 1862. In 1865 he removed from Marion to Newton and here practiced his profession for eight years until failing health forced him to abandon it for other pursuits. Dr. Michal was always a conservative in politics and deplored secession even when he recognized it as the last resort for the state. In his early life he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church South, but later embraced the views of the Episcopal communion.

WILLIAM JOHN TWITTY MILLER:—Cleaveland County sent two physicians to the Convention. They were W. J. T. Miller and James Wright Tracy. William John Twitty, son of John and Susan(Twitty) Miller, was born in Rutherford County, five miles west of Rutherfordton, on April 12, 1805. He was of Scotch-Irish descent. After being graduated in medicine at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, he

settled on Broad River in Rutherford(now Cleaveland County), six miles from Shelby. Dr. Miller represented Rutherford County in the State Senate in 1842, and in the House of Commons in 1836, '38, and 40; Cleaveland and Rutherford in the Senate in 1848; Cleaveland in 1864, and Cleaveland and Gaston in 1872. He was a whig before the war, and voted for Bell and Everett in 1860, He was opposed to secession until Lincoln called for troops to coerce the South when he at once became a secessionist, and a loyal supporter of the Confederate Government. For nearly fifty years, he was an active layman in the Methodist Episcopal Church South and a steward of his church for thirty-nine years. He served the Church, at various times, as district steward, secretary of the Quarterly Conference, lay delegate to the Annual Conference and as delegate to the Southern Methodist Conference in Atlanta in May 1878. He died in Shelby on the 7th of December 1886.

Albert Myers:—Albert, born April 20, 1828, was the youngest son of Marmaduke and Rebecca Myers, both of whom were of English descent. He led his class in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City. Receiving his degree in 1847, he located in his native county. He was a member of the State Senate from Anson and Union Countes in 1855, and delegate to the Convention from Anson. In politics, Dr. Myers was a whig and, like many others, opposed secession until Lincoln's proclamation calling on the South for troops. In religion he was an Episcopalian. He died in 1884.

Rufus King Speed:—R. K. Speed of Pasquotank, born December 25, 1812, was a native of Mecklenburg

County, Virginia. His extraction was, in part, Indian, some of his kinsmen tracing their ancestry to Pocahontas. He was a doctor of medicine and a politician. He represented Chowan and Gates Counties in the State Senate two terms, 1838 and '40 and the first senatorial district in 1870. He was an elector on the Bell and Everett ticket, and a delegate to the first secession convention which was voted down. Mr. Speed was, at first, an anti-secessionist, but became an ardent supporter of the Confederacy after voting for it. He is a member of the Missionary Baptist Church and is now in the North Carolina Hospital in Raleigh.

JOHN MASON STRONG:—Dr. Strong was born in Newberry County, South Carolina, on September 1, 1818. His parents were Rev. Charles and Nancy (Harris) Strong, both of Irish ancestry. He was graduated from the Jefferson Literary College in Washington County, Pennsylvania in 1841 and at Jefferson Medical College in 1847. He never held any public office except delegate to the Convention. He took his seat in this body on January 23, 1862 in place of James Walker Osborne resigned. He was an original secessionist. Dr. Strong is a member of the Associated Reformed Presbyterian Church and is now living at Elrod, Mecklenburg County.

EDWARD WEST WARD:—Dr. Ward of Onslow was born in Newbern January 4, 1827. Both of his parents were natives of Onslow County and of English extraction. He was raised in Mississippi until he was seventeen when he returned to North Carolina. He entered the State University in 1847 remaining one year, and then went to Philadelphia where he studied med-

icine receiving his diploma in 1850. Dr. Ward has held the office of Magistrate; County Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Chairman of the County Medical Board. After serving six months in the Convention, he resigned and entered the Confederate Cavalry service with the rank of Captain, continuing to hold this office until Appomattox. In addition to his practice, Dr. Ward is engaged in farming. In politics, he is a Democrat and in religion, a Missionary Baptist. He is now living at Pollocksville, Jones County.

A Correction.

In hastily gathering the sketches for Part I. of my article in the previous number of the Magazine from a paper formerly prepared on "The Personnel of the Convention of 1861",I unintentionally overlooked several names thereby making the number of physicians sixteen when it should have been twenty one.

John Gilchrist McCormick '98.

NEIGHBORS OF MINE.

Last autumn I met a very odd fellow. One cloudy afternoon while strolling along a woodland path I heard a weird mournful voice calling, calling, a long time. It seemed to come from a cluster of trees across the glen. After a little while I came up with the sorrowing creature and found him seated on the drooping bough of an old gnarled oak, It was a cuckoo.

Many of our birds had already departed for their winter visit far towards the tropics, but the cuckoo still tarried in the haunts of his summer home. He seemed to feel the solitude of the autumn forest and so from place to place wherever he went, you might now and then hear him chanting his plaintive, solitary cry, as if calling out to the fates to witness his sad and dreary desolation. It is not alone at this season however that the cuckoo leads a mournful, secluded life. Any time while he is with us from May to October he may be observed slipping silently from the cover of one thicket to another, always alone and frequently uttering the harsh guttural cry which has long since given it the name of rain-crow.

The nest in which the cuckoo rears its young is little more than a slight platform of twigs placed on some sheltered limb, and the two or three greenish blue eggs which it contains may often be detected through the frail structure from the ground below.

How different are his habits from those of the Eu-

ropean cuckoo, which by the way is an animated singer. The two are similar in appearance but our bird in comparison with his foreign relative is much the smaller,—a sort of vest pocket edition of the parent stock.

The cuckoo is one of the famous birds of history. In the Bible we read his name. Aristotle discussed his qualities. In various literatures he is referred to. Thus the earliest English lyric sings:—

"Summer is i-cumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu;
Groweth sed
And bloweth med,
And springeth the wde nu;
Sing cuccu."

Of all the tales told on the English birds, the one relating to the cuckoo reflects the least credit on the accused. When the time for nidification arrives it does not build a nest for itself, but slips about and deposits its eggs secretly in the nests of other birds, Here the eggs are incubated and the young reared by the foster parents. While the cuckoo thus saves itself some labor and anxiety it has won a reputation which is enjoyed by few other birds. In this country the cowblackbird has the same habit,

But my bird on the drooping bough of the old gnarled oak, soon detected the presence of an intruder. For a few moments he eyed me, as is the bird's custom on such occasions, in a dazed kind of way, all the while slowly raising aud lowering his long tail, then swiftly and silently he vanished through the foliage. A little later I heard him again, this time several hundred yards away, and as I passed further along the path,

from the distance there came to my ear the faint murmuring *cow, cow, cow*, of the sad mysterious bird.

Another acquaintance which I made last fall was that of a famous singer. It was a mocking-bird. Long shall I remember the morning when first his strains fell upon my ear. It was during the period of migration. Many a morning had found me in the field with gun and note-book long before the usual time for rising. I had just issued from the grove and nearly reached the old stone gate-way of the campus. It was one of those gay, tender mornings in early autumn. The sun was just rising through the trees in a blaze of glory and the gentle gales were freighted with a multitude of mingled voices which came from the trees on every hand.

Suddenly there rang out through the clear pure air the fierce clarion cry of the little sparrow-hawk. It seemed to come from the grove to the northward, but there was no bird in sight in that direction. In another moment there came a sound surpassingly rich and melodious. Bar after bar of the delightful song filled the air until a soft melancholy stole through my mind as visions arose before it of a city in the far south, where in other days I had often harkened to this well known strain. Then as suddenly as it had begun it ceased and in its place there came the harsh quarrelsome notes of the blue-jay. Then there was a pause followed by another song, after which came the clear whistle of the cardinal red-bird. For many minutes I listened to this masterful songster and knew not whether to wonder most at the range and variety of his natural song or at his powers as a mimic.

It is sometimes said that the mocking-bird this far

north does not sing with all the force and beauty which characterises those further south. Be that as it may, the one which haunts the little vine-covered church and the yards to the east of it, is as fine a singer as I have ever heard among the orange groves of the sub-tropics. I see this bird frequently now; for he does not run off south to spend the winter, but stays around, and on very warm days may sing a little, now and then, just to keep in practice for next spring. Mocking-birds, I am told, are not as abundant around Chapel Hill as they previously were. The reason for this being due, so it is said, to the robbing of so many nests for their eggs and young. During the past five months I have scarcely observed as many individuals within the limits of the town.

Still another friend I have is a little sparrow-hawk. It is not a sad melancholy bird, neither is it a gifted singer. It is a lady bird, and a very quarrelsome one at that, so I call her Xantippe. She lives around the Eastern end of the campus and her boudoir is under the eaves of one of the buildings. Her favorite perch is on the goal-posts in the foot-ball park. Here she will sit for hours at a time silently scanning with eager care the trampled and bloody sands. But the moment a beetle or field-mouse dares venture forth to mingle his tracks with those of the athlete, there is a whirr of wings, a sharp pain shoots through his body, above him he catches the swift flash of a pair of sharp eyes and at once he forever abandons the idea of making futher tracks.

Xantippe is very jealous of her domain and often chases away her more annoying neighbors. Just be-

low the New East Building where the drive-way emerges from the slight cut, stands a scrubby little bush five or six feet high. A number of English sparrows some time ago took a great fancy to this place and would often come there and enjoy an hour spent in jabbering on various topics. While passing there very early one morning I heard a company of them in the bush making a great noise. Perhaps they were a number of good wives discussing some important question; at any rate, there were three males, which I took to be husbands, seated demurely on one of the outside branches,—a sort of veranda to the bush house—silently drinking in the beauties of the morning.

Looking up I saw Xantippe coming with out-stretched wings. Straight as an arrow she was making for the males on the veranda. They saw her too and with some muttered exclamations, which from my position sounded like very bad words, dodged the blow, and in a moment later were off through the trees for a more hospitable locality. With a great flutter the females rushed out of the bush and off after the males, chattering of course as they went. The sparrow-hawk would hardly have harmed one of them and yet she apparently did not relish so much unnecessary noise. Maybe they had disturbed her slumbers after she had turned around for her last morning nap.

One day a drove of meadow-larks, those wild bird-cattle which rove over everybody's fields, but give tribute to none, strayed into the campus. Xantippe was at once all excitement. Indignantly she swooped down first at one and then at another of the intruders. They however seemed to pay but little attention to her protests but fed along across the campus and then

flew off to the next field. But Xantippe was triumphant and well pleased. She sat panting on the goal-post and nodded her head in a queenly manner and seemed to remark as I passed. "Did you see me scare 'em off? They are not such warm numbers."

Our little Raptor has had several narrow escapes with her life. One day a tall student wearing a black cap with cross-bones and skull on it, rushed up exclaiming, "I shot twice at a little hawk out here just now, but didn't get it." Another day a man with a rifle, who has been known to consort with the cross-bone class, tried his hand at hawk shooting near the same spot and likewise without success.

Whether or not Xantippe has a mate I do not know. Sparrow-hawks pair for life, and if one is killed, it is said, they will never mate again. Perhaps she has a companion but he is of a more rural turn of mind and so as the years go by, during the winter seasons when they have but little in common, he remains out on the farm and she is left to enjoy the sports and culture of University life.

A few months from now when the wild flowers are blooming and the mocking-bird begins to sing strongly again; when the leaves come out afresh on the old gnarled oak, and the cuckoo is mourning from its drooping bough; perhaps we may see Xantippe's mate, the old Socrates of the fields, his blood leaping high with the ecstacy of spring time, coming through the air, flying to the mate of his choice, calling to the love of his youth. Shall we not hope that she has a mate to come? Let us wait and see.

THOMAS GILBERT PEARSON '99.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

'Twould turn an old and ugly head
(And hers was fair and young instead)
At first appearance to command
The greatest violin of the land
As obligato.

And while the master fiddle spoke
Her introduction there awoke
In me the thought "Does bird love best
His song, his feathers, or the nest
That he is feathering?"

Did our thoughts meet? Such things occur?
She smiled at me: I smiled at her.
The epidemic quickly spread
Throughout the house. The master's head
Turned and she sang.

Was the applause that rang so long
Meant more for singer or for song,
I cannot tell; but mine that smile
Which held the audience the while
And hers my encore.

High stands conceit in Nature's plan!
I have not met a single man
Of that night's audience but deceived
Himself until he quite believed
She smiled at him.

THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE.

The following story was related to me more than once by my good old grandmother. She has long since crossed the bar, but I can give it almost in her own words, so strong was the impression it made on me.

"It was in the year 1850, in the month of March," she would begin, "your grandfather had been sick for a long time. The disease was a malignant one, and it had baffled the skill of the physicians. His end seemed nearing very rapidly. Those who saw him in the evening said he would die before morning, and those who saw him in the morning said he would not live till sunset.

I was sitting by his bedside one night, the bleak winds were moaning and howling without, the rest of the household had retired and I was watching alone, save for little year-old Johnnie, who was playing with his toys at my feet. Your grandfather's lack of all religious feeling and life had been a continual grief to me, and now weighed heavily on my mind as I sat holding his wan hand in mine, and thought how few, at best, must be his remaining days. Surely God would not take him from me thus. The doctor said there was no hope; but was there none? And from the depths of my sorrowing heart a prayer went up to Heaven that he might be spared yet a little while in which to repent.

While my head was still bowed, there was a lull in the wind outside. For a moment there was silence

deep as death, and then I heard the name of your grandfather, 'John Melvin, John Melvin, John Melvin,' pronounced three times distinctly and in an unknown voice. Where it came from I could not tell. Just at that moment the clock on the mantle struck twelve. The sick man, who before had been lying motionless, save for the regular heaving of his breast, at the sound of the voice became very restless. Opening his eyes, he turned them enquiringly to my face. Wishing to dispel the mystery, as best I could, I said to the little boy on the floor, 'Johnnie, who was that calling you?' The child had never spoken a word in his life, but as I turned to him now his face wore a strangely intelligent look, and he instantly replied, 'God.' His voice was as distinct as that of an adult. I said no more. Your grandfather gazed at his child for a moment with that painful look of a sick man when he is trying to comprehend something through a feverish and half delirious brain. The effort proved too much for him, and his half-awakened consciousness lapsed into a dull and heavy slumber.

I took my child upon my knee, and he too soon fell asleep, leaving me to ponder the mystery. Are we really so far from the spirit-world that there can be no communication? Is it only superstition that makes us feel the divine reality to be nearer even than the outward world? I can only surmise. Was this a call from the death-angel for the soul of my husband? Was it the voice of God, as my child had said, and a sign that my prayer was answered?

My watch was relieved ere long by a brother of my husband. I said nothing to him of the strange occurrence, but telling him to call me if anything should

happen, I retired with my child. Nothing did happen that night, and the next day the sick man was better. The fever which had racked his brain was almost gone. It soon became evident that he was rapidly recovering. A week passed and he was sitting up. The wonderful skill of the physician was the talk of the neighborhood; but I still pondered the mystery of the strange voice.

When he had recovered sufficiently to be able to move about the house, I found him one day sitting alone by the fire in the hall seemingly buried in deep meditation. I sat down by his side without speaking. For a long time he seemed unconscious of my presence, then slowly raising his eyes to mine he said in a tone that trembled with solemn emotion, 'Caroline, do you remember the voice that night in my bed-chamber, when you and the little one were watching with me?'

'Yes, John, but I thought you were delirious that night.'

'Caroline, the little one was right: it was God. I was not ready that night when He called, and He has spared my life. He will call but once more. I'll be ready to go when that time comes, Caroline.'

From that day my husband was a new man. He abhorred the fascinations of his early life. The card-table was no longer his pastime, nor the race-track his delight. Thenceforth, our house was as the home of the godly, and the days passed pleasantly in the service of the Lord.

* * * * * * *

It was in March of 1866. The bloody war had closed, and the ragged soldiers had returned to their de-

vastated homes. Your grandfather had fought bravely for the lost cause, and now lay dying of consumption, which the doctors said he had contracted from exposure in the trenches. We all stood round his bed to bid him a last farewell. Johnnie was now a lad of seventeen. As I bent over the couch of my dying husband to catch the words his lips seemed trying to form, a divine light beamed in his eyes and suffused his whole countenance. He grasped my hand, and said in an audible whisper, 'Don't you hear it, Caroline,—the voice? I am ready this time.' His grasp relaxed; his eyes closed; his time of probation was ended; his spirit had answered the call.—Just then the clock struck twelve. It was sixteen years, to the day and hour, since the voice was heard in the sick-chamber."

W. '98.

TWO AUTUMN SCENES.

In a broad field outside the little town of Mayville, in the Valley of Virginia, the grass was just losing its brilliant green under the falling sun, and chilling winds of early Fall. Not even the maples and poplars, those children of the forest who are among the first to go into "Winter quarters," had shown that they felt their peril, except by a slight whitening of the tips of their leaves.

Across a deep ditch which cut the farm into two sections, was a field of Indian corn not yet relieved of its burden of grain, which it carried wearily, as if patience had long since ceased to be a virtue, but stripped of its long green blades, which seared by the sun were packed away in stacks in the middle of the field. Over this field, and diving down into the corn, and then rising again into the air were multitudes of gnats, weavels, flies, and bugs, and still above this living hive was their natural enemy—numerous bull-bats, who every second were diving down like the gull upon the ocean, and then shooting upwards with living victims in their mouths.

To make stronger the evidences of the mightier preying upon the weaker, two men were seen now clambering over a rail fence at the open side of the field, across the ditch, with guns on their shoulders, and soon what men call "fun," commenced. The guns popped merrily, and every unwary bird pursuing his prey too far had swift retribution meted out to him at the bank of

the ditch; some closing their bright eyes instantly, and forever, others falling in circles with broken wings, and mangled legs, to be picked up gasping, with slowly dimming eyes, and stuffed into a game bag, there to die a slow death of agony, and suffocation; while still others wounded and bleeding, flitted away to some perch in the woods, and there told their mournful story in broken heart-beats to the whispering wind in the pines, and with its sympathetic murmur in their ear, slowly yielded up what God in his mercy had given,—what man in his cruelty had taken away. The sun went down in the tassels of the corn stalks, and the bats at last had gone to their woodland home.

The two young fellows sat down on the bank of the ditch; emptied their game bags, and counted the lives which they had destroyed; and then with guns across their knees they talked of past pleasures, present joys, and future happiness.—Why is happiness always in the future?

The prospects of one were bright, if you could judge by the look on his face, and the words of almost triumph which he spoke. "Yes, it has been a long time —almost the proverbial seven years, ever since we were children, in fact, but tell me Will, now that you know her, is she not worth it, my boy?"

The other was silent for a moment, then taking off his cap he ran his hand nervously through his thick black hair, and answered with just a suspicion of a strain in his strong clear tones, "She is too good, too noble for anybody; I have never seen a woman like her in my life."

With a short tremulous laugh, the other said:—"I thought you liked her, old boy, I have watched you

when you were looking at her, (and that is always) and your eyes don't lie, old man." A deep flush came over the clear face, and the dark eyes had a quick look of resentment in them, and his voice was indignant. "Roy, yon were always a fool about some things. Do you think, as you intimate, that I am ass enough to fall in love with the woman you are going to marry the day after to-morrow?"

It was Roy's face that flushed now, to the very roots of his curly hair,,—"I didn't mean that, Will, I—I just——." "Don't lie, old man, that is exactly what you did mean, I have 'watched you' and you don't want anybody to speak to her, even though you are going to marry her in two days."

"Well, Will, you say that I am a fool about 'some things;' who would not be a fool about Alice?—particularly when I know that she is marrying me half in pity—when I know that she likes me better than any one else, because she has spent her whole life with me as a playmate in my mother's home, and that she has only consented at last, because mother, who loves her even better than she loves me, has set her heart on the match. Do you wonder now that I am jealous of my dearest friend on earth, even though I believe him to be the noblest man who walks it?"

"Well, Roy, I shall have to tell you that I am another person whom you are a fool about, and my dear fellow, I am afraid you will find us both very commonplace people in the course of a few years." You may speak for yourself Will, Alice is God's fairest piece of workmanship. I have known her for fifteen years, and each year she has grown better, nobler, and more beautiful. You have known her for four days now,

and I want you to answer me this question. If you had seen, and known her as anybody but my future wife, could you have helped loving her, and trying to win her for your own?"

The question was never answered; for Will in his embarrassment, threw his leg over the stock of his gun; his foot struck the hammer, which flew back, and then fell.

"Oh God! Roy, Roy, Roy, for God's sake answer me, Roy,"—but his cry fell upon deaf ears, the lips even were lacking with which to answer; for all the load had entered his face.

"Oh God in Heaven, what have I done? Let me die, Oh let me die." Heaven in its infinite pity heard his agonizing prayer for mercy, and he fell back in unconsciousness, with his dead friend's bleeding head clasped close to his bosom.

* * * * * *

Three months have slipped away, and the chilling rays of a late Autumn sun, are falling among barren boughs. The seared leaves are lying in yellow heaps on the protected side of the tomb-stones, and against the side of the quaint old moss-covered, and ivy lined church.

Black, but intermittent clouds were sailing by close down to the surface of the earth and the wind blew in little gusts which disturbed the leaves on the ground, and sent the sparrows and snow-birds fluttering and twittering to their perches under the ivy.

Back of the church, on its sheltered side, was a carefully cleared grave, covered with hot house flowers, and not strewn with dried grass as the others around it were. Beside it stood a man, and a woman.

The man we have seen before, and his strong dark face is even handsomer, and nobler in its thinness and pallor; the eyes are darker and brighter than before, having almost a wild look in the shadowy light. God alone knew what he had suffered since that morning when his whole world had seemed to end.

The woman we have not seen before. How does she look in this Wintry twilight? Her face is upturned to the threatening sky, and in its lineaments are written all the virtues that shine the brightest in a woman's holy character.

The trembling of the warm red lips, as she speaks to her companion, reveals her dependence on a stronger, it a less noble nature,—which God has ordained shall rule.

The straight nose has just a curve of pride, and such eyes as these, surely never were since Eve opened her perfect ones in "The Garden". But to-night a new light shone in them, and told of the last crown of womanliness which now adorned her. She is speaking—Listen to her words,——"Don't go, Will, Mother will miss you so. She is old and broken now, you *must* not leave her".

"Do you think, Alice, that she is not reminded every day of "him" by seeing his murderer here?"

"Oh, you know she does not think of it in that way, you know that she loves you for Roy's sake, because he loved you so, and lately she has learned to love you for your own noble qualities, and"——"Don't, don't talk about my noble qualities. I can't stand that. I'm a murderer, Alice, you can't deny that, for here is his grave at my feet, and down there, only a few feet away he lies, and his sunken eyes are looking at me with bitterest reproach".

"I thought that you had stopped talking that way, Will, that is the way you talked the first morning we ever came out here together. You know that you loved him more than any one on earth except 'mother'. I loved him too, but I did not love him as I should, to have married him. Don't talk that way because nothing hurts me so much, you can't go, I just won't let you", and the bright lips parted for a smile, but the eyes were full of tears.

"I love 'the mother' very dearly, Alice, but you ought to feel that my position is a false one; that I should leave this place before I do any more harm. Don't you see,—and his dark face was paler than before—that even now I am in the toils, and instead of helping me, you are only making it harder to leave his grave, and his mother?"

Not even the slightest reference had been made to her, but his dark eyes flashed into hers—so earnestly pure—with such a famished love that in that moment each knew the other's heart. Knew that their love for each other was a love that neither Heaven could conquer nor earth destroy.

He told her with his wild andhopeless eyesof his love and despair. She, of a love on earth, that should be ideal, that should restore his trust in God and his wisdom.

"Oh! you don't know how he loved me, Alice.

"Often in the night he would turn and put his arms around me, telling me that he loved me better than any one on earth, except you, and though I was secretly jealous of you, I would answer roughly, 'Go to sleep and let me alone; you and your girl are both fools, a pair of you together', and he would reply, 'Say what

you like about me, Will, but not a word about her, for she is an angel sent down by "The Maker" to keep me in the right road.' 'Oh, I was the fool to talk to him in this way, when at any time I would have died for the boy; for his was the noblest nature that I have ever known,—and I killed him".

"If God is good, and there is mercy in Heaven, why could I not die too? Oh! Alice, even you don't know all of my despair, and I can never tell it to you; I must leave this place while I am able, for I have neglected my warning, and now I feel the spell of 'The Lorelei' upon me; her song is in my ears, her love is in my heart, and I am drifting to, what I had rather die a thousand times than do,—betray the confidence of my dead friend".

The sun is down now, and even the twittering of the little birds has ceased. The wind has lulled and the clouds hanging so low and threatening, give only occasional glimpses of the silver moon beyond. Will's face is now as dark as any cloud that hangs above his head, but the woman's,—true to her nature, so noble in man's greatest need, is lit up with an almost unearthly glory of determination and trust.

Very slowly she came closer till she laid her hand upon his breast,—"Will, you can't go because I love you, and you love me. I know it though you will not tell me so, because of him who is lying here at our feet. O, Will, God was right; for he saw that I could not love him, and that at last he would have found it out, and then the misery for him would have been untold, so He snapped the cord of life at once, and nearly broke your heart, but gave me to you. I will comfort you, and as time goes by, you will think that God was right,

—even just, 'why don't you speak, Will? Am I nothing?" His face all grey and haggard answered, And he cried! "It has come. O, God, I felt it long ago. Listen darling, and I will tell you.

Last night I dreamed that Roy came to my bed. His face was ashen pale, and his voice was filled with hatred, and he shouted, 'Thief, Thief, Thief.' I sprang from my bed, but not even in my horror did I mistake his meaning.

He did not upbraid me with taking his life, but for stealing your love, and you from him, and then I swore that not another day should find me here."

Her hands had slowly twined around his neck, and her head was close upon his breast. Was it woman's instinct that told her that there was no argument so convincing as the feeling of a woman's arms about your neck? Then she added, "Will, if you love me, you can't leave me. You will kill me if you do, I should die without you."

The strong man wavered and then he turned his half-despairing eyes to Heaven, and prayed that God might give him one sign of his good will, just one, and he would turn "Thief" for the sake of the woman on his breast.

As he looked up the moon was throwing her brilliant rays full upon him, but scarcely had he caught a glimpse of it, when it was hidden by a great grey cloud, and a few drops of rain fell on his face. A tremor ran through his frame, and then succeeded a great calmness—his iron will had conquered.

His eyes fell and he looked long and earnestly at the broken-hearted girl clinging to him in dumb despair,—for she had read his face aright.

"Forgive me, Roy, old boy, I laid you down there I know, but now my heart is breaking and I must"—then his arms clasped her to him, he pushed back her head and kissed again and again her parted lips. "I shall never see you again darling, my darling good-bye."

"O, Will, Will, Will, wait Will,——But he flung her madly from him, across Roy's grave; and groping like a blind man out of the gate, and down the familiar road, his face upturned to the sky, and the rain falling in huge drops upon it,—knowing nothing, feeling nothing, only those kisses still burning like red hot coals upon his lips, and fleeing as if from the wrath to come,—whither? whither? whither?———

FRANK SHEPHERD FAISON, Jr., Optional.

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The Editor's Desk.

It is with regret that we announce the resignation of Mr. S. S. Lamb as Editor-in-Chief, which occurred immediately after the publication of the last issue. Much of the credit for the revival of the Magazine is due to Mr. Lamb, but pressing work and ill health forced him to relinquish a position which he could have so admirably filled. It is with much anxiety that we have assumed the responsibilities of the office made

vacant by Mr. Lamb's resignation; for we realize that such a position involves labors and responsibilities of no little magnitude.

To satisfactorily and successfully perform these duties is more than our most sanguine expectations would allow us to hope for; but when our work is finished; if it can be said that aught has been done to promote the prosperity and insure the permanency of the MAGAZINE, we shall feel that we have not labored in vain.

The policy outlined by the Societies, upon which the MAGAZINE was to be conducted, and as interpreted by our predecessor, shall, as nearly as possible, be continued.

The MAGAZINE can hardly, as yet, be said to have an assured place in college life. It is true that its success is largely dependent upon its *corps* of editors, but it is much truer that its very existence as an undergraduate publication lies within the power of those students who can write. It is a duty they owe to the MAGAZINE, to the University, and to themselves to aid the MAGAZINE with their productions.

Other institutions, with fewer students have more literary activity and enthusiasm and better magazines than we have—not because of greater ability, but simply because they have directed their talents into channels which have made their college representative in literature a fitting one.

To our advertisers we are indebted for much assistance in publishing the MAGAZINE so we bespeak for them our readers' most liberal patronage. Aside from all sentiment there is an old maxim which says: "Patronize those who patronize you."

Sometime has elapsed since the Faculty passed the law abolishing class honors, but with the exception of a short article in the *Tar Heel* immediately afterwards, no comment has been made upon the action. If the object was to remove the temptation for men to elect "puds", i. e., easy studies, it will, it seems to us, hardly prove a signal success; for as the matter now stands the incentive still exists for those who intend to graduate. They will continue to elect those studies upon which they feel assured that they can make good grades in order to have *cum laude* or *magna cum laude* written after their names on the commencement programme and on their diplomas. A large proportion of all students entering the University as freshmen no doubt fully intend to complete their course, and whether they succeed or not, as long as they have any ambition and so long as there is the remotest possibility of graduating, they will try to arrange their studies so that they will be graduated with distinction.

As the matter now stands, any student who has worked faithfully and earnestly for one, two, or three years, as the case may be, and has made "honor grades" each year, but by the force of circumstances is compelled to leave college without taking his degree, will receive not the slightest mention for his work, while his more fortunate classmate, who has probably done less than half as much work, graduates with honor.

Although the awarding of honors may be a false pedagogical principle, its advocates contend that its effect is not on the whole bad. They are of the opinion that many of our students enter without having a proper conception of college life and college work, and the desire to attain distinction furnishes to those who wish

to excel, the proper stimulus to induce thorough work.

But if the diploma should be a sufficient incentive to and guarantee of scholarship, why award any honors at all? If class honors tend to lead into paths, which should not be trodden, why do not graduate honors produce the same effect? We do not believe that either the total or partial abolition of honors will ever make the hard courses more popular than the easy ones; for by far the larger part of those, who elect easy courses, do so, not to make high grades nor because of any benefit to be derived from them, but simply "to pass." However if the effects of the honor system are, in general, injurious and if striving to attain them is unworthy of the dignity of a scholar, why are not all placed under one common law, which would be the case if they were totally abolished?

Before this issue of the MAGAZINE leaves the press, President Alderman will be bound for Gibraltar. He will spend some time in Palestine and along the shores of the Mediterranean. After visiting Athens, Venice, Milan, Rome, and Florence, he will cross the Alps to Lucerne; from there to Heidelberg and down the Rhine to Cologne, and thence to Paris. The last two weeks will be passed in England visiting London and the great University towns.

Physical and mental recreation after years of almost incessant labor made such a voyage absolutely necessary. To our President, the MAGAZINE extends its best wishes for a *bon voyage* with the hope that he may return greatly benefitted.

Book Notices.

TENNYSON, MAN AND SEER.*

Part I.

The thousand pages of the Life of Tennyson do not fail to insist on race, environment and epoch in the making of the man and the poet. A descendant of blended Saxons, Normans, French, Danes, Tennysons and D'Eyncourts, no wonder he was every inch a man and an Englishman. He came honestly by his strange union of strength and sweetness, of frank truthfulness and sensitive reserve, from the burly and genial rector and the saintly Isabel-like mother. Such a combination of aristocrat and simple child of nature one does not often see. With his giant frame and intellect and his loving heart, he was *primus inter pares*, those heroic souls whom he won to admiring loyalty. In his home in Lincolnshire, plain living and high thinking nourished him and eleven other children into sincere scholarly characters. Keen observation of nature, love of animals and "human mortals," dramatic instinct, humor, spiritual seriousness, self-sacrifice, unwordliness with common sense, imagination, and power of expression, were developed early. His brother Charles, seventeen, and himself, sixteen, published "Poems by Two Brothers." At Cambridge University, he was a sort of Hyperion, six feet high, broad chested, with a Shakesperian face, and a head the wonder of the sculptor; devoted to classics and science, and philosophic

*Afred Lord Tennyson. A Memoir by His Son. New York. The MacMillan Co.

and religious questions, now silent in deepest brooding and then breaking into high discourse or dramatic rhapsody. Arthur Hallam prophesied the fame of the poet who immortalized Hallam. For some of the best of Tennyson's earilier poems were well known to his University group. He would not tolerate the lethargy of Cambridge and like Milton made manly protest. A whole chapter might be written on the mutual value of such friendships, as he formed now and gathered to himself afterwards, the acute and solid Baconian and Shakespearian, Spedding (see his poem to J. S,) that quaint genius who translated Omar Khayyam, Fitzgerald, Lushington, Grecian and Orientalist, whose marriage with his sister brightens the close of In Memoriam; the great Master of Balliol, Jowett; the accomplished scientist Tyndall; the naturalist and author, the Duke of Argyll; that noble broad Churchman, Maurice, who has been set by him in a fine lyric; the rough and tender pessimist Carlyle; the manysided unanalyzable Gladstone; Thackeray, and Browning and Mrs. Browning; the Queen and Alexandra of Wales, all owned his spell. Very striking is Victoria's entry in her Journal of his simple greatness and his direct offer of sympathy to her Majesty, as she was so lonely on her height and in need of an honest affection. With theologian and scientist he blinked no question, siding unhesitatingly with neither, remaining loyal to the instinct for God and immortality and to his Christian experience and so swaying Tyndall with an ineffable charm and speaking wholesome words to the rationalizing Jowett. Poverty deferred his marriage and seasoned and strengthened him.

Nature was his delight and she kept him like her-

self free, strong, pure. His poems copy the Surrey downs, the minute details of bird-life, of blowing woodland, silvery parapets, myriad rolling ocean, noted in his walks and in mountain-climbings with friends. No such pictures and voices of the sea greet us in literature from Beowulf onward. He has been accused of idealizing, from other poets or from stage scenery, wonderful effects of waterfall or color which with keen delight he had taken direct from the heart of the Pyrenees and from his own Isle of Wight lanes and beaches. In the eminence of God in nature and in man, he did not forget His transcendence over nature and His personal manifestation in the "Strong Son of God, immortal Love." True as Wordsworth to those first affections which are the fountain—light of all our being, he saw more than an impalpable soul in nature and, despite the fear of "the pathetic fallacy," interpreted her relation to her Maker, the Eternal Poet and her vital connection with our moods and hopes. The fine art of "In Memoriam" breaks the moan of the sufferer with landscape effects that are perfect pictures in themselves and yet are interwoven with the progress of the thought and the Idylls of the King set the passions of the soul in the changing seasons of the year. His scientific knowledge had come to be so fused with all his observation of life that it gives quaint beauty or solemn grandeur to the descriptions in the Princess, the dark tarn in Elaine, the "last great battle in the West" in the Passing of Arthur.

He was ever reckoning with the inquiring spirit of the age. He paid his tribute to honest doubt whether he took part in part in the debates of the young Cambridge "Apostles" or the maturer Metaphysical Socie-

ty or represented in his poems the various phases of the supposed conflict between science and religion. The soul of truth and candor, he respected and helped others in the search for truth, and defended "the liberty of prophesying", but when evolutionary philosophy, which he accepted on its physical and material side, ruled God out of the Universe and his claim through Christ out of the sinful heart, he protested that the "heart rose up in wrath and cried, I have felt." So his conversations with Darwin elicited the statement that the great naturalist's theories should not oppose revealed truth and his poetry and friendship supplied fruitful spiritual suggestion to Tyndall. When the latter said, "I believe in God and—in matter," Tennyson replied, "God is the real person and we are only relatively personal"—and Tyndall in the interview repeated his admission that life could not originate without life. Tyndall wondered at his careful use of charts, of isotherms and isobars.

Lord Houghton laughed at him for discarding an exquisite poem he had made because of discovering some botanical flaw. With his view of life, like Milton, he thought that the poet himself must be a true poem. He discouraged one writer by the remark that poetry should be the flower and fruit of a life time. So the strong Jowett said that his poetry was fuller of true philosophy than most of the regular philosophy of our day.

The Two Voices, The Palace of Art, In Memoriam, The Idylls, and many a shorter composition touch on the vexed questions of the soul, on the reign of law, on the beneficent plan of the Universe, on the imperative demands of God and Conscience and the reconcili-

ation of truth and beauty. Arthur is more than a semi-fabulous Celtic prince. He shadows soul at war with sense. Seeming defeat may come to this ideal King, but it is the old order giving place to the new, for Arthur shall come again, though it be long before the increasing purpose of the ages is evolved.

Lust in Guinevere and Vivien and Tristam may pant for "free love and free field" and the foundations fall out of course, but an eternal divine order rules and overrules. This he is ever teaching with all his rare and delicate art, for he is no Ben Jonson, more philosopher and satirist than poet and artist, and the lesson he imparts is the teaching of science and philosophy, that "Nothing is that errs from law," that Nature and life are "in eternal process moving" and that man with all his sorrows and hopes is led onward to that "divine. far-off event,

> One law, one love, one element.
> To which the whole creation moves."

Alumni Notes.

W. C. McAlister, '95, is conducting a school at Monroe, N. C.

Dr. James McKee, '59-'61, has been elected President of the Capital Club, Raleigh.

Maxcy L. John, '88, Law, '91, has recently been elected Mayor of Laurinburg.

H. R. Bryan, '86-'87, will be chief marshal at the Newbern Fair in February 1897.

H. S. Ledbetter, '77–'79, is President of the new Textile Manufacturing Company of Rockingham,

O. H. Dockery, Jr., Law, '95, has received the appointment of cashier in the Collector's Office in Raleigh.

Rev. John Stanly Thomas, ex-'97, is President of the newly organized Pender County Educational Association.

Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn, '68, has been invited to deliver the Memorial Address in Raleigh on General Thomas L. Clingman, '32.

John Lindsay, ex-'95, who is studying surveying in Lehigh University, has been elected editor-in-chief of the *Lehigh Burr*.

Rev. Baylus Cade, Law '95, of Louisburg, has resigned as Chaplain of the United States prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Hon. Giles Mebane, '31, is now the oldest living graduate. He was a classmate of Jacob Thompson, Prof. J. De B. Hooper and others.

N. T. Cobb, '82-'83, has resigned his position with the Seaboard Air Line to become General Superintendent of the Raleigh & Western R. R.

Judge Robert P. Dick, A. B., '43, A. M., '47, L L. D., has resigned as Judge of the United States District Court of the Western District of North Carolina. He is 74 years of age. He has served as District Judge since 1872.

Hon. Alfred M. Waddell, '53, has accepted an invitation to deliver the literary address at the Commencement of the South Carolina Medical College, in Charleston, on the first of April.

GENERAL J. J. PETTIGREW.

There is much soreness in North Carolina over the injustice done Gen. Pettigrew of the class of 1847 by correspondents of Richmond newspapers during the war, and by Virginia and other writers since. We are glad to see that a Virginia poet, Duval Porter, in a volume, entitled "The Lost Cause and other Poems," published 1897 in Danville, Va., has placed our favorite alumnus on the level of Pickett. We quote a few lines, from the poem on Gettysburg.

There rides in front a gallant knight,
With saber drawn, a glorious sight,
So calm, so true,
A veritable son of Mars,
A genius who had won his stars,
'Tis Pettigrew.

The bravest of the brave like Ney,
In council wise, yet fierce in fray,
Always in place.
Mind and commanding genius shine
In every look, in every line,
Of that strong face.

* * * *

Ye Gods and men behold the sight,
See now those Southern heroes fight
Not one but all.
Look at Pickett and Pettigrew,
Do all that leaders dare to do,
Aye win or fall.

* * * *

Mourns Carolina, mourns the most
For many a priceless hero lost,
Lives thrown away,
Heroes who fought at Gainse's Mill,
Heroes who charged at Malvern Hill,
Were slain to-day.

Thy Twenty-sixth, Eight hundred strong,
(Surely the poet's loftiest song
For this should swell:)
Eight hundred when the charge begun
But eighty when the charge was done,
Seven hundred fell.

E. W. Pou, '81–'84 and A. D. Ward, '85 Law, '86, have formed a co-

partnership with Messrs. F. M. Simmons, and J. H. Pou under the firm name of Simmons, Pou, and Ward with offices at Raleigh, New-Berne and Smithfield. It is said to be one of the strongest law firms in the State.

Chas. A. Cook, '66-'68, and F. H. Busbee, '68, have been representing the State and the Southern Railway, respectively, before the North Carolina Rail Road Commissioners.

A. W. McAlister, '82, has been re-elected secretary aad treasurer of the Southern Stock Mutual Fire Insurance Company. He is also secretary and treasurer of the Underwriters Association which will act in conjunction with the former company.

Col. William A. Faison '46 and wife, Harriet Williams, celebrated their golden wedding on January 6 at their plantation in Sampson county. Their six children and grandchildren were all present. Rev. Colin Shaw, '38, delivered an address. Rev. N. M. McIntyre, an alumnus of '58 read a paper, "After Fifty Years." Rev. Dr. J. D. Hufham, a son of Rev. George W. Hufham, '26, also delivered an address.

The January number of the *North American Review* has a portrait of J. W. Fries '66-'68, and some account of his work as a member of the Monetary Commission. Mr. Fries requested Dr. K. P. Battle, '49, to give his views relative to the changes which should be made in the National Banking System. The Commissioners have published this paper in a number of Southern newspapers. The Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier* says it is the simplest and best plan yet proposed.

DEATHS.

John Donald Cameron, '39-'41, died in Asheville, N. C., on December 9, 1897. Lieut. Col. C. S. A., Journalist, Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives of North Carolina.

Armand John DeRosset, '24, died at Wilmington, N. C., on December 9, 1897, at the age of 90 years. Physician. Commission Merchant. He was the oldest living graduate of the University of North Carolina, and the oldest railroad director in the United States.

William Kennedy Blake, '46, a native of Fayetteville, N. C., died in Spartanburg, S. C., January 15, 1897. Born in 1824. Professor in Female Colleges at Greensboro and Fayetteville, N. C., and in Spartanburg, S. C. In later years a druggist. Member of South Carolina General Assembly, When at the University he was considered the most polished and one of the ablest debaters in the Dialectic Society.

College Record.

The Catalogue for 1897-98 is in press and will be issued early in March.

At a recent meeting the Senior Class decided to wear caps and gowns at Commencement.

Mr. T. D. Warren, ex-'95, law '96, a former principal of the Newbern Academy, has been chosen to assist Dr. Manning in the Law Department.

Dr. James H. Pratt, formerly of Yale, is giving a course of lectures on the economic mineralogy of North Carolina before the students of the department of Geology.

Hon. Hannis Taylor, ex-minister to Spain, and an alumnus of the University, has been chosen by the Trustees as orator for the '98 Commencement.

Mr. N. W. Taylor of Asheville, N. C., a photographer of considerable merit, has been secured to do the photographic work for the Senior Class. We are pleased to see our State photographers given a trial on this work.

Mr. Will A. Reynolds, who coached our plucky foot-ball team last fall, has been secured by the Athletic Association as coach of the base-ball and foot-ball teams of '98. Mr. Reynolds will pursue the study of law.

Mr. A. H. Merrill, the well known elocutionist of Vanderbilt University, gave an entertainment in Gerrard Hall on the evening of January 18 under the auspices of the Athletic Association. The entertainment was spoken of in the highest terms by those who were fortunate enough to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Faison, of Faison, N. C. have presented the University with an excellent painting of Dr. Charles F. Deems, a former Professor here and a great benefactor and friend of the University. The painting is the work of Mrs. Williams, a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Faison. Apart from its being a true likeness, it is valuable from the fact that it is the production of a native North Carolinian.

On January 8 the election of Chief Ball Manager and "subs" for

Commencement took place. The following were elected: Chief, F. O. Rogers, Med., subs. C. S. Alston,'99, J. P. Bunn,'99,W. L. Kluttz, '99, J. A. Moore, '00, C. B. Buxton, '99, George Vick,'99.

Hon. Hannis Taylor, L L. D., late Minister to Spain, has been chosen orator for the '98 Commencement. He was a student of the University in 1867.

The German Club gives its annual mid-winter german February 18. Mr. F. O. Rogers, of the Medical Class, has been elected leader, and Messrs. George D. Vick, '99, and Warren L. Kluttz, '99, have been elected floor managers.

The tour of the Dramatic Club during the last week in the old and the first week in the new year, proved quite successful—even from a financial standpoint. The club played in Raleigh on Saturday, January 15, and we are told "scored quite a hit."

Quite a large number of students heard Mr. Willoughby Reade, Professor of English and Elocution at the Episcopal High School at Alexandria, Va., in his humorous entertainment on the evening of January 28. The program was varied and was thoroughly enjoyed.

The *Tar Heel* informs us that a "A new feature will be introduced at the next Commencement in the way of an annual address before the Law Class. Hon. Thos. C. Fuller, '49-'50. Judge of the Court of Private Land Claims, has been selected to deliver the initial address."

The total registration has reached the "high water mark." The total number of students actually in the University since September 4, 1897, is 515. The highest number in the history of the University. Counting the Summer School the roll will reach almost 700.

The Advisory Committee of the Athletic Association has arranged for a track athletic contest between the preparatory schools of the State to take place here on April 16. Virginia has also been invited to send a track team with their base ball team which plays the 'Varsity here on April 23.

Mr. T. G. Pearson, '99, is giving weekly lectures in Ornithology in the University. Local birds, their habits and structure are described and specimens exhibited, Practical lessons in taxidermy are also given. This new course is open to all students of the Uni-

versity, but will not be counted in a course for a degree. No fee is charged.

At the Annual Commencement in June, Miss Stockard, a graduate of Guilford College and one of the five "co-eds" who entered the University last September, will receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. She will have the distinction of holding the first degree ever given a woman by the University. Miss Stockard is a cousin of Henry Jerome Stockard, the poet.

The members of the Junior Class have elected Mr. Edmund V. Patterson, of Salem, Chief Marshal for Commencement. The following "subs" have been appointed by the Chief, viz:—F. M. Osborne, of Charlotte; Thos. Hume, Jr., of Chapel Hill; R. G. Kittrell, of Kittrell; J. K. Dozier, of Tarboro; J. D. Grimes, of Grimesland, and J. R. Carr, of Durham.

The second annual Junior-Sophomore debate was held in Phi. Hall on December 4th, 1897.

The query was:—"Resolved, That Russia will eventually rule Europe." The debaters were Messrs. J. S. Shaw '00 and T. Gilbert Pearson '99 from the Di. on the affirmative, and Messrs. J. M. Sitterson '99 and D. P. Parker '00 from the Phi represented the negative. The debate was decided in favor of the negative.

Rev. Robert Strange, D. D., Rector of St. James Episcopal Church, Wilmington, N. C., and preacher for the University for January, preached to a large congregation in Gerrard Hall on Sunday night, January 30. His text was taken from Galatians 3-11, and the sermon was strong and forcible. Dr. Strange remained until Friday, making short addresses at Chapel exercises in the morning and at the Y. M. C. A., services each evening.

Mr. E. K. Graham has resigned as Editor-in-Chief of the *Tar Heel* and Mr. W. J. Brogden has been elected to succeed him. Miss Mary S. MacRae has been elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Bagley. The present arrangement of the *Tar Heel* board is as follows: W. J. Brogden, Editor-in-Chief; P. D. Gold, Jr., Managing Editor; P. C. Whitlock and R. D. W. Connor, Local Editors; Percy Whitaker, Athletic Editor; Miss Mary S. MacRae, Literary Editor.

A movement, which is expected to add much to the religious life of the University, is now on foot. The movement referred to is the effort made by Dr. Alderman to secure Preachers to the University. These ministers will be chosen from the various evangelica churches, be elected by the Trustees and be officers of the Univer-

sity. One of these will spend a week here each month, and his duty will be to preach in the Chapel on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, to conduct chapel exercises each morning and attend the Y. M. C. A., services each evening. He will have a room in one of the College buildings where all students may have access to him. His whole time will be spent in the interest of the student body. This movement is an outgrowth and expansiou of the Y. M. C. A., monthly sermons and will hereafter take their place.

The Board of Trustees held its regular meeting in the Governor's Office in Raleigh on January 27. The officers of the University submitted their reports for the past year. Prof. M. C. S. Noble was elected to fill the chair of Pedagogy; his duties to begin in September next. The President was authorized to secure the service of a teacher of expression to aid in training the speakers for next Commencement. The Trustees sanctioned the action of the Executive Committee in granting Dr. Alderman leave of three month's absence to make a European tour. The following were elected by the Trustees as "Preachers to the University" for the Spring of '98:—

Rev. Robert Strange, D. D., Wilmington; Jan. 28 to Feb. 6.
Rev. L. B. Turnbull, D. D., Durham; Feb. 27 to March 6.
Rev. C. W. Byrd, D. D., Asheville; March 27 to April 3.
Rev. J. W. Carter, D. D., Raleigh; April 24 to May 1.

Y. M. C. A.

Since the last issue of the MAGAZINE the following officers of the Association have been elected, viz:

President—J. K. Pfohl.
Vice-president—F. W. Coker.
Recording Secretary—H. Anderson.
Corresponding Secretary—T. G. Pearson.
Treasurer—W. E. Cox.

Mr. W. K. Matthews, College Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., visited the Association and spoke to the students in regard to sending several delegates to the Students Volunteer Convention to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, during the last week in February.

On Sunday evening, January 16, Dr. Walter W. Moore of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Hampden Sidney, Va., preached the Y. M. C. A., monthly sermon to a very large audience in the College Chapel. The sermon was strong and forcible and the speaker held the attention of his hearers throughout.

SHAKESPERE CLUB.

The regular monthly meeting was held in Gerrard Hall on February the 1st

"The Fool in Shakespere" was the subject of an interesting paper by Mr, P. C. Whitlock. "Personal Impressions of the French Theatre" by Mr. Wm. Price, formerly of Yale University, concluded the programme. It was an able and scholarly production, showing a keen insight into the French character and stage.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

An increased interest is being manifested in the work of the societies which promises well for the future outlook of these two bodies. The Georgia Debate is opening a new field of work, and the newly inaugurated semi-annual debate between the lower classes has shown a marked improvement in the society work of these classes. The next semi-annual debate between the Freshmen and Sophomores will be held about the last Friday in April. In this debate the Di. will be represented by Messrs. H. H. Reynolds, '00, and John Reynolds, '01, while Messrs. J. R. Baggett. '00, and Cowper, '01, will appear for the Phi.

Messrs, T. C. Bowie, T. G. Pearson and G. R. Swink have been chosen from the Di and Messrs. R. D. W. Connor, W. E. Cox, and E. D. Broadhurst from the Phi as Representatives for Commencement. The Annual Inter-society Debate takes place in February. The subject for the debate is :—"Resolved, That the United States Senators should be elected by a direct vote of the people." The debaters are: Dialectic—Johnston and Bowie; Philanthropic—Abbott and Connor.

FACULTY LECTURES.

On December 2, 1897, Dr. Alderman delivered his lecture on "The Theory of the State" to a large number of students and friends, in an able manner and with the usual grace and charm of the speaker. The first lecture in the new year was by State Geologist J. A. Holmes, on Tuesday evening, January 13, 1898. His subject was "The Geology of Western United States" and was illustrated by many stereopticon views. Prof. Holmes has recently returned from a visit to that section and after a careful study of its geological structure, climate, etc., was well fitted to lecture upon the subject. Prof. Holmes understands how to make his lectures enjoyable as well as instructive. The relating of his adventures and his witty remarks kept the audience in good spirits from first to last.

"The Conditions of the Russian Peasantry as Compared with that of the Southern Negro" was the subject treated of by Dr. E. E. Bynum in his lecture on the evening of January 27. Dr. Bynum spoke from personal observations and gave us a splendid idea of peasant life in Russia. By a careful comparison it was shown that the condition of the negro was preferable to that of the peasant.

THE ELISHA MITCHELL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The third regular meeting for 1897-'98 was held in the Chemical lecture room Tuesday evening, November 23, Prof. J. W. Gore presiding.

Dr. F. P. Venable read the first paper of the evening. "The Atomic Weight of Zirconium," his paper, was ably discussed. Determinations made by different authorities gives a range to the atomic weight of zirconium from 90.40 to 90.57. Dr. Venable has spent a number of years working with this interesting element and together with Dr. Chas. Baskerville, has written several articles concerning it. "Some Novel Designs for High Speed Navigation," was the subject of the second paper, read by Professor J. W. Gore. A cylinder boat 110 feet long has a circular track upon which are placed two locomotives. The track proposed is 700 feet long and 125 feet wide. The "tread mill" principle is used in operating the locomotives and a speed of 120 miles per hour may be attained.

Mr. W. W. Ashe read the last paper of the evening. "Specimens of Plants Showing the Flora of the Rocky Mountain Region," formed the subject of an entertaining paper. The similarity of the flora of the Rockies to that of the Appalachian system was the principal topic. It was stated that the difference between the flora of the two systems was so slight as to render it impossible for an inexperienced eye to detect the same. Most of the plants were those found above the timber line in regions of perpetual snow.

The January meeting was held Tuesday evening, the 11th, Professor J. W. Gore presiding. Two papers of unusual interest were presented. The first, "A New Drying Bath," by Dr. F. P. Venable, brought forward a much needed improvement in the Chemical Laboratory. Dr. Venable purposes to make use of a heavy perforated glass bell-shape jar placed upon a sand-bath, and to substitute this new improvement for the common air-bath of copper. The most material advantage gained from this new drying bath is that the operator is enabled to observe what is going on under the jar. Professor J. A. Holmes, State Geologist, presented the second paper. "The Volcanic Rocks of the Northwest." Professor Holmes gave a brief account of the six months he spent last year on a geological trip over the Western United States. 150,000 square miles of our western territory, including the very fertile Black Lands of Dakota, are covered by numerous layers of volcanic material, much of which has decomposed adding great fertility to the land. As an addition to the paper presented, Professor Holmes exhibited many specimens collected on his western trip, and spoke of the geological conditions of the Yellow Stone National Park.

DAVID GASTON WORTH

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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DAVID GASTON WORTH.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

In the year 1849 there entered the University a young man of unassuming, yet dignified manner, strong physical frame and pleasing appearance, who by his sterling qualities of mind and heart, and love of duty, soon won his way into the regard of both faculty and students; and whose entire college course was characterized by a strict adherence to the principles of manliness and uprightness of character which were so prominent in all his after life, and were the very essence of his long and useful career as an honorable private citizen. This man was David Gaston Worth, who was born at Asheboro, N. C. December 17, 1831 and died at Wilmington, N. C. November 21, 1897.

He was the only son of the late Governor Jonathan Worth and was prepared for the University at his home in Asheboro, entering at the age of seventeen and graduating with the class of '53. In all that pertains to his career at Chapel Hill, Mr. Worth displayed the same traits of character which have marked his life as

a man; modest, dignified, duty-loving, truthful to the smallest detail, and possessed of great intellectual powers, he applied himself with earnestness to every task assigned to him and graduated "with honor."

Even in these early days of his life one of the most striking features of this great man's nature was his modesty. He was not ambitious to pose as a leader in his class nor in the Literary Society to which he belonged, though he was one of the Dialectic Representative Speakers (or "Competitors" as they were then called) at the end of his Sophomore year. While taking no prominent part in the frequent disruptions of college life of those days, he was yet always found fearlessly on the side which he believed to be right, and did not hesitate to cast his vote in condemnation of a man or principle which seemed to him to merit the censure of the student body.

In college Mr. Worth had but few intimate friends; these friendships, however, were strong and enduring, some of them lasting a lifetime, and were with men who have been prominent in the list of our distinguished alumni. The testimony of his classmates and contemporaries in college all evince a lasting impression formed in boyhood of the unfailing honesty and spotless reputaion of this noble Christlike man. His choice of companions is a witness to his keen insight into human nature and his ability to form correct conclusions. The brilliant "Magnus" Spencer was his intimate friend and constant companion, and the latter's appreciation of and fondness for "Dave" Worth were proverbial in college.

Mr. Worth's room was in the Old West building, occupying No. 1 during his first year, and No. 22 the

remaining three years, his roommate being Col. K. M. Murchison. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and recently generously aided in the erection of their beautiful "fraternity house" which now adorns our campus.

Kindly and self-respectful, without seeking popularity, he was always popular with those with whom he came in contact. It is but natural that one of so retiring a disposition should not have been a "ladies man" when in college, and it is reported that he visited but little in the village. It was, therefore, somewhat of a surprise to his classmates to hear of his marriage soon after graduation, he being probably the first member of his class to find a bride.

A silent, dignified forceful nature was this man's; so reserved and modest was he that an air of almost mystery settled about him, save to those who knew him intimately; and to his friends he was open and frank. He had, however, a quick sense of humor and was not slow to appreciate this in others.

After leaving his Alma Mater there was no cessation of Mr. Worth's deep interest in the institution. His great benefactions attest his good wishes in its welfare, and his almost constant attendance upon the occasion of our Annual Commencements is more eloquent than words to express his lasting love for the "mother that finds us so weak and makes us so strong". In the beautiful tribute of President Alderman, we find these words:

"We loved him here at the University as a mother might love a tender son who had not forgotten her in the day of his strength and in the hour of her need. His hands were ever quick to serve us. Almost

to the end he would put aside his affairs and come to our annual festival—a welcome guest always—the latent humor of his nature twinkling in his eye, his strong features informed with pleasure as the quip and jest and happy memory went around the board. He seemed happy here with the quiet happiness that men of his type feel—the happiness of duty done and the consciousness of it."

In 1891 Mr. Worth was elected a Trustee of the University, and in this capacity his efforts in behalf of the upbuilding of the institution are most prominent. He discharged faithfully every duty incumbent upon the position, attending every meeting of the board when able to do so; and as a member of the Visitation Committee a few years ago he discharged the functions of that responsible position in a manner creditable to himself and beneficial to the University.

His largest single gift to the University was the sum of $1000, with which he headed the list of subscribers to endow the Chair of History. He gave $500 toward the erection of Alumni Hall, and contributed also to the erection of Memorial Hall. Through his generous response to an appeal for aid, the college chapel was remodelled and renovated, and in the words of President Winston, "That response changed the whole tone and color of University life". Recently he established the Worth Prize to be awarded each year to the student presenting the best thesis in philosophy.

In the busy world of affairs Mr. Worth took an active part immediately after his graduation. A career marked by so much display of character promised

great things for his future. Nor were those who predicted his success wrong in their estimate of the man, for wealth and honorable position came to him early, and at his death he left a goodly fortune as a result of his thrift. His first venture in business was in connection with his father, in Moore County, and afterwards he went to Wilmington, conducting a general commission business with his kinsman, Mr. N. G. Daniel, but later, on the death of Mr. Daniel, the firm was changed to Worth & Worth, his kinsman, Mr. B. G. Worth, succeeding Mr. Daniel. Probably no business house in the state has ever had a more widespread and deserved reputation for generous and fair treatment of its patrons, consistent with business principles, and for business ability, than the firm of Worth & Worth. Its policy was formulated and directed largely by Mr. D. G. Worth. He seemed content to apply his efforts toward the upbuilding of a prosperous business and did not enter prominently into public life, although in every way a public-spirited citizen and jealous of the welfare and reputation of his native state and adopted city. In all that pertained to the public welfare, Mr. Worth was ready with hand and pocket-book to assist, and his wise counsel was often sought upon matters of great public concern. On account of his many duties as a business man, he declined for lack of time several important trusts of a public nature, preferring not to accept any position which he could not execute faithfully. He held the responsible positions of President of the Produce Exchange, and the Chamber of Commerce, the foremost organizations of business men in Wilmington, and in all that concerned the material prosperity and commercial advancement of the city Mr. Worth was amongst the foremost.

In religious belief, the ancestors of Mr. Worth were mostly members of the Society of Friends, though early in life he joined the Presbyterian church, and while embracing its doctrines and observing its ordinances, there remained with him through life the simplicity of manners and tastes that are characteristic of the Friends. He remained a devoted and influential church member up to the time of his death and was a model for consistency and devotion to church work. He had a deep interest in the work of the Young Mens Christian Association, the Wilmington branch of which was estabalished by his son, George C. Worth. To this institution he donated large sums of money and a great deal of his valuable time, and it was mainly through his benefactions that their elegant and commodious building was made possible.

Most of the charitable institutions in his city have received his support, and he was ever ready to respond with sympathy and material assistance to worthy objects of all classes; the colored population of the city paying a high tribute to his memory on account of his liberality toward their race.

The home life of Mr. Worth was beautiful and full of happiness. He married early in life and the union was blessed with a number of children, only three of whom grew up to maturity, Charles W. Worth, a prosperous business man of Wilmington; Dr. George C. Worth, a medical missionary in China, and James S. Worth, of the U. S. Custom House in Wilmington. His sons were educated at his Alma Mater and she is proud to claim them as her alumni.

His last illness, which culminated in his death, was borne with a patience born of perfect faith in God and

the promise of eternal life. There was no lessening of his simple trust in God as the shadows of death thickened around him, and he died in the bosom of his family, as he had lived, in perfect communion with his creator. "He walked with God and he was not for God took him."

In Memorial Hall we have preserved the records of our illustrious dead. Statesmen, warriors and men from all the public walks of life are in their number. We point with pride to their distinguished career; but by the side of these the memorial tablet of David Gaston Worth shall tell the tale of the well-spent life of a private citizen who performed every duty and who left an honored name to his posterity and to his Alma Mater; and his memory shall vie with them all.

ROBERT HIDEN SYKES, "LAW".

A FANTASY.

DEDICATED TO THE CLASS OF '97.

I sat on the bench by the campus well,
One night not long ago,
While a spirit of rest and of peace came down
And hovered o'er all below.

The sky was bespangled with brilliant gems
Which twinkled and smiled with glee,
While behind the old "South" the full-grown moon
Was sailing a cloudy sea.

The tall aged oaks so majestic and grand
Seemed like giants of ages gone,
Standing sentinel over a sleeping world—
Erect, sedate, and alone.

Not a gleam of light from the buildings shone,
But they stood in darkness grim,
While the sweet air murmured a gentle note,
Soft chanting its evening hymn.

And now as I sat and heard the sweet song
Borne on by the gentle breeze,
An echo seemed to arise all 'round,
And sound from the rustling trees.

The music began as though far away—
A whisper of softest sound,

But gradually rose to a melody grand
And a harmony most profound.

An old oak led with a mellow voice,
The others the chorus joined,
The song flowed on with majestic tone
Of the richest minors coined.

It echoed across from "Old East" to "West,"
The "South" cast it out again,
And back and forth it roared and it rolled
With the sound of a deep "Amen."

The old "Davie Poplar" came in with a will
And sang with its might and main,
Its deep bass roared like the surge of the sea
And joined in the glorious strain.

"But what is the meaning of this?" I thought
Much amazed as they loudly sang,
But then I caught from the chorus grand
These words as they pealed and rang—

"All hail! all hail! O ye stately halls
That we've safely guarded so long,
Hail! all hail to thy honored sons
The burden of story and song,

"Ah! many the days of darkness and gloom
That we've guarded thy troubled life,
Many the clouds that have hovered near
With threatening danger rife.

"But then, having safely ridden the storm,

Now clear in this 'Southland' shine
Upheld by thy many noble sons
With the aid of a power divine.

"Then onward sweep in thy majesty,
Thou child of propitious fate,
And stand far aloft, without a peer,
The pride of the 'Old North State.'"

WILLIAM STARR MYERS, '97.

"CLASS DAY,"
June 1st, 1897.

SOME THOUGHTS ON STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY.

Indispensable to a fairly accurate conception of the nature of student life in Germany is an understanding of the various influences which go to shape the character and ideas of the youth of that country before it has reached that state of maturity when entrance into the university becomes possible.

Owing partly to the peculiar geographical position of Germany, partly also to the political complexity of Central Europe, it has become necessary for the state to give a prominence to the military idea greater perhaps than in any other country in the world. Now, patriotism is the lever by which the bellicose instincts of the German people are best developed and whatever contributes to arousing and intensifying such patriotism is what one would naturally expect to find. Children are consequently educated from infancy with this end in view. From the stories and songs they learn at home and in school they become convinced that the highest of all earthly ideals is to die for the fatherland.[1] In every city of importance there are invari-

[1] When dining once at the house of a German professor I was informed that his little six year old son wanted to become an army officer. I immediately expressed surprise and warned the little fellow that the officers usually lost their lives in battle. "But Mister," said he and his countenance was fairly glowing with enthusiasm, "it would be glorious to die for the fatherland." I felt just a little discomfitted and the Mrs. Professor gravely remarked that Americans were probably unable to appreciate such sentiments. It is vexatious to an American student in Germany to be constantly reminded of the fact that the highest ideal of his countrymen is simply to make money.

ably several regiments of soldiers and the martial music, the steady tread of infantry and especially the bearing of the officers profoundly modify the development of German society. The social position of the army officers is to the German an object worthy the highest emulation, and this fact gives rise to that punctilious military etiquette so revolting to the common sense of most Americans.

It becomes necessary at this point to say something about secondary education in Germany. In Germany a young man does not enter upon his student life until he has covered approximately at least all the ground which an American student goes over during his college career. The continental student has in all cases chosen his profession and is pursuing a professional course of study when he first enters the university. The Gymnasia, as most of the preparatory schools are designated, would be almost identical with our graded schools if the latter were opened only to boys who had already completed the four years primary work when they enter the first grade. There are nine grades in the Gymnasia and so the work of the last four years, allowing for differences in curriculum, would very nearly correspond to that embraced in the course of the ordinary American college.[1] The average age therefore at which students enter upon the university course is about nineteen. They have already acquired

[1] Prof. Johannes Conrad of the University of Halle after his return from America in the year 1896 where he had devoted much study and observation to American Colleges and Universities reported to the Prussian Ministry of Education that there were about twelve institutions only in the U. S. where the undergraduate instruction was really in advance of that covered by the German Gymnasia.

perhaps a greater mastery of classical Philology, Mathematics, etc., than most graduates of our American colleges, but, whereever my observation has extended, a lack of maturity and of scholary bearing is painfully evident. The American student at graduation has done extraneous reading and studied many sciences, e. g. Logic, History of Philosophy etc., about which the German Gymnasiast with his Abiturientenzeugnis knows nothing. The elective feature of the American College has to a very large extent conferred this advantage upun the American student.[1]

With his entrance into the university the German youth becomes a student or more properly he receives the appellation of student; for it is rather seldom that a young German applies himself to study until he has spent several months in the university.[2] Instead of the harrowing restraints of the Gymnasium he has the greatest liberty, the full fruition of which he feels compelled to secure. There has always been a nimbus about such student life to him and it has always been the goal of his ambition as well as the incentive which has aided him the accomplishment of the irksome tasks he must needs complete by way of preparation. On

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[1] I know of only one instance of elective study in the Gymnasium: in the last year the Gymnasiasten may elect between Hebrew and English.

[2] Of course some one who has been to Germany may insist upon taking this with a grain of salt, but I would have it understood that I am discussing rather the ideals of German student life. That there are many earnest workers among the first year students in Germany I freely admit. It is, however, due to poverty rather than indisposition that even these forego the enjoyment of their akademische Freiheit (academic freedom). The influence of sons of wealthy or prominent fathers in shaping student life in Germany as understood by the masses is even more marked than in America.

arriving at the university his first step is to introduce himself to some student fraternity or corporation and at once apply for membership in it. If he has the requisite monthly allowance and is not a Hebrew he will find no difficulty in effecting an entrance. Perchance he has already been eingepaukt (drummed in) by some student acquaintance from his community or it may be that his father was a member of that special fraternity and so he has notified them of his arrival already.

The student fraternities in Germany are radically different from those in America. For purpose of convenience they may be classified as follows: (1) Those that fight duels by appointment, (2) those that give unconditional satisfaction by means of a duel, (3) those that give conditional satisfaction, (4) non-fighting fraternities, (5) scientific fraternities where the pursuit of knowledge is aimed at and the giving of satisfaction is left to the individual. There are also a few scientific fraternities which give unconditional or conditional satifaction. The members of one of these fraternities address one another with the familiar "du" and fraternize in much the same way as the members of a Greek letter fraternity in America. To one or the other of such corporations, as the fraternities are styled in Germany, practically every student belongs, but student life as generally understood in Germany is that which is peculiar to the fraternities in the first class. This class is farther subdivided into Corps, Burschenschaften, Landmannschaften and Turnvereine which differ among themselves in that the fraternities of one group are a little more punctilious in points of etiquette or have more money than the others. The Corps are the oldest and most distinguished of all

the fraternities but the rivalry between them and the Burschenschaften is very great. To the Burschenschaften the Corps are "fendale Grossthuer" while the latter retaliate by calling their rivals "pöbelhafte Büchsiers," but all other students who in the estimation of these very distinguished (?) bodies stand so low are frequently styled "elende Bummler."[1]

Members of fraternities in one of these groups never fight with those from another, e. g. a Corps student with a Burschenschafter, nor do members of the same fraternity ever have duels among themselves.[2] The harmless "Mensur" duels are arranged weekly by the different fraternities constituting one of these groups, each one pitting a certain number of duellists against a like number from each of the others. Comparatively little feeling is shown in the duels and the defeated fraternity seldoms exhibits the least chargin at the close of a duelling contest. Almost every fraternity owns its own building and here the fraternity men spend most of their time drinking beer and singing student songs. The quantity of lager beer such students learn to drink is something wonderful. Every student has his "Mass" (measure) in drinking beer, i. e. the number of glasses of Lager he can drink without becoming intoxicated, and the student who can drink twenty glasses or more is almost as great a hero as the champion duellist.[3] When a student drinks more than his "Mass" then intoxication ensues, a con-

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[1] Such expressions can hardly be translated.

[2] For a splendid discription of German students duels see article by Dr. F. P. Venable, University Magazine. XIII, 65.

[3] The following experience of mine illustrates in what little esteem youthful sobriety is held in Germany. I once called at the

summation to be avoided if possible not so much because of any disgrace that may be attached to it as of the weakness or puerility of which it savors. It is too undignified and characteristic rather of the "Füchse" or "Penäler" than of the "Burschen.[1]" When a student enters a fraternity he must choose a "Leibbursche" from among the older members whose duty it is to give him instruction in all points relating to fraternity life and ceremonials. The "Füchse" or new members must take an oath to obey the "Burschen" in all things and to devote themselves unreservedly to their fraternity brothers. In the second semester they fight their first duel and then receive the fraternity band or regalia which is to signify that they are now "Burschen." There is very little secrecy about the fraternities and nothing of a mysterious nature whatever. Membership in a fraternity at one university does not admit to membership to one at another university. There are, however, socalled kartell relations between fraternities at different universities by which they mutually agree to grant certain privileges

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house of one of the best German families and was received by the mother and her son who had just celebrated his fourteenth birthday. His mother had provided champagne and beer rather liberally for the occasion and 7 or 8 of his schoolmates were invited as usual to participate. Before the evening was over all became thoroughly intoxicated and the young man's mother almost convulsed with laughter was relating the circumstances of this debauch to me much to the chagrin and mortification of her son who was ashamed to admit that his "Mass" was so small.

[1] The new members of a fraternity who have not yet fought a duel are the "Füchse" (foxes); the older members are "Burschen" (fellows). "Penäler" is a term of derision applied to the scholars in the Gymnasium. In the students language all who have not studied in the university are "Philister" (philistians).

to members in residence at the several universities but these do not carry with them the fraternal relationship which exists among members of the same fraternities. After the fourth semester a student has the right to become an inactive member of his fraternity when he may cease to observe all the silly requirements which have been made upon him. Until this time he must attend every meeting of his fraternity which is frequently every night and occasionally "Frühschoppen" in the forenoon. In addition to this he must appear at the duels once a week and take a one hour fencing lesson every day. No wonder then that such students in the first four semesters do scarcely any work at all.

At the fraternity meetings or Kneipen at which guests are always welcome they drink beer and sing songs until after midnight. The halls are rather tastefully decorated with swords or rapiers crossed on the walls, with fraternity colors, coat-of-arms, etc. In the relations of the students among themselves there is an aping after military ceremonial which is positively revolting to most Americans. The bowing and scraping, the ostentation and mannerism of the average German student is ridiculous. The Corps student must pledge himself never to carry an umbrella, to have his hair parted before and behind by the fraternity barber every day; the way in which his hair is parted whether in the middle or on the side is frequently a matter which the fraternity decides after considerable discussion, the Fuchs is told when to buy a new overcoat or suit of clothes, the color and cut of which his "Liebbursche" determines for him; in a word he

must appear always "patent" before the public. Student life among the Corps is of course very expensive and I know of no Corps fraternity which does not make a monthly allowance of at least $50 a condition of membership. As a matter of fact very few Corps students of my acquaintance spend less than $75 or $100 a month. They frequently contract enormous debts and I have heard it said that Prince Bismark who had fought 27 duels when a Corps student did not pay off the debts he had contracted during that time until he had passed his fortieth year.

The excesses among the fraternities in the German universities and especially in the Corps have in recent years become so great as to produce alarm in many influential quarters. Most students extricate themselves from the allurements of such epicurean folly in time to begin work and complete their courses, few however without the aid of a coach. Yet there are some who are less fortunate and whose lives are wrecked in consequence of it. The consciousness of wasted time and resources, of the privations their parents and sisters have undergone in order to have them appear well at the university, these and other such considerations have prompted many otherwise promising students to put an end to their cheerless lives or it may be their minds have given away under stress of such reflections. This has been the fate of two students of my acquaintance and suicide is said to be increasing rapidly among the German students. The duels, bad as to you, are to my mind the very least of the evils and excesses in which such students usually indulge and unless reforms of some kind are speedily

instituted the German fatherland must suffer from it. I say this from my knowledge of the fact that nearly all students in the Law faculty are members of such corporations and from these the class of highest officials are recruited.

I am conscious of the fact that what I have written here will afford a very imperfect insight into German student life. It is too complicated and many sided. There is, however, an element among the German students far different than those I have discribed. These are seldom the sons of noble or wealthy parents and have come to the university with the desire and the determination to work. They are invariably found in the Theological or Philosophical faculties and belong to fraternities where gratification of spiritual rather than sensuous appetites is the chief object. It is sad but true however that to the average German student life is rather that of the gaudy duellist than of the modest and faithful worker.

ERNEST TAYLOR BYNUM, '87–'89.

COLORS SEEN BY CANDLELIGHT.

It happened at a ball; things often do.

I forget his name although I knew him fairly well. He was fresh from a German University with a sabre scar across his face, tall distinguished looking in his dress suit· She was a symphony in pink, he said. She might have been a stately oleander; she might have been Aurora; but he chose to think of her always as a symphony in pink.

He had talked with the others, as men do, of their charms—the theme was old—,of people—they knew few in common—,and the social function bored him, dancing was as a tale that is told, and he was turning to leave the ball room when he trod upon a filmy ruffle and was introduced to the Symphony.

All was changed. Viols played their best. The two-step swang divinely. When she talked, the subject mattered not, he found himself leading through whatever path lay nearest to the personalities at which his shoulders had so lately shrugged. Klondike suggested ice, and ice the shimmer of her gown; from politics he lead to power and thence to the subtle power of a soft voice; from books—but who does not know that all roads lead easily from books to things personal. In short; she was charming, and he—was charmed. They drifted into that half intimacy, that recognition of the under side of things, which often preludes stronger ties. The hours sped by in pleasantness till time of partings came.

"There are some people", he was saying—and her *au revoir* had prompted it—"Who make it impossible that I stay away." She gave him her hand. "When the newspapers say 'we' they mean 'I', and when I say 'some' I mean—".

Her partner was waiting; the hour was late . He went away to dream of angels robed in clouds of pink, and to be haunted by dark eyes.

He was in business in New York. An early train must bear him thither. He could not leave without, at least, some slight communication with his symphony in pink. He walked down street staring moodily into the shop windows for inspiration. He could not send her a diamond pin, nor yet a sealskin cloak, however prettily the windows might display them. Moreover—he stopped short as his eye fell upon a bunch of roses, la France roses, dainty, fresh and pink ,expressing her, and smiling an answer to his quandary. In half an hour, as his train moved swiftly eastward, the flowers went forth to fill their mission.

For three days he watched the mails with eagerness. At last the looked-for missive came, bearing just a breath of rose leaves and telling how the fragrant buds were emblems to her of an embryo friendship and with what peculiar pleasure she should watch the leaves unfold.

Was a simple note to be the end of this? Again he read it, thinking to find some clause on which to hang an answer. He took up his pen. "My dear Miss—" Where was his ingenuity? He lit a cigar. After all, she was only a woman, more or less like other women, and he only knew her very slightly. Why should she

disturb his thoughts? Still he was not used to being thwarted and, giving his mind to the matter, skillfully introduced an interrogation point into his letter that it brought forth a timely reply, and the correspondence was established.

For a year it grew and flourished, though they did not meet again. Then a crisis came. Yesterday he was a prosperous young man. Today he was penniless. He had pluck. He would begin again without doubt of ultimate success. But in the mean time he could not send letters as unrestrained and confidential in their nature as these had grown to be. Such was his feeling. He wrote her just the truth, and with her note of sympathy their pens lapsed into silence.

Three years went by, and still his mental picture, the lines perhaps made more uncertain by the lapse of time, was always of a symphony in pink. He never even thought of her in any other way. Still this picture held his fancy.

He sat at his desk one dark November day thinking dully of a late advance in cotton. The afternoon mail was before him. One by one he methodically disposed of the several letters which it brought until his eye fell upon a feminine envelope on which his name was inscribed in the well remembered zigzag chirography of the Symphony.

He quickly broke the seal. She would be in New York for a few hours on the sixth and hoped to see him. He sought the calendar. The fifth. Tomorrow. Business was impossible. His raiment, of which he had heretofore thought well enough, began to take on a shabby appearance. His cravats were

ugly and he discovered that his hat was three months out of style. But on the morrow, Solomon himself, though perhaps more gloriously, could not have been more stylishly attired.

Her train arrived at four and at the half hour la France roses—full blown ones this time—accompanied his note of welcome. At five he called and while he waited the old ball room scene came before him, the little episode of patent leather and pink ruffle and how he had felt when he turned and beheld— A step on the stair—he thought of the two-step, a rustle of skirts at the door—ah! the shimmer of that gown—and rising he saw a neat looking girl in plain brown travelling dress. Spectacles covered the dark eyes and the once curling locks were brushed smoothly back. She was very neat and intellectual looking, but where, oh where was his symphony in pink?

And she, who had come, flushed an expectant to the very threshold, saw a simple New Yorker. Adding of figures had left its impress on the eyes and brow, and the sabre scar was covered with a bristling beard.

There was a first swift glance of mutual recognition of the "under side of things" ere conventionality came to the rescue. They talked for fifteen minutes of the weather, and he took his leave.

As her train moved out of the city that night she might have been heard to sigh gently, "The ideal is commonplace". And he who watched a time-worn ball card fall to ashes on the coals murmured regretfully "The Symphony in Pink."

M. S. M.

THE HARROWING OF HELL.

Among the mysteries in the various cycles of plays, "The Harrowing of Hell" is one of the strongest and most representative. It embodies one principal idea, which, though its verity is disputed, rings through the annals of time with the greatest power. It is the expression of an idea held by the Roman Catholic Church, to the effect that, after the Crucifixion, Christ's spirit rose from the grave, descended into Hell, and there rescued the souls of the just from their tortures, and carried them to the joys of Paradise. The Scriptural warrant for this is supposed to be found in 1st Peter, Chap. 3, verse 19, viz;- "By which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison."

The unifying design with which these plays were written is evidently that of presenting the successive incidents in the plan of the world's redemption.

The York dramatist took his subjects from the biblical histories in due order, generally from the New Testament, and drawing largely from the uncanonical, legendary gospels, which were a part of the religion of the day. The date of composition of the York Plays is not known, but the best authorities place it between 1340 and 1350.

"The Harrowing of Hell" is an excellent example of these plays, being derived largely from the Apocryphal legends, and abounding in the typical alliterative structure of the York Cycle,

It is well that we should give a brief synopsis of

Christ's descent into Hell, as related in the so-called Gospel of Nicodemus. In this the strange account is most interestingly related by the two sons of Simeon, who rose from the dead at Christ's crucifixion. Their narrative runs about as follows:- Having died and descended into Hell, they immediately became aware of a peculiar atmosphere or environment, "the color of the sun like gold, and a substantial purple colored light enlightening the place." And they heard Adam, Isaiah, and all the rest of the saints, rejoicing at this sudden appearance, and John the Baptist prophesying the coming of Christ to release them. Soon Seth is relating how, fifty-five hunhdred years ago, Michael the Archangel told him of Christ's coming to raise the bodies of the dead.

Meanwhile Satan and Beelzebub, the prince of Hell, are quarrelling violently concerning the Savior's expected arrival. Then there is a "voice as of thunder and the rushing of the winds," saying "Lift up gates, O ye princes; and be ye lifted up, O everlasting gates, and the King of Glory shall come in!" Christ has arrived at the Gates of Hell.

The demons are bidden to close fast the gates and fight courageously against the God-Man. Soon the Lord appears in the form of a man, and Death and the devils are in great terror and confusion.

"Then," the narrative goes on to say, "the King of Glory trampled on Death, seized the Prince of Hell; deprived him of all his power, and took our earthly father, Adam, with Him to His Glory." Jesus takes Adam by the hand, the rest of the Saints join hands, and they all ascend with him to Paradise.

Let us now compare the York play in its marked correspondency, and yet the occasional variation from the Apocryphal account.

There are fourteen characters in the play. The first scene opens outside the Gates of Hell. Christ is soliloquizing as to his deliverance of the saints from Hell, and taking them to joys of Paradise. "And *Some signe* schal I sende before. * * * To schewe thame I schall come sone, Mi bodie bides in grave, Tille alle thes dedis be done." Whereupon the light is sent to the darkness of Hell.

Scene II. opens in Hell, "at one side Limbo, enclosing the patriarchs and prophets; a light shines across."

Here we observe the Catholic idea of Limbo, a place where the souls of the just temporarily remain before ascending into heaven.

Adam opens the scene by describing pathetically how hell has been his abiding place for forty-six hundred years. He observes the light and states it to be "a signe of solace."

Then Isaiah (who, in the play, is incorrectly called Isaac) tells how, while on earth, he prophesied a great light which was to come, and this light is Christ. The saints cry out in so great joy that the devils become alarmed.

Whereupon Jesus cries from without, "Open your gates;" Satan responding, "What page is there that makes press, And callis hym Kyng of us in here?"

The excitement becomes intense. One devil declares Christ to be "The Jewe that Judas solde."

Satan defies Christ, and relates how he advised the Jews and "entered into Judas."

Notwithstanding the bold defiance of Satan, Christ enters the Gates of Hell. Then we are almost shocked to observe Satan parleying with Christ as to his *right* to save the poor souls. Jesus establishes his identity so to speak, saying:—

"Mi Fadir wonnys in heaven on hight." But Satan is not pacified, and quotes Solomon and Job, the former having said:—

"Whoso entereth helle withynne,
Shall never come oute."

But Christ tells Satan that these people are in here by his will, and by the same shall be released.

Satan gets some consolation from the fact that some shall remain with him. His unbounded audacity causes Christ to have him cast into the pit of Hell, howling and calling on Mahamet (or Mahounde) to help him. Jesus then calls on Adam and his friends to come forth, and tells the Archangel Michael to lead them to Paradise.

Adam closes the play, saying;—

"To the Lorde, be loving!
That us has wonne fro waa,
For solas will we sing,
Laus tibi cum gloria."

As we have remarked before, the salient points of the story are the same in the Apocryphal and York accounts, but we perceive an entirely different feeling after reading one, and then the other. The York play-wright has so saturated the play with colloquialisms, and has so modernly represented the reverence-inspiring original, that we are sometimes shocked at

the familiarity evinced in the treatment of divinity and holy things. When, however, we reflect upon the delight with which the simplicity of mediaevalism inhaled this breath of ecclesiastical history, we see that it was sufficient to the end desired.

The extreme quaintness of style bears markedly on the characters of the play. There is a great distinction between the words used by Christ and the other participants in the drama. The grave decorum of the York Cycle is admirably suited to "The Harrowing of Hell."

There is marked uniformity of expression in the play, and no character is especially caricatured. Even Satan is allowed to present his arguments, although they are instantly refuted by Christ.

The play is replete with curious Anglo-Saxon forms, and Latin is often used to affect pompousness or high emotion. The early use of Latin by the church, which custom survives today, gave sufficient license to the dramatist to employ it in the portrayal of any solemn event, or to put it into the mouth of some saint-like personage.

There is no uniformity of metrical construction in the play, the ordinary stanza being composed of twelve lines, and the style partly alliterative.

The character of Satan seems to be the most unique and sharply delineated. The brazen assurance of this King of Hell and his ungraceful submission to the inevitable is most distinctly portrayed. The Devil entering into an argument with the Creator is a most incongruous situation.

His Satanic Majesty generals his imps in a most in-

genious manner, his dominant tone and confident speech being quite impressive. Upon the moment of his downfall, he is speculating as to the number of souls he shall persecute. Is this not a good example of Dramatic Irony? He is certainly quite unconscious of his impending fate. There is nothing peculiarly distinctive in the other characters, all of which are Biblical.

With all the falsity of sentiment, the gaudiness of display, the paucity of stage advantages, which attended the production of the Mystery plays, yet they filled a great space in the life of the people. The very fact of the great amount of time and money expended in the preparation of these pageants, and the almost universal contribution to them by the people, proves that they were potent factors in the expression of popular sentiment.

The various stages through which the plays passed are full of interest. But controlled by either clergy or laity, they were witnessed always by the people,—the undeveloped democracy. Their simple minds grasped much truth communicated in this crude manner. Organization was stimulated and the principle of concerted action was greatly encouraged, as the different guilds took part and prepared special pageants for public representation.

The mysteries were the first, faltering steps of the post-natal existence of dramatic art, destined to advance rapidly, 'till the grand culmination was reached in Shakspere, the exponent of matured histrionic expression.

ROBERT EDWARD FOLLIN, '98.

THE DARK HORSE.

We were all in "the race"—Tom, the Parson and I. They were in earnest; I was not—so that made a difference. But for "the race," as all the other boys were wont to call it, my summer vacation in the quiet little village would have been almost intolerable. The weather was hot; all my former companions were at work, and time hung heavily on my hands; the Deacon's place presented a cool and inviting appearance; his only daughter proved very entertaining; flattered my vanity by always appearing to be glad to see me, and withal seemed to have an abundance of leisure: so I became such a frequent visitor that my calls entirely ceased to be formal, and I "dropped in" at pleasure. When I came home "the race" was town-talk, and not many weeks had passed before it was reported that "there was a dark horse in the race for the Deacon's daughter."

Tom Merton's duties as telegraph operator kept him busy during the day and very often until late at night, but despite this serious handicap he made excellent use of his opportunities. The Rev. James Jameson with only sermons to write and occasional parishional calls to make, had more time for the conquest than the operator, but far less than I had. She treated the operator with scant courtesy. His only theme was love. The Reverend fared very well until he ventured upon the same subject, when he experienced a similar fate. Save for an almost unconscious touch of respect, I soon grew

to treat her exactly as if she were my most intimate friend. To be with her was to me a source of pleasure, often of the keenest delight, but I was not in love. She disliked "sickly sentimentalism," so did I; consequently I refrained from the slightest mention of the subject. Vacation ended, I tried to analyze my feelings. I esteemed her very highly—of that I felt sure, but nothing more. Nevertheless the idea of applying the term Platonic to a friendship such as ours, was positively distasteful, and the thought that neither Tom nor the Parson could win "the race," was by no means unpleasant to me.

After parting we did not write to each other. She entered a boarding school whose rules forbade all correspondence with young men, but I had a sister there, and through that medium an occasional communication passed. On Thanksgiving Day our foot-ball team had a game in the town where the seminary was situated. I went with the team. In the evening the seminary gave a recital followed by a reception to which we were all invited. My sister claimed my attention for quite a while and when I found Lucy, she was engaged in an animated conversation with one of our players, Jim Burroughs, a brother of her room-mate, but he did not offer to yield his place to me, so it was almost time to depart before I succeeded in having a short talk with her; but long enough to learn that the masculine correspondence rule was an unenforced prohibition.

Once she wrote that she would not spend Christmas at home. "Not to see you Christmas will be almost unendurable," I wrote, "but one of your photographs would partially compensate for the loss." She had

promised her mother never to give her pictures to young men. I was disappointed, but admired her strict adherence to her promise.

Soon after the picture episode, a commencement marshalship was offered to me. "Yes," I mused, "I will take it. Lucy will come to commencement, and the regalia shall be hers." However I never really knew what an important factor this one thought had been in inducing me to accept the appointment until the sight of Lucy Weston's picture on Burroughs' mantel suddenly dispelled my dreams. The thought that my request had been refused and that of a comparative stranger granted hurt me more than I cared to acknowledge and my commencement ambitions and aspirations vanished, but my wounded pride demanded revenge. I would not resign as marshal so another girl wore the regalia and my last letter from Miss Weston remained unanswered.

I spent only a small portion of the following summer at home and even then I left a clear course for the Parson and the Operator. My Senior year was over. It was the night before commencement, I went into Burroughs' room. He had not yet come in, and while I waited, I almost mechanically withdrew Lucy's picture from the frame. On the back was written:

HELEN BURROUGHS

FROM

HER FRIEND AND ROOM-MATE, LUCY WESTON.

"Looking at Miss Weston's picture, I see," said Burroughs as he entered, "I should have returned it to Helen long ago. She wrote me that 'Lucy would be awfully worried if she knew that I had it.'" My face showed my delight so plainly that Burroughs inquired

its cause. "O nothing," I replied, "I only came in to congratulate you upon winning the 'Rep' medal," and without waiting to hear more I left the room. My discovery delighted me; yet strangely excited me. Yes, I have always esteemed her and esteem precedes love but what if either the Parson or the Operator has won "the race;" what a fool I was to doubt her? were some of the thoughts which rapidly flashed through my brain.

When I reached home, but little time elapsed before I went to see Lucy; explained all, and asked forgiveness, but did not then dare to speak of love. I again became a constant caller at the Deacon's and "the race" began anew. We were all three in earnest now; so it was more exciting. At length I made the venture—it was in vain, but I did not drop out and "the race" waxed warmer. People said it would be "a dead heat to the finish." One evening after I had plead my cause with more than usual fervor, with the result that she had promised to reconsider, my rivals came. We were seated on the porch. The darkness rendered me invisible and as they sat down at some distance from me, my presence was unknown to them. Scarcely had the Minister taken his seat before he said: "I perceive that you are, for once, alone, Miss Weston." Without waiting for a reply, he added: "As your pastor the duty devolves upon me to counsel you against allowing that godless young man, who never attends church, to be so much in your company. 'Have no company with him that he may be ashamed.'" I sat in silence awaiting her reply. In a moment she answered: "You have without doubt forgotten that, 'Love covereth all sins,'

Mr. Jameson." "The 'godless young man' is one on us both," said the Operator. And soon the villagers said: "The Dark Horse had won the race for the Deacon's daughter."

JOHN GILCHRIST MCCORMICK, '98.

SHAKESPERE.

Shakespere, from out thy shrine, thy wondrous book
Thou viewest all that 'eer was felt and thought,
Nature's interpreter, thine ear failed naught,
From Ocean's thundrous roar to babbling brook.
We hear Othello's jealous rage and look
On Hamlet's quivering agony that sought
The fate-forbidden balm, Here Macbeth fought,
And Caesar's spectre glared while Brutus shook.
But listen! Clither minstrelsy abounds:
Orlando pipes of love in Arden's grove
And Prospero waves his weird and magic spell.
Thus Shakespere drawing nature's stops, first sounds
A tragic base, then finer chords doth move,
And all the diapason strikes from heaven to Hell.

LEONARD CHARLES VANNOPPEN, '92.

CAPRICCIO.

Harry Patton was sitting in his college room one cold December day poring over a thick treatise on botany. So interested was he in his subject that he seemed neither to see nor hear me as I entered and quietly drew a chair to the fire.

Out of doors the angry wind was tossing to and fro the leafless branches of the trees and was dashing the rain and sleet against the panes. I could hear the sparrows twitting and fluttering about outside and could see them nestle closer together with every gust that blew.

Yet Patton read on unmindful of the storm without or of the crackling fire within. At length he came to a large picture which covered half the right hand page. His eyes rested intently on it for a moment and then he murmured with a sigh. "*O Aralia digitata*, plant of that much disputed age, Laramie Epoch! What recollections you call to mind!"

"Look here, Harry," I said with energy "did you know that you had a visitor?"

"Well, well, you certainly must excuse me, I did not know you were here" replied Patton as he laid the volume aside.

"No apology necessary," I answered, "I have been here only a few minutes. But my curiosity has been aroused by your expression as you closed the book,—your little apostrophe to *Aralia digitata*."

"Did you hear that? I was only talking to myself." He paused and his face betrayed an expression of un-

certainty and indecision. "I will satisfy your curiosity if you really wish to know."

He smiled as I repeated my request, and, as his eyes rested once more on the brown covered book, he seemed to be thinking of something far away. After sitting in this way for some minutes he began.

"Ever since I can remember I have been a lover of the outdoor world and especially fond of the study of botany. By the time I was fourteen years old I had made a collection of all the plants and ferns which I could find in the neighborhood of my home in Eastern North Carolina.

"But having conquered this little world I sought other worlds to conquer and began a correspondence with James Warren, a botanist in New York State. For several years we carried on the correspondence, often exchanging rare specimens.

"Then he invited me to come and make him a visit and study with him. 'Come for six months or a year or for a longer time,' he wrote, 'if you find it pleasant and profitable.' I gladly accepted his invitation and soon was with him in his beautiful home on the Hudson. He was a few years older than I but we proved congenial companions and we had many pleasant tramps together with basket and trowel.

"But my stay was short. My parents decided that I must enter college in my own state, the college of my own religious denomination.

"Here my interest in botany led me to make a specialty of it so far as the curriculum of the institution allowed. As there are both sexes in all departments, it often happened that a boy and girl were assigned to the same desk in the laboratory. In the botany class

I was to work at a desk with a girl named Mary Whitfield. Mary Whitfield," he repeated more gently, "I shall never forget her."

He stopped a moment to poke the fire. The wind rattled the window and the dripping of the rain in the gutter made a dreary sound as it kept time with the slow ticking of the clock on the mantel piece.

"I had never seen her," he began again, "until we met in the laboratory one afternoon. I was particularly struck by her appearance as she stood before me, tall, handsome with clear eyes and strongly cut features. Every day we worked together and every day she seemed to me more graceful, more beautiful, more gentle; and yet with all this I could not help noticing in her face an expression of loneliness and quiet sadness that seemed to pervade her whole nature.

"For many weeks we worked together. We studied the early forms of vegetable life, and during this time often had long talks even after work was done. One afternoon, as she came in, her expression seemed to me to have greater charm, and yet greater sadness than ever. That day our work was the study of *Aralia digitata*. This required a long process of extracting an old fossil from a mass of rock. As I worked she stood by and told me more than she had ever told me before, and, after this, I understood why she was so quiet and reserved.

"She told me of her parents' unhappy marriage—that her mother, a young actress, had married a rich Chicago man, but that he had soon grown tired of living quietly at home; had left her, and had never returned.

"She told me of the last sad days of her mother's

life, who broken in heart and health by the separation, had lived but one year more. She told me how, left alone in the world and longing for an education, she had written to her father of her mother's death, and he had written a kind answer promising her an allowance which she could use as she pleased. 'And so,' she said, 'as I am a Friend I came to Guilford.'

"On the day she told me all this, she had received a letter from her father, saying that he soon was coming to visit her. She said it reminded her of the letters that he used to write telling her mother that he would return 'before long;' that it reminded her of her mother's last days, of the days when she sat by the bed side holding her mother's thin hand in hers and heard her soft but piteous cry—'Mary, dear daughter, will he never come? Why does he stay away?'

"I did all I could to cheer and brighten her spirits and I thought she seemed relieved and happier for my sympathy and interest.

"After that we were together more than ever and it was with regret that I saw the college year drawing to a close."

Patton leaned dreamily back in his chair and his earnest eyes seemed to tell me the story of that happy spring—of his growing love for Mary. Suddenly he roused himself.

"It was the morning after commencement," he began again, "and I was at the station to say goodbye to Mary Whitfield. The waiting room and platform were crowded with boys and girls, talking and laughing gaily, and I could hear some making plans for enjoying their vacation and others going over the pleasures of the past few days.

"My eyes wandered searchingly and anxiously over the restless crowd. I could feel myself filled with that nervous expectancy which comes before some fateful moment. Suddenly I caught sight of the face of her who had grown to mean so much to me and from whom I was to part. Mary had been speaking to a teacher and as she turned our eyes met. For a second I stood still, and as I looked, I could feel the blood rushing to my face, and tried to imagine an added tinge of color in hers.

"Then I took a step forward to speak but could only stammer a confused good morning.

" 'How sad it is,' she began, 'to think of leaving old Guilford and our friends, some of whom we shall never see again.' 'The best of friends must part,' she continued gaily, (and I hoped that a deeper feeling lay beneath her gaiety) 'but still they can hope to meet again. You know I shall not be back next year and—.'

" 'What!' said I with an effort 'is this really goodbye?'

" 'Yes,' she answered, 'to-morrow night I shall be with a cousin in Ohio where I shall make my future home. But if you will come to the World's Fair at Chicago this summer I shall see you there.'

"We had stepped away from the others and there was a moment of silence. Meanwhile I tried to muster courage to tell her what I had come to say. I had repeated the words over many times to myself, I knew them by heart, but now some secret force held them back.

"At that moment the train dashed into the station and I helped her up the steps of the crowded car. She stood a moment on the platform—'Harry,' she

said, her voice trembling, 'before I leave, I wish to thank you for your kindness to me during the year. You have done much to make my lonely life bearable. I think I have had no truer friend in college.' I could read in the expression of those deep blue eyes sincerity and truth, but not the proof of what I so much wished to know. The train began to move. We shook hands and parted.

"For a moment I felt discouraged. The fast disappearing train seemed to have robbed me of a right which I was unable to defend. It all seemed terribly unjust. Then suddenly the thought of the summer came to my mind, and the way seemed clear before me.

"Warren and I were at the World's Fair together. Twice we had met Mary Whitfield and twice we had all three visited the buildings and taken lunch on the breezy balcony of the French *cafe*.

"One day he deserted me and did not go to the grounds. He seemed restless and almost unhappy. The next day he again refused to go and I did not see him until late that night. He had been to see Mary Whitfield and had spent the day with her. So it was day after day. I was obliged to go about the fair alone. We stayed three weeks in Chicago, and, during this time, Warren spent only three days at the fair and she was with him then." Patton stopped and blew a ring of smoke from his pipe.

"I left them happy in each others company" he went on. "I did not return to Guilford but came here to the University to carry on my study of botany.

"After I left them I received letters regularly from each for six months, and then nothing for a year.

"One day I received a package addressed in a famil-

iar hand. It contained two photographs and a card on which was written.—'From Mr. and Mrs. James Warren.' "

FRANCIS MOORE OSBORNE, '99.

ON KEATS.

Young poet, thy melodious numbers swell,
And float away upon the sensuous ear
In their rich cadence like, when in some dell
O'er shadowed, silent, gentle murmurs far
Are heard of waters; thy sweet melodies,
Embodying sweetest thought from thy pure soul,
Draw me unconscious upward to the skies
Whence comes divine love, which thy whole
Being pervades, with thought, in meet words wed,
Ethereal love, me, quickening by its power
Since first I felt thy sway, has ever led
To seek in brighter, higher realms the hour
When kindred nature and its voice are heard
By me, as thou didst hear the happy bird.

J. W. C.

THE FLAMINGO FEATHER.

The edge of a forest of magnolia and palm, of cypress and yellow jasmine, while here and there from the trees hang twisted in wild confusion, like giant serpents in combat, the great black stems of ancient vines whose foliage reach the sunlight far above. Near at hand and stretching towards the west lie the vast expanses of flat palmetto prairie of the Caloosahatchee region. Across the dreamy landscape dances upward, phantom like, in zigzag lines the heated air from the parching plain. Through the forest scarce a sound is heard save the drowsy murmur of insects among the boughs above. A few huts of poles thatched with palmetto leaves stand well back in the shade, while before them here and there on their blankets lie the dusky forms of a hardy people, —the descendants of a proud but scattered nation.

This much I recall of the Summer's day spent at the village of Chula, on the border of the everglades, in the lodges of the Seminoles.

The annual corn feast was at an end and the Indians from the other sections had departed that morning for their several villages scattered about on the higher hummocks through the swamp. Only a mere handful, some two hundred or more in number, now remain to take part in this annual festivity and the celebration of an occasion handed down from the dim years of the long past when the red man was yet ruler of the forest.

How his people had been killed by the white men or compelled to move to the far west; how those who had hid away in the swamps and could not be found by the soldiers had afterwards suffered and toiled and managed to live; how to-day their children loved the Great Spirit and worshipped him as did their fathers; all this and more I learned that dreamy day as I lay beneath the palms and listened to the songs and chantings of Waissa, the story teller. Over his bowed and wrinkled face swept long thick wisps of hair, white as an egret's wing. His voice was thin with age, yet commanding like one long accustomed to smoke by the council fires of his tribe. Much that he sang and chanted that day remains with me only in parts as the effect upon wakening from a wild sweet dream in a summer's night. But I remember the story of the flamingo feather, of Sarasota, the poor girl-man.

He lived in a village far towards the Tampa in the days before the white had come. It was the custom each year at the great corn feast for the youths who had reached their twentieth summer to present themselves for blessing to the council fathers of the tribe. By these they were after much ceremony declared to be braves worthy of the war-path and each privileged to take a maiden to his lodge for wife. But every candidate who thus came to the feast must wear in his scalp lock the scarlet plume of a flamingo, which had that year been slain with his own hand as he hunted singly and alone.

While yet a little boy Sarasota had been hurt by a tree falling in the forest, so now when he had reached his twentieth summer he was weak and thin and pale. Girl-man was what the people called him. His arrow

ever went straight to the mark but the jeering young men of the village said he would never have the strength to guide his canoe to the haunts of the flamingo; that his skill was too small to kill the wild wary bird.

Of the ten young men his age each had secured his scarlet plume and was ready to present himself to the council of the wise ones. Day after day had Sarasota sought the marshes and paddled his canoe from island to island without success. His heart sickened and his cheeks burned as time after time he had been compelled to return to the village empty handed, weak and fainting from fatigue, to be jeered and hooted and told that he was nothing but a woman. Only three days now remained until the time of the great feast. One more effort he would make and should he fail to secure the object of his quest, never more would he be seen in the village of his fathers. This he told to Lochawillo, the sweetest maiden of the whole forest to him, as she stood on the shore at dawn and watched his canoe glide from the margin.

Late in the afternoon of the second day the young hunter was creeping slowly through the long sawgrass towards a great scarlet bird feeding in the shallow water. O if he could but get within range! His heart beat wildly as with burning eyes he measured the distance yet between them. The flamingo raised its head. It seemed to suspect danger. Cautiously it began wading towards higher ground to have a better view of its surroundings. Presently it paused. It crouched to fly. The distance was great for the flight of an arrow, but it was the only chance. Drawing the cord far back of his breast Sarasota sent the shaft

with all his force. The huge bird staggered and fell, but springing to its feet went running up the shore with wing pinned to its side by the arrow. Grasping his spear the girl-man gave chase.

For a mile he followed through the marsh and saw-grass, past clumps of palmetto and by wild tangled growths of mangrove. Of a sudden the bird stopped and stood looking at something amid the grass. Now was his chance. A few steps further and the lance was hurled. Death guided his aim. The prostrate bird lay at his mercy. Wild with delight he staggered forward to grasp his prize.

Just beyond the bird crouching amid the tall saw-grass lay the form of a great hungry panther. His eyes were fixed on the approaching Indian. The end of his tail waved to and fro as his long claws worked nervously on the ground before him. The hunter saw his danger just in time to fall to earth as the springing beast passed over his body. Leaping forward he drew his spear from the dying bird and turning buried its head deep between the shoulders of his fierce enemy just crouching for a second spring. With a fierce scream the wounded panther leaped. His teeth closed upon the hunter's shoulder and his claws tore at the Indian's throat, as into his own side came thrust after thrust from Sarasota's knife.

On the shore near the village walked Lochawillo in the early dawn. Two days and nights had passed since her hunter went forth and her mind was filled with strong forebodings. The waves roared and leaped far down the beach towards the pale east, throwing up their white hands as if in agony, and amid their moanings she seemed to hear the voice of Sarasota

calling to her in the distance, "Come to me, O Lochawillo." The great pines above the village swayed in the morning breeze and their tossing boughs beckoned to her and amid the sighing of the branches she seemed to hear the voice of Sarasota crying, "Come to me, O Lochawillo."

Bare were her arms and throat and head as she stood there in the early light, her hair floating out in the wind and her figure dimly outlined against the sea beyond. Her face was turned towards the east, her arms were raised on high. A moment thus she stood and listened to the voices of the sea; a moment she stood and listened to the voices of the forest; then turning cried, "Yes, I come, O Sarasota." Launching her canoe she shaped its course toward the way her hero had gone, toward the marshes to the southward, toward the haunts of the flamingo.

Long and weary was the search of Lochawillo. Late in the evening she beheld from the top of a spear-staff standing amid the saw-grass a scarlet feather waving, as if set as a signal of distress. Soon she found her Sarasota. Soon was she forcing water between his feverish lips.

Slowly he revived and opened his eyes. "I called so long," he whispered, "but now my Lochawillo has come." She was twining in his scalp-lock a great feather from the dead flamingo. "Yes," she said, "I came to take Sarasota back to his people and to-morrow when the white heads shall see the scarlet feather in his hair they shall say, 'Sarasota, thou art a warrior.' "

Long hours that night Lochawillo sped her canoe bearing its precious burden towards the sleeping vil-

lage. Deep in the water she thrust her paddle for she raced with the coming storm. None of the oldest people could remember a gale which beat so hard upon the shore or felled so many trees in the forest as did the one that night. In the morning on the beach before the village, they found a broken canoe. Two bodies lay upon the sands and as the people gathered around, they saw that one was a hunter, young and pale, who in his scalp lock bore a feather of the scarlet flamingo.

That day the wise ones named the youths who should henceforth be known as braves, but one of the number they said was dead, and all the people shouted when they called out the name of Sarasota, the child-man.

THOMAS GILBERT PEARSON, '99.

North Carolina University Magazine.

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE DIALECTIC AND PHILANTHROPIC LITERARY SOCIETIES.

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The Editor's Desk.

Magazine Editors. Before the last issue of the present volume appears, a new corps of editors will have been elected for the ensuing year. While the existence of the Magazine is, in a very large measure, dependent upon both the literary and financial contributions of students, not members of the board, its very life lies in the hands of the editorial staff, and the election of these men should be a matter of the

greatest importance to all those who are interested in the welfare of the MAGAZINE. Members of the societies with the best interests of the MAGAZINE at heart, should give the matter of the election of editors their most serious attention.

In many colleges, whose publications, if not uninterruptedly prosperous, have at least, been continuously published since their foundation, a system of electing editors by competition prevails. The editors are always chosen from those who have contributed. Such a plan should, it seems to us, commend itself to our literary societies. Our representative speakers, inter-society debaters etc., are usually men who have clearly proven their ability and will reflect credit upon their society. The MAGAZINE is the child of the two societies whose character is almost entirely moulded by those who direct and control its life. If the MAGAZINE is to reflect credit upon the societies and the University, it should be manned by men who have shown ability to write. A man, who cannot write and deliver a fitting oration, is not elected to represent his society at commencement neither should a man who cannot write a readable article be chosen as a member of the MAGAZINE staff. This plan, if adopted, would also stimulate those, who desire places on the board, to write. The plan advocated would not always be favorable to the most influential or popular society members, but merit would receive its just reward, and instead of the MAGAZINE carrying a weight of useless encumbrances, it would have a board of earnest workers.

Under the present conditions comparatively few of

the members are able to judge of the qualifications of editorial aspirants. The members of the staff are the only ones who know exactly the value of the material presented. To require the editor-in-chief and two of the Senior associate editors, just before the election of editors, to hand to each of the societies the names of those who have contributed to the MAGAZINE would, we think, be advisable. Neither favoritism nor prejudice should influence the selection, and we are of the opinion that such a committee would act more impartially in naming the men than the society would in electing them.

We do not offer this scheme as an infallible one, but we do believe that its adoption would greatly promote the success and value of the MAGAZINE. It would serve as an incentive for men not on the staff to submit contributions, and it would do much towards furnishing the MAGAZINE with a capable corps of editors.

In the election of the present board such a plan could not have been applied, and in what we have written we have had no desire to reflect upon our associates on the staff.

A Breath of Optimism.

Time and time again have we heard it said that "the literary societies are not what they once were", and to various causes, both real and imaginary, has this woful decadence of these once powerful factors in college life been assigned. We have all heard of the time, when in the hey-day of the University's ante-bellum prosperity, the two literary societies were all powerful in college life, and often as some one of the dwellers-in-the-past grew eloquent in his glowing description of "those good old times," and in the following breath loudly lamented the fact that they had forever passed away, we felt disconsolate and devoutly wished that our alloted span had fallen in those golden days. But as our fate was firmly fixed forever and real life in the past was an impossibility, we began to ponder the probable causes of the hopeless degeneration of the societies, and at length the thought burst in upon us that the reality was, after all, not a blasted off-spring of the past. We then arrived at the conclusion that the glass of the gazers into the past could focus only a single star illuminated by student energies—the literary societies—, while those who looked with a modern instrument saw many—no one perhaps as brilliant as the single star, but considered as a whole many times as bright.

From the latter view we judged that the societies are no longer the all absorbent of student work. With the expansion of the University the interests of the students grew more widely diversified. With this widening of interests came the Shakespere, Historical, Philosophical and Scientific Clubs attracting the time and attention of students interested in the respective subjects.

A college weekly, and a semi-annual scientific journal with many student articles have also been established. Athletics and probably other causes have, to a less extent, tended to weaken the society's power.

Society work was almost the only channel in which the old students could direct their energies—consequently its extraordinary power. The societies had to adapt themselves to the new regime, and during the period of adaptation, a semi-stagnation was inevitable. The sloughing off process has been completed, and now they are an integral part of the University. To them is due the credit of the revival of the MAGAZINE, and the establishment of an annual inter-collegiate debate. In addition, there are now three public inter-society debates each session, and the debater's and declaimer's medals are being more sharply contested for each year by an increasing number. The debate with the University of Georgia proved conclusively that the art of debating at this University is neither dead nor dormant. The arguments on both sides were clear and concise carrying with them the conviction of truth. They also demonstrated that the day of bombast had passed, and that an era of accurate presentation of facts had taken its place.

Viewed in the light of the present, we believe the societies deserve commendation rather than condemnation. Perhaps we have inhaled a rather strong breath of optimism, but we have ceased to moan for "the good old days".

Book Notices.

TENNYSON, MAN AND SEER.[1]

Part II.

The Memoir is valuable for its account of the evolution of most of the poems. Conversation with friends and travellers supplied him with plot and incident. Arthur Hallam, betrothed to Emily Tennyson of the deep eyes and classic profile, stimulated his mind and his poetic talent by pointed and sympathetic criticism and suggestion. We know that the great Elegy on Hallam took seventeen years to reach its perfect form; the death of the poet's father, the discussion of reform bills, the political upheaval of the French, new experiences of home life and travel, being gradually wrought into the composition.

Enoch Arden came out of the observation of fisher folk on the English coast and the opposite French Brittany, but he has idealized their life and thought with the light that never shone on land or sea. Yet he is true to country life and plain dialect in The Northern Farmer, for a farmer's daughter declared that he could not be a gentleman to write like that.

At first he loved either English themes racy of the soil like Audley Court, suggested by Abbey Park at Torquay, The Gardener's Daughter, which, he said, was richer in descriptive effects, because the lover is an artist, The Miller's Daughter, more simply rural; or classical themes, like Oenone, Demeter, Lucretius. He

[1] Alfred Lord Tennyson. A Memoir by His Son. New York. The MacMillan Co.

not only gave some modern glow to those like Lucretius or Ulysses, but added some reflections from his sorrow for Hallam or Spedding's brother.

He was early studying poetic diction and fresh metrical combinations and effects. Maud was fiercely criticised by some and pooh-poohed by others as slight and jerky and it irked him sorely. He was troubled that people failed to see that it was not his own mood, but a dramatic rendition of the passions that could easily agitate a nineteenth century disappointed lover of a girl and of his kind. He could approach the Holy Grail theme only with reverent delay and special preparation of mind and spirit and then it poured forth in a golden tide. He enjoyed the process of composition when he had well advanced it in his own mind and would recite long passages before writing them, though many a separate figure and noble phrase had been jotted down with artistic care in his note book.

One can easily see that Elaine is the expansion of the germ found in The Lady of Shalott and that after twenty years and long studies Sir Galahad grew into the elaborate mystic art of The Holy Grail. As he looked at the smoke made by the blowing pollen of the yew tree he gave out the fine simile at the opening of the last named poem.

He meditated for sometime a poem suggested by his favorite Hebrew study, Job. He took great pleasure in his dramas, Becket, Harold, Queen Mary, and discussed with great judgment Henry Irving's, and Ada Rehan's, and Mary Anderson's preparations for rendering them. He gave his own advice in striking elocution of the best way to read his works and entertained chosen friends with his Maud and the poems of other masters.

We have not reflected the perfect home life portrayed in these volumes. There is a frank relation of his early narrow circumstances. With fame and fortune, in comfortable mansions at Faringford and Aldworth, he dispensed unaffected hospitality, while he recoiled from publicity and flattery. His wife, Emily Sellwood, connected with Sir John Franklin of Polar Sea fame, was his inspirer and guardian of his genius and his life and their union was the happiest.

His powers of body and mind were preserved to advanced age and then he longed for the great Hereafter when all shall be made clear. He repeated that the life after death was the cardinal point of Christianity and when asked for his faith, said: I have given it in *In Memoriam*, a strong assurance of his conviction that there shall be recognition and growth and blessedness beyond. Heaven, said he, is the perpetual ministry of one soul to another, as his son, Hallam, the fine character who compiled this Memoir was ministering to him. I want to see the sky and the light, he cried. I must have my Shakespere. He tried to read it. He laid it open at Cymbeline, "Hang there my soul like fruit, 'till the tree die." He said, "I have a most beautiful vision of blue and other colorings." When the doctor said it was death, he bowed and said "That's well." Lord Hallam Tennyson tells us that he required him to append "Crossing the Bar," written in his 81st year and composed while journeying from Aldworth to Farringford, to every edition of his works.

He was born in 1809 and died Oct. 8th, 1892 and his wife died August 10th. 1896.

VONDEL'S LUCIFER BY VAN NOPPEN,

The English metrical version of the great Dutch poem, Vondel's tragedy of "Lucifer," made by Leonard C. Van Noppen, class of '92, merits the special attention of all who value literature for itself and North Carolina's interest and fame. When critics like Gosse and professors and poets in Holland unite with the literateurs of New York in commending this work we are justified in our eager expectation of its early appearance.

The young translator, after having graduated at Guilford College, attended the University and began his distinctively literary career before his graduation with us. He continued it in special studies at Haverford and has for some time enjoyed the signal advantage of a sojourn in the literary centres of Holland and a familiar acquaintance with the Dutch masterpieces.

The Continental Publishing Company of New York will give the work the best setting. John Aarts, the Dutch artist, will furnish the drawings and of quaint beauty will they be, if we may judge from the advance sheets we have seen. They are in the old Seventeenth Century wood-cut mode, in black and white, and are the fit accompaniment of VanNoppen's stately version of which we have read so much as to warrant our critical epithet, if we had not the warm commendation of many scholars and poets.

More intelligent study may now be given to the interesting question of Milton's indebtedness to Vondel and to the weird and snblime conception which, from Caedmon down through Marlowe and Goethe, has fascinated the highest genius and the common mind alike.

We trust that there will be a liberal patronage of this unique work, for it requires a large outlay of labor, skill, faith and money. We have had the privilege of examining the translator's noble and spirited introduction through the proof-sheets forwarded to Dr. Hume, our Professor of Literature.

HAND-BOOK OF BIRDS OF EASTERN NORTH AMERICA. By Frank M. Chapman, Assistant Curator of the Department of Mammalogy and Ornithology in the American Museum of Natural History, New York City. With full-page plates in colors and in black and white, and upward of one hundred and fifty cuts in the text. Fourth Edition. New York; *D. Appleton and Co.*, 1897, cloth $1.75.

This work has gone into its fourth edition inside of two years, which is a good indication of the appreciation in which it is held. As a hand-book of the birds of Eastern North America it has no equal. It contains a key to the species, with discriptions of their plumage, nests and eggs; their distribution and migration; together with much other information of value to the student and collector.

The pen and ink drawings were made by Mr. Tappan Adney, a former student of the University of North Carolina, the quality of whose work as an artist is well known to many here today.

Alumni Notes.

Edward F. Rollins, '96, is Principal of Troupe Institute, Texas.

Hamilton McMillan, '57, has resumed the editorship of the *Red Springs Citizen.*

W. T. Whitsett, '86-'88, has been elected Secretary of the North Carolina Teacher's Assembly.

The Arena for March contains an article, "Trusts; Their Cause and the Remedy," by U. S. Senator Marion Butler, '85.

Shepard Bryan, '91, is president of the Young Men's Democratic League of Fulton county, Ga. Atlanta is the county site.

The Trinity Archive for February contains an excellent sketch of Rev. Solomon Lea, '33, the first President of Greensboro Female College.

The Durham Hosiery Mills have been incorporated. Julian S. Carr, '62-'64, George M. Graham, '91, and Paul C. Graham, 91, are among the incorporators.

Joseph E. Alexander, '95, has resigned as Governor Russell's Private Secretary. Rev. Baylus Cade, "Law," '96, has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

Kemp P. Battle, '49, will deliver the Annual Literary Address before the Graded Schools, of High Point, of which Rev. George H. Crowell, '92, is Superintendent.

John H. Winder, '77-'78, has accepted an important position as associate to the Receiver of the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo Railroad, with headquarters at Columbus, Ohio.

Thomas A. McNeill, '68, and A. W. McLean, "Law," '93, of Lumberton, N. C., have dissolved their law partnership and the latter has associated himself with N. A. McLean, '77-'78.

Van Astor Batchelor, '96, is the Law Class Editor of *The Southern Collegian*, and an Associate Editor of *Ringtum-Phi.* He is also President of the Washington and Lee Cotillion Club.

"The Prevention of Crime," an address delivered before the National Prison Congress, by G. T. Winston, '66-'68, appeared as the leading article in the February number of the *State Normal Magazine*.

Rev. Dr. Wm. Hooper, once Professor of Ancient Languages in U. N. C., 1817-'22 and 1828-'37 was author of a libretto on Latin Prosody, Quantity and Accent. The Historical Society wants a copy for its library. Can any of our readers supply it?

At the request of Hon. C. H. Mebane, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Dr. Kemp P. Battle, '49, has consented to prepare a history of the schools of the State not now in operation for the annual report of the Superintendent. He will be grateful to descendants of the old teachers for all information furnished.

Col. J. B. Killebrew, '56, Ph. D., '78, has recently donated to the University Library, six valuable works written by himself. Col. Killebrew is the Industrial and Immigration Agent of the Nashville Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, one of the most progressive roads in the United States, and prepares nearly all the literature issued by the railroad, especially that portion which refers to the resources on the line. He is contributing editor to the *Southern States Farm Magazine*, published in Baltimore, and is one of the leading tobacco growers in the State.

"Lives of Distinguished North Carolinians," with illustrations and speeches collected and compiled by W. J. Peele, '79, is now in press. The contents are:

Introduction,

Showing the causes of the war between the States.

William R. Davie, by Walter Clark, '64.

Nathaniel Macon, by Thomas H. Benton, 1799. Speech on the Missouri Compromise.

Archibald D. Murphy, 1799, by William A. Graham, '24. Historical Address at the University.

Willam Gaston, by W. H. Battle, '20. Address at the University.

George E. Badger, by William A. Graham, '24.

David L. Swain, '21-'22, by Z. B. Vance, '51-'52. Address: "Early Times in Raleigh."

Thomas Ruffin, by William A. Graham, '24. Opinion in "Ex parte Bradley."

Thomas Bragg, '22, by Pulaski Cowper. Account of a Political Discussion.

William A. Graham, '24, by Montford McGehee, '41. Argument in State vs. Will.

J. Johnston Pettigrew, '47, by Mrs. C. P.Spencer. The Character of the British. An Evening at Seville.

William D. Pender, by W. A. Montgomery.

Stephen D. Ramseur, by W. R. Cox.

Bryan Grimes, '48, by H. A. London, '65. Surrender at Appomattox.

D. H. Hill, by A. C. Avery, '57. Address: "The Old South."

MARRIED.

Lieutenant Robert Pulliam Johnston, '88-'89, Corps of Engineers United States Army, to Alexandra Mary Garrett, February 22, 1898, Asheville, N. C.

George Gorden Battle, '81-'82, to Miss Martha Bagby, daughter of Mrs. George W. Bagby, of Richmond, Va., on April 12, 1898.

DEATHS.

Bryan Whitfield Weston, '97, near Morganton, N. C., on February, 7, '98. Aged 28 years.

William Dudley Furgerson, 1860-61, matriculated from Pickens, Fla. Left University to enter Confederate States Army. Died February 20, 1898.

William James Hayes, on February 11, '98, at the residence of Captain S. B. Alexander, three miles from Charlotte, N. C. M. D., Philadelphia College of Physicians and Surgeons, '46. Aged 78 years.

Matt. Whitaker, '38-'40, Physician, died at Littleton, N. C., March 3, 1898.

College Record.

The University Catalogue for '97-98 is out.

The foundation of the new Alumni Building is almost completed.

Hon. W. G. Peckham of New York delivered a lecture before the Law Class, March 15, on International Law.

Prof. Holmes is delivering a series of lectures on the "Resources of North Carolina", illustrated by means of the stereopticon.

On March 18 Dr. Thomas Hume lectured before the Christian Reid Book Club of Concord, N. C., on "The Round Table and the Grail."

Dr. Alexander has recently delivered his lecture on "Modern Greece and her People" in Charlotte, Greensboro and Guilford College.

Dr. Kemp P. Battle has consented to prepare a history of the early schools in North Carolina, for the State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Messrs. Carver and Johnston have been elected editors of the MAGAZINE to fill the vacancies caused by the resignations of Messrs. Abernethy and Whitlock.

The University Press Association was recently re-organized with Walter Thompson, President; R. E. Follin, Vice-President; W. S. Wilson, Secretary and Treasurer.

The editors of the *Hellenian* have closed the contract for the publication of the book with The Chas. H. Elliot Co., of Philadelphia. Three hundred and fifty copies will be issued.

At a recent meeting of the Advisory Committee of the Athletic Association R. E. Follin, '98, was elected Manager of the Track Team, and Warren Kluttz, '99, Manager of the Foot Ball Team.

The annual mid-winter german was given by the German Club on the night of February 18. Twenty-one couples were in attendance and it was pronounced one of the most successful the club has ever given.

"A Modern Ananias" is the title of the play being prepared by the Dramatic Club. The management contemplates playing in Winston, Greensboro, Reidsville and Danville during the week following Easter.

The University has secured the services of Mr. John Cowan, a graduate of the Boston School of Oratory, as teacher of expression. Mr. Cowan entered upon his duties in February and has been giving the students much valuable instruction.

The Chapel Hill Choral Society will give its first concert in Gerrard Hall, Friday evening, April 15. The chorus numbers over fifty voices and has been practicing for sometime on a miscellaneous program of high character. Prof. Karl P. Harrington is director.

The Law Class has elected the following officers to fill the vacancies occasioned by the departure of some of the members after the meeting of the Supreme Court, viz:—T. D. Warren, Judge; Wescott Roberson, Associate Justice; S. R. Buxton, Clerk of the Moot Court.

The University has recently purchased a large X-ray machine. The electricity for the machine is generated by the dynamos in the power station. Connections have been made with the Physical laboratory and the infirmary so that the machine may be used for medical purposes as well as class demonstrations.

A beautiful painting of "The Archangel Michael Casting out the Dragon" now hangs in Gerrard Hall. It is an excellent copy of the famous painting by Guido Reni, which may be seen in the church of the Capuchine in Rome. The painting was presented to the University by Mrs. Charles F. Deems, widow of Dr. Charles F. Deems, and her son, Mr. Edward M. Deems.

The 'Varsity has met with nothing but success thus far in her base ball career. Five games have been played with the following enviable record, viz:

March 11, University vs. William Bingham School, 9 to 1.
March 19, University vs. Oak Ridge, 8 to 2.
March 23, University vs. Trinity, 6 to 0.
March 25, University vs. Wake Forest 28 to 1.
April 2, University vs. Wake Forest, 7 to 1.

The *Tar Heel* has completed arrangements whereby a correspondence is carried on between the leading colleges of the South through the college papers. The following colleges have entered

into the agreement :—University of Georgia, Auburn College, University of Alabama, Vanderbilt University, University of Mississippi, University of Virginia, and University of North Carolina. By this means we are able to learn through our own college paper the happenings of the other colleges,

SHAKESPERE CLUB.

The regular monthly meeting of the Shakespere Club was held on Tuesday evening, March 8, when the following papers were read, viz :—"Sources of 'As You Like It', " by Mr. F. Osborne; "Jacques As He Is," by Mr. J. G. McCormick; "Desdemona," by Mr. E. L. Abbott; "Dramatist and Novelist," by Mr. F. S. Faison, Jr.

ELISHA MITCHELL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Society held its meeting in the Chemical Lecture Room on Tuesday, March 8. Dr. J. K. Pratt of the State Geological Survey read an interesting paper on the Origin of Corundum.

Mr. W. W. Ashe, also of the Geological Survey, spoke about the recent forest fires in the great pine belt in the southern portion of this State.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Society has held two meetings since the last issue of the MAGAZINE. At the first, held February 7, Mr, Ed. J. Wood presented a paper on "The Wilmington Alumni of the University," and Dr. Battle read an article on "A Disastrous Experiment in College Government." At the second meeting two papers were presented, viz:—"The Culpepper Rebellion," by Dr. Bynum, and "An Amusing Incident in College Life in 1814," by Dr. Battle.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Mr. R. L. Wharton of the Union Theological Seminary, at Hamden-Sidney, Va., addressed the students on Sunday afternoon, March 2, on "The Claims of the Ministry on the Young Men of North Carolina." In the evening Rev. L. B. Turnbull, D. D., of Durham, the second in the series of University Preachers, preached to a large audience in the college chapel. Owing to the sickness of a member of his congregation Dr. Turnbull was compelled to leave for his home on Tuesday morning and was unable to return to us during the week.

The University Association was represented at the Young Men's

Christian Association State Convention which convened at Asheville March 10 to 13 by Messrs. Cox and Pfohl.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Efforts are being made to improve the appearance of the Society Halls. The Dis have recently purchased a handsome carpet.

The query, "Resolved, That immigration should be further restricted," has been chosen for the Soph-Fresh Debate which takes place in April.

The Tenth Annual Inter-Society Debate was held on the evening of Washington's Birthday. Mr. J. E. Little was in the chair; Mr. W. A. Smith, Secretary. The query was, "Resolved, That the United States Senators should be elected by a direct vote of the people." The affirmative was represented by Messrs. Connor and Abbott of the Phi, and the negative by Messrs. Bowie and Johnston of the Di. The judges, Dr. Battle, Dr. Bynum and Rev. Mr. Winecoff, rendered the decision in favor of the negative.

Perhaps no event has aroused so much interest during the present college year as the Annual Debate between the University of Georgia and the University of North Carolina. The debate was held in Gerrard Hall on Friday night March 2, and was attended by a large number of students and friends. The chapel had been tastily decorated with the colors of the two Universities. Mr. H. A. London of Pittsboro presided and Messrs. Connor, Woodard and Montgomery acted as judges. The query was "Resolved, That the United States annex Hawaii." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. W. F. Upshaw and J. S. Roberts of the University of Georgia while Messrs. E. K. Graham and W. J. Brogden upheld the negative for the U. N. C. The decision in favor of North Carolina was received with prolonged cheers.

FACULTY LECTURES.

On the evening of February 10, Dr. F. P. Venable delivered a lecture in Gerrard Hall on the "Influence of Science on Modern Life." He sketched briefly the history of the struggles of science and showed that it was not until the search for "truth" began that science made much headway. All modern comforts in living are due to science and scientific methods. Science has been of incalculable value to Democracy in facilitating travel and diffusing knowledge to the masses. Science is not antagonistic to religion. but the spirit of science and the spirit of Christianity came from the same source and move along parallel lines.

"The Messianic Ideal" was the subject treated by Dr. Hume in his lecture on March 1. Starting with the origin of the name Messiah he showed the process by which it gathered into itself the expanding ideals of Kingship and associated with them the Son of Man who is the Son of God. The lecturer showed thorough acquaintance with his subject and the lecture proved one of great profit and interest to the students and friends who were fortunate enough to hear it.

On Thursday evening March 10 a large audience heard Prof. Gore's lecture on Cosmogony. The lecturer stated several views in regard to the aggregation of matter constituting the universe. He explained the nebular hypothesis. The direction and rotation of the planets was also shown by means of diagrams. He then proceeded to show the changes that would take place by the rotating of a mass of gas. The source of supply of solar radiation is thought to be due to contraction. The Earth is very hot towards the center; igneous rocks and shape show that it was once molten. If it cooled previous to its fluid state it must have been gaseous. The conclusion is that the Solar System at one time in its history was a gaseous mass.

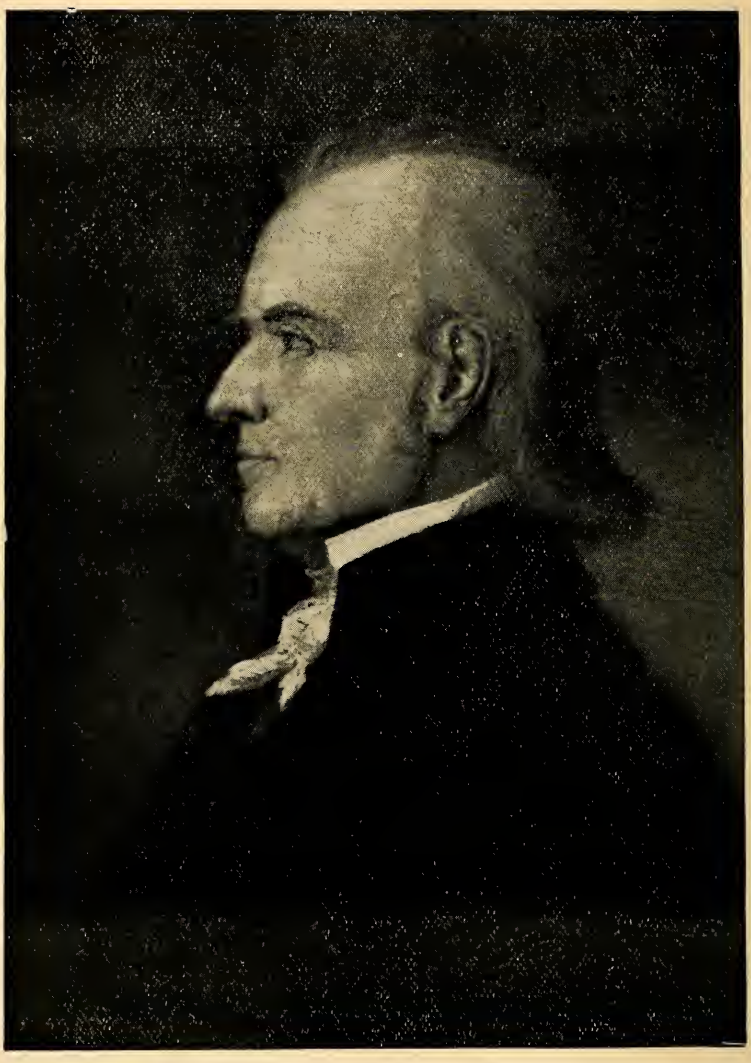
One of the most enjoyable lectures in the present series was that delivered by Prof. Harrington on Thursday, March 29. The subject being "The Roman Boy." The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views, and traced the life of the Roman Boy from childhood to manhood. It was an hour pleasntly and profitably spent.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

On Wednesday evening, March 30, Mr. Livingston Barbour, presented Charles Dickens' masterpiece, "David Copperfield," in Gerrard Hall. His impersonations of the typical characters were excellent.

SUMMER SCHOOL.

Announcements of the Summer School are out. It will begin June 21 and end July 19. The faculty includes twenty-five specialists. Professor M. C. S Noble is Superintendent.



WILLIAM LENOIR.

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Old Series, Vol. XXVIII. No. 4----JUNE, 1898. New Series, Vol. XV.

GENERAL WILLIAM LENOIR.

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

General William Lenoir was of French Huguenot descent. He was the great-grandson of a country minister who lived near Nantes. This good man had four sons, all staunch Huguenots.

When the edict of Nantes was revoked by Louis XIV. in 1685, thousands of the best and most industrious citizens of France were compelled to take refuge in other countries. Among these refugees were the four Le Noir brothers. One of them went to Switzerland and established himself in Geneva. His intelligence and industry soon made him influential, and gained for him a comfortable livelihood. Some of his descendants are now wealthy bankers in that city.

There is a conflict of opinion as to whether or not two of the brothers went to Holland or came to America. The best authorities seem to agree that they went to Holland, where the family still exists, and that the

fourth brother came to this country. This is the opinion of the writer. The fact that one branch of the family was established in Charleston, South Carolina, will be accounted for below.

The fourth brother, General Lenoir's grand-father, immigrated to America and settled in Brunswick county, Virginia. Here he wrestled with all the hardships of a pioneer life, but his native sterling character enabled him to overcome his difficulties, and rear his family in comfort.

General Lenoir's father was married at an early age and reared a family of ten children. His wife's name was Mourning. William was their youngest child. He was born on a date which has become historic in the history of our state, May twentieth, 1751, O. S. When he was eight years old, his father moved to the Tar River near Tarboro, North Carolina; and died soon afterwards.

It is generally believed in the family, and has been stated by some authorities* that the father went down at sea while in command of his own ship. This is probably not true, for General S. F. Patterson, in an account of the life of General Lenoir, written in June, 1839,† makes no mention of his father having been a sea-faring man, but leaves the impression that he was not. Further, his will was proved in the county court of Edgecombe in July 1765, and is dated only about two months before; from which we would infer that it was made in his illness.

William, being the youngest of ten children and his father poor, was not given any education, except what

*See Mrs. Oertel's "Happy Valley."
†See Wheeler's "History of North Carolina," Vol., p 2, p. 462.

he obtained by his own efforts. I regret that I have not been able to find any record of his youthful days.

We first see him at the age of twenty when he was married to Anne Ballard of Halifax, North Carolina, a woman well qualified to be his companion and helpmate.

In March, 1775, he moved to that part of Surry county, which was later Wilkes, and is now Caldwell. He soon began to take a leading part in politics, as is shown by his being one of the signers of the "Association Paper," which set forth the views of the colonists in regard to their relations with Great Britain.

About the same time that William left Edgecombe, his brother Isaac moved to South Carolina and established the South Carolina branch of the family. Members of this branch afterwards came back to North Carolina, and their descendants are now living in Macon county.

Other brothers, with their families, together with some of the General's own sons, emigrated to Tennessee. And it is in honor of these sons that the town of Lenoir was named. In fact the whole family seem to have left Edgecombe about this time.

Soon after General Lenoir's removal to Surry, we see him taking an active part in putting down the Cherokee Indians. He was a lieutenant under Captain Cleveland, during General Rutherford's campaign against them in 1776. During this service he suffered many hardships and came near losing his life. Often the soldiers had nothing to eat, and their clothes were in rags; while they were occasionally harrassed by the Indians.

He was appointed a member of the Committee of Safety, and served as a clerk until their authority was superseded by the adoption of the state constitution.

General Lenoir, after hostilities commenced with Great Britain, was constantly engaged in suppressing and chastising the Tories, in which he employed none but the gentlest methods.

In this section of the state at that time, the Tories were particularly energetic and annoying. No Whig's life was safe, and such was the danger of the times, that General Lenoir often remembered that he would go to bed with his wife on one side of him, and his musket on the other. Persons, unless they were well known, were not allowed to travel the highways, excepts under the strictest surveillance. We can imagine this fiery patriot mounting his horse, taking his trusty flint-lock musket over his shoulder, and setting out with a party of hardy followers to chastise some rank Tory or rebuke a band of marauding Indians.

When the British, under Ferguson, invaded North Carolina, General Lenior promptly volunteered his services and was appointed captain of a company of footmen in Colonel Cleveland's regiment. He was present at the battle of King's Mountain and wrote a sketch of it, so far as it came under his personal observation, probably superior to any that is left us.

It has been stated that his whole company was present with him in this engagement, but this is untrue, as will be seen by the extracts taken from his account of the battle.*

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*Wheeler's "History of North Carolina," Vol. II p. 105.

"I was captain of a company of footmen and left them at Green River, they not having horses, except six of them who procured horses and went with us. I I went as a common soldier and did not pretend to take any command of those that belonged to my company;* neither did I join any other company; but fell in immediately behind Colonel Winston, in front of the right hand column." * * *

"Before the battle Adjutant Jesse Franklin, now governor of North Carolina, Capt. Robert Cleveland and myself, agreed to stand together and support each other. But at the commencement of the battle enthusiastic zeal caused us all to separate. Each being anxious to effect the grand object, no one appeared to regard his own part, from where we dismounted, instead of going on to surround, I advanced the nearest way toward the enemy under heavy fire until I got within about thirty paces." * * * * *

"About that time I received a slight wound in my side, and another in my left arm; and after that a bullet went through my hair above where it was tied; and my clothes were cut in several places."

After this engagement Gen. Lenoir did not relax in energetic service in the campaigns against the Tories. He was present at the severe defeat of Col. Pyles, a celebrated Tory, near Haw River. Here he had his horse shot from under him and came near losing his life. Later he raised a company, and endeavored to join General Greene before the battle of Guilford

*It will be remembered that the Whigs found it impossible to overtake Ferguson on foot. So at Green River orders were given for as many as could procure horses, to go in advance as mounted infantry.

Court House, but owing to the bad condition of the roads could not reach him in time.

He took an active part in the state militia, in which he rose from the rank of Orderly Sergeant to that of Major General. In the latter capacity he served for eighteen years, during which time he rendered most valuable service.

The militia, up to the time that he was made commander of it, consisted of a few raw, half drilled and undisciplined troops. He, together with other prominent officers, so trained and organized the state forces, that at the time of his death there was not a better state militia in the south.

In his civil capacity he was even more distinguished than as a soldier. At the same time that he was fighting Tories in the wilds of Burke, Ashe and Wilkes counties his mind was revolving schemes for the advancement and education of the people of North Carolina.

He had the welfare of the young republic, which he had helped to establish, much at heart. And it is said that in his old age he expressed much apprehension, that our government, which had cost so much bloodshed, would be overthrown as soon as the hands which set it up were withdrawn from its management.

General Lenoir was appointed justice of the peace by the Congress which met to consider the state constitution, and at his death he was probably the oldest magistrate in the state.

He held at various times almost all the offices within the gift of the people of his county. He served two years as clerk of the county court of Wilkes. And

was elected severally register, surveyor, commissioner of affidavits and chairman of the county court. Being elected first to the House of Commons in 1781, he was reelected continuously as long as he would consent to serve. During his last five years in the Senate, he was unanimously chosen speaker. In this responsible position he presided with skill and impartiality.

He was a member of both of the state conventionss, which met for the purpose of considering the constitution, of the United States. He was forward in the work of these bodies fighting strenuously for the adoption of proposed amendments which would secure the rights of the states. He was also a member and president of the State council for several years. He has had a descendant in every constitutional convention which has since met in the state.

That General Lenoir took an intelligent interest in the higher education of the youth of his state is well known. Remembering probably his own early struggles after knowledge, he endeavored to make the way smooth for future generations. He was one of the fathers of the movement to establish the State University and was elected first President of the Board of Trustees. He survived all his brother trustees, and in his old age noted with much pleasure the growth of the institution which he had helped to found. A tablet to his memory has been placed in Memorial Hall at the University, and worthily perpetuates the record of his services in its behalf.

The interest taken by this grand old man in our University, has been instilled into his descendants, some of whom have always been on the Board of Trus-

tees, and more than twenty five, extending even to the fifth generation, have been students of the institution.

General Lenoir devoted the last years of his life to private affairs; but gave much of his time to the study of public questions. In his private capacity he was simple and unassuming, polite and courteous to poor and rich alike; and no stranger was ever denied shelter under his hospitable roof. He provided liberally for the poor of his neighborhood in his will; and left to each of his children, together with a considerable fortune, a book of common prayer.

He was never in ill health until he was stricken down with the malady which proved fatal to him. Not more than three weeks before his death he went on horse-back, to attend the Superior Court of Ashe county, which was fifty miles from his home, and across the Blue Ridge Mountains, a remarkable journey for a man eighty-eight years old. A little later he attended, in the same manner, his own county court, which was twenty-four miles away.

In appearance he was rather tall and commanding. His features were clear cut and prominent. His eyes were grey and very piercing, nose large and cheek-bones high. His hair was black, and he wore it as was the fashion in that day, long and tied with a ribbon. He combined all the elegance and culture of a gentleman, with the ruggedness of a frontiersman.

During his last illness he suffered much pain, but was resigned and cheerful. He knew that he could not recover, and remarked several times that death had no terrors for him.

He died at his home, Fort Defiance, in the beautiful valley of the Yadkin, May 6, 1839, and lies buried beside the faithful companion of his life's struggles, on the spot where, before the Revolution, stood an old Indian Fort, called Defiance; which name he gave to his home.

Nor is it likely that his services will soon be forgotten in the state which he so faithfully served; his countrymen have named, for him a county, a town and a street in the Capital of the State.

AUGUSTUS LENOIR JONES, '93–'95.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA AND WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

In this day of unprecedented prosperity for the higher schools of the State, when a college training lies within the reach of every young man and woman in North Carolina who has the will to work, we may recall with peculiar pleasure the service rendered by University men sixty-five years ago to Wake Forest College and the cause of education in North Carolina.

At a meeting of the Baptist State Convention held at Reeves's Meeting House, Chatham County, August 3–7, 1832, the committee on education consisting of William Hooper, Wm. R. Hinton, and Grey Huckaby, appointed August 4th,[1] presented to the Convention a report recommending "the establishment of a Baptist Literary Institution in this State,"[2] though they did not dignify the institution they had in their mind's eye with any such high sounding title. The author of this report was William Hooper,[3] A. B. (U. N. C.) 1809, A. M. (*Ibid*) 1812, D. D., (*Ibid*) 1857, LL. D. (*Ibid*) 1833, at the time Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of North Carolina.[4]

The text of this report was as follows:

"REPORT ON EDUCATION.[5]

"The Committee on Education having given to the subject sub-

[1] Minutes of Baptist State Convention, 1832, p. 5.
[2] General Catalogue of Wake Forest College, 1892, p. 3.
[3] Ibid, p. 3.
[4] Sketches of History of the University of North Carolina and catalogue of students, 1789–1889, by Kemp P. Battle, pp. 79, 149.
[5] Minutes of Baptist State Convention, 1832, p. 16.

mitted to them the best consideration which their time and the limited information at their command have enabled them, beg leave to present the following

REPORT:

"That we think it expedient and highly important to afford to our young ministers facilities for obtaining such an education as will qualify them to be able ministers of the New Testament. That for this purpose the plan which has recommended itself to us as combining the greatest advantages, is the purchase of a farm in a suitable situation, furnished with commodious buildings;—the employment of a teacher of proper qualifications, who shall take charge of the beneficiaries of the Convention and such other pupils as his duties to them may enable him to attend to:—and the engagement of a superintendent of the farm who shall direct the manual labors of the young men who shall have an opportunity, by their cultivation of the soil, to earn their subsistence, or to pay for their board.

"The Committee have ascertained that such a farm as will be well suited for carrying their views into immediate operation, can be had in the county of Wake, within fifteen miles of the city of Raleigh, for the sum of $2,000; a sum which they believe it to be well worth. They recommend therefore, that the Convention if they approve the measure, do appoint a Board of Trustees, such board consisting, if they please, of the board of Managers, who shall appoint agents to solicit subscriptions for this object from the members and friends of our denomination in all parts of our state. The committee think that such an experiment as this will decide the question whether this project will receive the general approbation of our churches or not. If it should, the purchase money will be obtained, if not, the subscription of course will stand void.

"The committee believe that a school of the kind, and in the situation they propose would meet the patronage of the denomination generally, and would probably from the beginning support itself, without being any expense to the Convention. The farm they have in view is highly recommended by its central, convenient, and healthy situation, by the moral and enlightened character of the surrounding population, and by cheapness of living.

"Should the Convention however not concur with the above recommendation, their committee would propose that a correspondence be opened with the managers of similar institutions in the adjoining states, with a view to ascertain whether any combination of effort could be made by which our pious youth could share with theirs in availing themselves of means of education already in operation.

The committee further report that the Board of Managers have had under their care two beneficiaries during the past year but that they have reasons to believe many pious youth are now in the state, who would come forward and offer themselves for education, if such an institution as the one proposed, were once seen to be in existence. All which is respectfully submitted.

"W. HOOPER, Chairman."

At the same meeting of the Convention, "William Hooper, J. G. Hall, Grey Huckaby, William R. Hinton, and A. S. Winn were appointed a committee, whose duty it shall be to solicit at the next session of the Legislature of this State, an act of incorporation in behalf of the institution."[6]

Two of this committee of five, William Hooper and J. G. Hall, A. B. (U. N. C.) 1822, A. M. (*Ibid*) 1832, were graduates of the University,[7] and two others sons here for their education.[8]

Before the end of a month a farm of 615 Acres[9] was purchased of Dr. Calvin Jones[10] as a site for the school. Dr. Jones was a Trustee of the University.[12] At the meeting of the Baptist State Convention at Cartledge's Creek (Dockery's Meeting House) in Richmond County, Nov. 1-6, 1833, trustees of the institution were appointed,[11] and a few days later the following advertisement appeared in *The Harbinger*,[13] the official organ of the University, edited by President Joseph Caldwell. The opening of Wake Forest Institute was also advertised in *The Harbinger* January 30, 1834.

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6 Minutes, 1832, p. 7.

7 University of North Carolina Centennial Catalogue, 1889, p. 149-137.

8 *Harbinger*, Jan. 1st, 1833.

9 General Catalogue of Wake Forest College, p. 3.

10 Baptist Historical Papers, Vol. I. p. 23.

11 General Catalogue of University, p. 68.

12 Minutes of the Baptist State Convention, 1833, p. 5

13 *The Harbinger*, Chapel Hill, Tuesday, November 12, 1833.

Wake Forest Institute.

At a meeting of the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina, in Richmond county, on the 1st.—6th. instant, the following persons were appointed as a Board of Trustees for the said Institute.

Wm. Biddle, of Craven county; John Armstrong, do. Wm. Sanders, do. Isaac Beeson, of Guilford; Jas. Watkins, Anson; Thomas Boyd, Mecklenburg; Jno. Portevent, Brunswick; Thomas Stradby, Buncombe; Hugh Quin, Lincoln: Alfred Dockery, Richmond; Jas. King, Person; Wm. Crenshaw, Wake; John Purify, do; William Roles, do; Alfred Burt, do; Allen S. Wynn, do; George W. Thompson, do; Simon J. Jeffreys, Franklin; Allen Dowden, do; Thos. Crocker, do; Amos J. Battle, Nash; William Hooper, Orange; John Culpepper, Sen., Montgomery; John McDaniel, Cumberland; Charles McAllister, do; Aaron J. Spivey, Bertie; Joseph B. Outlaw, do; Turner Carter, do; Henry Austin, Edgecomb; Daniel Boon, Johnston; David Thompson. do; Paul Phifer, Rowan; Alexander Mosely, Lenoir; George M. Thompson, Pasquotank; Joseph Ralsey, Tyrrell; Charles W. Skinner, Perquimans; Thomas Meredith, Chowan; David S. Williams, Sampson; Stephen S. Graham, Duplin; Joseph Spurgen, Davidson.

It is requested that those who may wish to send Students to this Institute, will please forward their names to Elder SAMUEL WAITE or Wm. Crenshaw, at Wake Forest Post Office, before the 1st. January next. Letters to be post paid.

By order of the Convention,
A. J. BATTLE, Rec. Sec.

November 8, 1833.

It is needless to point out the names of well known graduates of the University upon this board of trustees, as well as those of many prominent citizens and graduates who were educating their sons at Chapel Hill.

A few days later, on November 18th, 1833, the General Assembly met in Raleigh. The University

men in the House of Representatives were:[14]

R. H. Alexander, A. B. 1817,
Daniel M. Barringer, A. B. 1826,
Will H. Battle, A. B. 1820,
C. A. Blackman, 1829–30,
John E. Brown, 1820,
Daniel W. Courts, A. B. 1823,
J. R. J. Daniel, A. B. 1821,
John L. Foreman, 1828–9,
William A. Graham, A. B. 1824,
William R. Hargrove, A. B. 1826,
J. B. Haughton, A. B. 1825,
J. B. Jones, 1816,
Wm. L. Kennedy, A. B. 1830,
James A. King, A. B. 1826,
Pleasant W. Kittrell, A. B. 1822,
Matthew R. Moore, A. B. 1815,
G. W. McGehee, A. B. 1819,
David Outlaw, A. B. 1824,
Henry W. Peebles, 1812,
John W. Potts, 1820,
L. B. Powell, A. B. 1831,
Thomas J. Pugh, 1821,
Charles B. Shepard, A. B. 1821,

Besides these twenty-three members of the House who were educated at the University, there were twenty-four who had sons here. When the charter came up on its second reading, Wednesday, December 11th, 1833, it was passed by a vote of 91 to 36,[15] all of the University men being present and voting, and only three voting in the negative.[16] These three were Messrs. Brown, Foreman, and Pugh, only one of whom had been at the University an entire year, the two others having been here but one term. Thus out of

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14 Journals of the House of Commons, Session of 1833–4, p. 127.

15 Journal of the House of Commons, 1833–4, p. 178.

16 Ibid, p. 178.

the entire University contingent of 47, only 3 voted against the charter; while with the alumni the vote stood 20 for the charter to 3 against.

In the Senate the bill came up for its final reading on Saturday, December 21st, 1833.[17] The University men in the Senate were[18]

John L. Beard, 1814,
J. P. Caldwell, 1819,
Henry B. Elliott, A. B. 1826,
Chas. L. Hinton, A. B. 1814,
Edmund Jones, A. B. 1833,
W. B. Meares, 1802,
Giles Mebane, A. B. 1831,
Washington Morrison, A. B. 1822,
Matthew R. Moore, A. B. 1815,
W. D. Moseley, A. B. 1818,
Henry Skinner, of Chowan, A. B. 1827,
Richard Dobbs Speight, A. B. 1815.

Besides these twelve University men in the Senate there were seven others who had sons in the University. The vote on the final reading stood 29 to 29, the entire University contingent voting for the passage of the bill.[19] Moseley, the speaker of the Senate, a graduate and for some time tutor of the University, cast his vote in the affirmative and secured to the Baptists of the State a charter for their college. If the friends of the University ever "feared the rivalry of this new candidate for popular favor" none of their acts ever showed it. That "the close vote was caused by the jealousy of the dominant religious party" cannot be true, since the same Senate, on Thursday, January 9th, 1834, stood 22 to 22 on the question of incorporating "the

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17 Journal of the Senate, 1833–4, p. 67.

18 Ibid, p. 3.

19 Journal of the Senate, p. 68.

trustees of the Episcopal School of North Carolina."[21] In this case, as in the other, the speaker voted in the affirmative.[22]

When, on October 3rd, 1840, the Trustees of Wake Forest College decided to seek State aid for the college,[23] and "*Resolved*, That we petition the Legislature for a loan of from $5,000 to $10,000 from the Literary fund," they found University men ready to help them and secured a loan of $10,000 from the State.[23] The Rev. Samuel Wait, the first President of Wake Forest College, could no longer write, as he had done, "We have leave to be if we can, but no disposition to encourage us, even to the value of a dime."[24]

While the fact has no connection with Wake Forest College, it may be noted that in 1850 Chowan Female Institute also received aid from the State to the extent of $3,000 as a loan from the Literary fund.[26] And it may be added that the Colored Orphan Asylum, under Baptist control, receives annually an appropriation of $1,000 from the State.[25]

The founders of Wake Forest builded better than they knew. The first President, or principal, as he was called, was the only teacher for two years. He writes,[27] "I had no assistant." There was a large number of students from different parts of the State seek-

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20 Journal of the Senate, p. 112.
21 Ibid, p. 112.
22 Baptist Historical Papers, Vol. I. p., 38.
23 Ibid. Also Journal of the General Assembly, 1840–41, pp.
24 Baptist Historical Papers, Vol. I., p. 32,
25 Journal of the General Assembly, 1850–1, p. 562.
26 Laws of North Carolina, Sess. of 1891, p. 584.
27 Baptist Historical Papers, Vol. I., p. 31.

ing the benefits of the new institution. They had of course made different degrees of improvement. They had, too, different objects in view. Some wished to be fitted for college with all possible dispatch, and others could only, with considerable difficulty, read in a common spelling book." Today Wake Forest is a college in every sense of the term, with a liberally educated and well trained faculty, and having literary societies and a monthly magazine unsurpassed in the South. Her alumni are numbered among the most influential and public spirited men of the State, and no one rejoices more in her prosperity than her old mother, the University.

COLLIER COBB, '81–'82.

TO THE GENIUS OF KEATS.

O! sacrifice, upon the altared shrine
Where youth and beauty worship evermore,
Thy soul wing–gifted like the lark to soar
Could not to earth its pinions rare confine
But mounting to the ethereal divine,
And musing o'er the laurel-wreathed shore,
Cool Helicon's retreat it hovered o'er,
The while it caught the echoings of the Nine,
Where, too mayhap, e'en from Appollo's lyre
Some tremulous murmurings floated on the breeze
Ambrosial music wafting to thine ear,
Attuned to learn new chords in heavenly keys.
Alas? too soon thy spirit flamed its pyre—
Impatient of the clay that bound it here.

LEONARD CHARLES VAN NOPPEN, '92.

THE THIRTEENTH PHOTOGRAPH.

Slowly the lowering sun was sinking into the great mass of yellow clouds just above the horizon, and as its fierce light pierces through their misty form the whole western heavens are flooded with golden tints. As it finds its way deeper into the West, as if putting forth its mightiest effort before fading finally from sight, there issues stream after stream of soft yellow radiance, now making the whole landscape glow as if suddenly turned into melting gold. Banks of many-hued clouds gather, and caught up by a soft breeze roll majestically and toss and finally unwind themselves and spread before the eye a mass of ever changing beauty. Swifter and more beautiful come the changes from golden to crimson, and green and pale blue, until reaching the climax of its dazzling radiance the blending of bright colors gives place to a dull mass, and the beauty of another sunset seen from Blowing Rock is passed.

Far out on the ledge of a high-hanging cliff sat a man and a woman, eagerly admiring the fading glory of this departing summer day, but as the shades of twilight deepened and the thick curtain of night was all but spread about the earth, they arose and walked slowly toward the hotel. The man was tall and athletic; the woman dark and handsome, and she seemed a trifle sad as listening to his plans for the future she could but realize the danger of his undertaking He had graduated in June, but desired to be neither a doc-

tor, a preacher nor a lawyer, and had determined to visit Cuba with a view to joining the insurgent forces, with whom his warm heart beat in deepest sympathy.

He had come to this gay summer resort to say good-bye to Marie Gibson and to make one last request. That request was that she give him her photograph, to make this hard lot easier to bear while separated from home and friends. "The wildest dream my fancy could picture would be to look forever into your smiling face" he had said in his enthusiasm, and then smilingly assured her that his strong friendship alone had led him into such an extravagant assertion. Roger Mason and Marie Gibson had been good friends from childhood; reared in the same village; play-mates and school-mates together, they had grown into young manhood and young womanhood in the same set. But no word of love had ever passed between these two, nor indeed had he ever realized until the eve of this separation that she was more than a friend. She was very sorry that she had not a photograph for him. He was consoled, however, by her promise to send one to his Cuban address as soon as she returned to her home.

The strains of sweet music floated out through the open ball room windows and beat upon Roger's ear as he sat in a dark corner of the hotel piazza smoking his third cigar since supper. He cared little for the gay life of the ball room and his thoughts tonight were gloomy. He would leave tomorrow and say good-bye to Marie for possibly the last time, and certainly for a good many years—and without her photograph. "At any rate I shall enjoy the sight of her while here" he

said to himself as throwing away the stump of his cigar he walked leisurely toward the ball room. He saw as he passed the open window that she was there in all her beauty,—the full evening costume displaying the charms of her well rounded arms and shoulders, and bringing their lily whiteness into strongest contrast with the mass of dark copper-colored hair which crowned her finely shaped head.

He went immediately to her and asked for the next dance. When they were gliding dreamily over the smooth floor her voice seemed to him to betray a bit of gladness as she told him that looking through her trunk for some part of her ball costume she had accidentally come across one of her old photographs. At the end of the dance she retired to bring the picture to him. They met at the foot of the stairs, and passing out into the grounds they strolled through the wooded park, and as the rising moon bathed the landscape in its mystic light, he tried to tell her how in the very midst of battle the feeling of her picture against his bosom would give courage to his blow, and how in his calmer moments it would suffuse him with gladness to look into her eyes.

"But Roger," she said gaily, "I forgot to tell you that this photograph happens by the merest chance to be in my possession, and if I were at all superstitious I should have destroyed it long ago." And in the same lively strain she told him how she promised twelve of her friends a photograph each, and ordering a dozen, the photographer had by mistake printed one extra and this she had kept for herself. But Roger Mason was not a fellow to believe that being the thir-

teenth it had any unlucky significance. He had roomed in No. 13 at college; dined at table with thirteen boys, and had been one of thirteen at a house-party that very summer; so this ill-omened talisman had no terrors for him.

The music of "Home Sweet Home" stealing on the midnight air told them that the last waltz was being played, and they entered to dance this last time together before his leaving. The room was a picture of beauty, and happiness; an evening dance at a most popular summer resort at the height of the season with guests from every part of the continent. Everything told of health and buoyant spirits. Roger Mason was happy with the others, and little cared what the future had in store for him now that he owned her picture and could hope that she some day might also be his. He told her good bye as they parted in the hall, for he would leave too early in the morning to see her.

* * * * * *

Six months have passed. The bloody sands of Cuba —hapless Isle—lie bleaching under a tropical sun. The cruel war for independence is waging, and the struggling remnants of armies roaming the island often find shelter in the vast sub-tropical forests. Scouts are sent out into the open prairies to reconnoiter and bring back news of the enemy. But, alas! too often the hum of a bullet from the rifle of a Spanish sharpshooter is the last requiem sung over these unfortunate souls.

* * * * * *

Stretched upon the earth where a few palm trees of-

fer shelter from the heat of the sun a tired scout is taking his midday rest. His meal is finished and his thoughts wander back to his Carolina home. Almost unconsciously the youth draws from his inner pocket the picture which he has guarded carefully through a dozen conflicts. He looks long and wistfully into the perfect face, feeling in his soul that he will never be happy until Marie Gibson is his bride. "I will return," he muses, "and ask her to marry me. I will sacrifice the glory of war for the happiness of a home." And forgetful of his perilous surroundings he dreams on of future bliss; forgetful of the responsibility for the lives of the men in the nearby fortress his gaze is fixed upon the fatal photograph. His horse, grazing nearby, pricks up his ears and stops a moment in the steady nibbling of grass; a little blue heron seated on the limb of a nearby tree utters a low frightened cry as it flies off far to the southward; the harsh guttural sound of a Mexican caracara—the vulture of the South—is heard as he circles higher and higher toward the clouds. But Roger Mason hears none of these and dreams on—forgetful of the stealth and treachery of the opposing Spaniards; forgetful of everything on earth but the girl he loves.

The sharp crack of a rifle, and the sand sprinkles his face as the bullet buries itself deep into the earth not two feet from him. Others follow in quick succession and before he can regain his Winchester the warm blood is already trickling from a flesh wound in his arm. Impulsively he empties the contents of his revolver in the direction of his assailant, and a steady fire is kept up back and forth, until Roger's ammuni-

tion is exhausted; he is cut off from his friends and is at the mercy of Spanish guerillas.

* * * * * *

With the approach of spring the forests take on fresh life; the trees blossom, the feathered songsters pour forth their sweetest melodies and the world is full of gladness. Instinctively the busy birds build a shelter from the coming storms. The caracara is a large bird and its nest must be securely made. The same bird whose guttural notes might have warned him of the approaching danger, is now seated in the top of the palm whose shade had shielded Roger Mason from the noonday sun. This bird's nest is nearly completed; it needs but the lining. He spies an object on the ground below, and fastening his talons into Marie Gibson's photograph he places it securely, face down, in the bottom of his nest. He calls his mate, and circling together above the plain, they give cries of joy, as they think of the well-feathered nest they have prepared for their little ones.

Meanwhile the grinning skull of a human skeleton gazes upward in meek submission, and its senseless eyes look with gruesome aspect toward the nest. Thus does Roger Mason realize "the wildest dream his fancy could picture."

ROBERT HIDEN SYKES, "Law."

UNSUSPECTED SENTIMENT.

She was fresh from boarding school which she despised, but she would be in bondage no longer. She was going to Bryn Mawr, Vassar, or perhaps it might be Cornell or Chicago. She had not yet definitely decided. She expected to win laurels for herself. Woman was mentally in every respect equal to man. Others had proved it and she would add more conclusive testimony to the evidence. Her friendships were purely Platonic. Love was a delusion and delusions found no lodging place in her brain.

During our Junior vacation, while on a visit to our classmate, Fred Hammond, Clifford and I met this modern young woman. She was certainly a rather more than ordinarily charming specimen of femininity and Clifford was not slow in perceiving it. I also realised it, but somehow or other Clifford always succeeded in monopolising the most attractive woman in sight. Her appearance did not betray the slightest intimation of the fact that she was not like other girls. She danced divinely, talked entertainingly, courted attention, and a not uncommon feminine weakness was hers—a delight in being admired; in short she seemed to have been made from much the same clay as ordinary mortals, but more carefully and exquisitely moulded.

A woman's powers for keeping a secret are somewhat limited and Miss Carew's views, hereinbefore stated and perhaps a trifle overdrawn, soon became

public property—of us three. Clifford had always prayed from deliverance from women of the Lockwood-Lease stamp, but now the cry arose no longer and the knowledge of Miss Carew's views caused no diminution of his attention to her. Hammond and I treated the whole matter as a joke. "There is where the trouble comes," Clifford would say, "she is so terribly in earnest."

"She will outgrow such foolish fancies," said Hammond and I quite agreed with him.

She and Clifford were becoming very intimate—friendship if nothing more. We often asked him if he aspired to be "Belva the Second's manager"—as Hammond had dubbed her, but such attempts at wit either passed unnoticed or were dismissed in the curtest terms.

Despite his occasional disagreeableness to us he strove to be most entertaining to Miss Carew and would discuss with her any subject, psychological or sociological or otherwise *ad infinitum*, of which he knew little and she knew less. Psychology interested her immensely. In college Clifford had hardly acquitted himself with distinction upon the subject, but he discussed pleasure, delight and love in a manner which would have won praise from the distinguished preceptor at the head of the department. With love was involved marriage. "I will never marry," she said, "when a woman marries, she surrenders all her liberties and privileges and becomes a mere nonentity. The 'state of married blessedness' does not in the slightest degree appeal to my fancy." This statement abruptly concluded the consideration of the subject

but did not serve to deter Clifford from further visits and his calls continued uninterruptedly until the day of our departure.

Fred and I often wondered how matters stood, but never arrived at any satisfactory conclusion, as we gained about as much knowledge from Clifford as the average Sophomore has about modesty, and neither of us wrote to Miss Carew.

Our college career ended, we separated. Clifford read law and a few years later when I began the practice of medicine in my native town, Clifford was already one of the village's most prominent men and had a large and growing practice. Without being a social lion his polite and agreeable manners and natural commonsense had made him popular. People wondered why he did not marry Miss Jones or Miss Brown or some other equally attractive maiden, but the schemes of designing mothers and the charms of their marriageable daughters counted for naught with him.

Early associations and interests often serve as the inspiration to stronger and more intimate friendships in after-life so Clifford and I became even faster friends than we had been in college. We often grew reminiscent and an indulgence of this mood brought to memory our visit to Hammond and with it came Miss Carew.

"By the way, Clifford," I asked, "what has become of her?"

She had entered a northern college; graduated with distinction; held an instructorship for a year; had done some literary work, and now held a position on the staff of a leading publication. He then relaxed his

usual sphinx-like silence in regard to his private affairs long enough to tell me that they had written to each other every since that memorable summer of our Junior vacation. Another time he became unsphinx-like. Their letters had been entirely friendly—nothing more. He once dared to ask if she had changed her views concerning certain matters. She was unconscious of any change, in fact she was so wedded to her work that she had had no time in which to give the subject serious consideration. Once she had written, "I sometimes feel wearied with this kind of life." Perhaps the sentence had only been the almost unconscious product of an overworked brain, but love gleaned from it a deeper truth and transforming the thought into words sent it to her. The answer was discouraging, but left room for hope. "Perhaps I shall one day revoke my decision, but there is only the remotest possibility of it even in the distant future. It may be after all, as you say, that the married woman under favorable circumstances leads anything else than the life which I have pictured. You can come, if you wish. I shall be glad to see you, but I can promise nothing; so be prepared for disappointment."

This letter found Clifford in bed very ill, threatened with a serious attack of pneumonia which the utmost prudence alone could avert. The letter seemed for a time to act as a restorative and disregarding my positive command he arose and wrote a reply. The consequences of his rash act were almost sure to be fatal. He weakened rapidly. He told me of his wish to go to New York. "Jack," said he, "I shall never get up from here alive. Shall I? If I shall not, please wire for Rose."

"A severe cold does not often kill," I replied, but nevertheless I immediately telegraphed for Rose.

"If I could only see her," he murmured, I would die satisfied."

As the hours wore on, he weakened rapidly and stimulants had but little effect. He feebly stretched out his wan hand to me and said "Give this ring to Rose if I do not see her." My customary professional composure almost deserted me and I took it without a word. Will she never come, I thought. The spark of life still remaining burned feebly and must soon be extinguished despite all human skill. Steam was hurrying her to him, but an uncontrollable force with even greater swiftness was carrying him away. Save for his slow measured breathing, I sat in death-like silence. The eyes grew quiet and assumed the softness of a sleeper's; his limbs straightened and became rigid and Charles Clifford had entered into endless sleep—unsatisfied. It all seemed terribly unjust as I gazed upon his cold and nerveless form.

When Miss Carew came, after preparing her for the worst, I turned aside and allowed her to enter the death-chamber alone. When she came out into the cold winter air, her face was drawn and ashen pale, her eyes were filled with unshed tears and one hand tightly clasped a ringlet of wavy brown hair.

It is the almost universal opinion of people who know her that Miss Carew is a cold, unsentimental woman, designed from the beginning for a spinster. I have heard rejected suitors make other remarks, even more untrue and unkind about her. However I think that they are mistaken; for I know that Fred Ham-

mond, who is an artist in New York, has recently painted for her, a beautiful life-like portrait of Clifford; that somewhere she has a lock of his hair, and that she never fails to wear a ring with the inscription, "Charles to Rose."

JOHN GILCHRIST MCCORMICK, '98.

A HOPE.

O! for the lustre of a darling hope,
To shed its influence on a world-tossed mind
To dart its daring beams on paths that wind
In ventursome ways along life's beetling slope.
A soul thus kindled even with hell could cope
Should all its furies their mad rage unbind
For him distressed, sweet pitying angels kind
Through hopeless shadowy glooms some way will ope,
Inspire me with an all-aspiring hope
That dares to soar e'en where the eagles fail,
To flare its beacon from some star-kissed top,
To burn its purpose through opposing fires;
A hope before whose glances all things quail,
To such a hope my earth-bound soul aspires.

LEONARD CHARLES VAN NOPPEN, '92.

WILD FLOWERS.

Beyond the hills, in valleys green,
The graceful meadow lilies grow,
Far off is their spotless beauty seen,
As white as fields of driven snow.

The woodbines flame of brightest red,
And wild geraniums scarlet glow,
Are mingled in their leafy bed
Where waving foam-flowers blow.

The rhododendron's massive bloom
Adorns the hills, and flowers show
Their glory in the leafy gloom
And brightly smile where e'er we go.

The carpet golden, white and blue,
Which spreads o'er meadows and fields,
Is woven by sunshine, life and dew,
And beauty and fragrance yields.

CHARLES STAFFORD CANADA, '99.

SOUVENIRS OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

This paper is the result of a more willing than competent disposition to acquiesce in an irresistible appeal from Dr. Hume, for something exotic about the drama. The trouble is, few things are nowadays exotic at all; but everything ubiquitous becomes local and familiar through travel and modern journalism: from Capricorn to *Ultima Thule*, there is no new thing to vigilant minds. Belike the crack o' doom itself, if not mistaken for a rap of stage thunder, will be scientifically dissected into its component notes, with their wave-lengths and vibratory coefficients.

The least and the most, therefore, that one scanty mind or narrow man can do, is to reflect his individual portion of light; and even this, rather to show that he has had eyes to see, than to enlighten others.

Something, as it were by reflex indication, exotic about the drama shall then be the humble definition of my theme; with Paris for background, and the years of grace 1883 to 1885 for limits of date. In those days I was purposely in France to study the best French, and to avoid bad French as far as external conditions favoured: so that I went mainly to the unimpeachable *Comédie-Francaise*, for dramatic treats; and about it my reminiscences chiefly centre. I was first piloted thither by a curly young Cherman aus Stuttgart, who "did speak throughout in French mit me, because in England he did hear that in America we have an accent horriple. He did also know that we call the

United States Oncle Tom; and what a needle concerns, we say always the ear of a needle; so likewise the duff, whereout the bread consists."

The play, that night, was a very light comedy by the facile and shallow Scribe: *Bertrand et Raton*; the scene, Copenhagen. But I became straightway aware of the great power of the *Comédie-Francaise*: namely, flawless execution. There is nothing less than supreme in every attribute of that stage. If Mr. Henry James has observed that one cannot appreciate the *Theatre-Francais* at first sight nor without education into its consummate mysteries: Mr. James allows too little for spontaneous intelligence, which acts immediately on whatever its natural common sense perceives; and needs no elaborate psychology of second hand interpretation. To intelligent common sense, the French classic stage infallibly asserts itself for this highly honest quality of masterly, conscientious perfection of studied form. There is no slouching on those revered boards; no perfunctory slurring over of insignificant roles; nor yet an obtrusive overdoing of any part, for self-advertisement: but the whole performance moves on like a piece of beautiful music.

The actor who made the most abiding impression on me in that first play was the veteran Thiron, a substantial foreground figure in all good comedy. In *Bertrand et Raton*, he partly figured as the Danish Counsellor, Rantzau. Subsequently, Thiron became an old acquaintance of mine,—at stage distance, that is;—and I found him most delightful in the pomp and periwigs of Moliére's old fogies. As years revolve, I find that my perennial favorites of the *Comédie-Fran-*

caise were Thiron, Got, Jouassain and Reichemberg-Got was Dean of that illustrious company; and a right hearty, mellow, sonorous, droll, Olympic wise comedian. I remember him most vividly in the *Ecole des Femmes* (albeit in that play he took a fool's part;) in the *Médecin malgré lui*; and as the uxorious Rabbi,—David Sichel,—in *L'Ami Fritz*. Uxorious, I should explain, is not used in the French sense here: fond of a great many wives besides one's own; but in the humane one of desiring with passionate conviction a proper wife to every wifeless man. Jouassain might well have been *Doyenne*, or Lady Dean, of the Comédie: so seasoned and perfected were both her years and her art. Yet she seldom took foremost roles, but nobly sacrificed herself to many secondary ones,—to my grudging regret. Her very appearance, though she was inimitably self-contained, should not only have made Nestor swear the jest were laughable,—but even Diogenes had split his tub. In Moliere, Jouassain was a terrible Madame Jourdain, and a quaint wife to Thiron in the *Malade Imaginaire*. As Dame Pluche, in *On ne badine pas avec l' amour*, she was a "sight" for bonnet and crinoline; and her "Seigneur Dieu, Camille a juré!"—in that keen little play, was one of the perpetual dainties in French comedy. Even in the very incidental role of the court duenna in Ruy Blas, Jouassain's tone and arch-majestical bow stamped themselves for a life-time. Reichemberg was a blonde and silvery *ingenue*: her prettiest art occurred in *L'Ami Fritz*, as the sweetly rustic Suzel.

Coquelin ainé, or Coquelin the elder of two brothers in comedy, touched me but little. He ranks among

leading actors the world over, and he has mastered the technique of his art with absolute nicety. Nobody can dispute his exactness and finish. Within those worthy limitations, he was indeed pleasing: as perfection is always admirable; but in so far as he was not the least breath spontaneous, but only measured, scientifically accurate, without the soul of genius, in fine: he thrilled me never a whit. Thiron and Got, for instance, or Mr. Joseph Jefferson, are perfect actors of nature's creation, ripened by their coöperative study; Coquelin is a perfect actor of Coquelin's creation, with sundry odds against him by nature's aloofness. But that he achieved wonders by his sheer method, was evident from his peculiar success,—to the popular mind,—as Don César iu *Ruy Blas*: one of the most unconventional, "gipsy" roles in the French drama.

Who shall speak with wisdom of the French serious plays? To the French themselves these are mainly a sacred bore—like somebody else's funeral to careless youth;—to our conception, they are wont to seem heavy, stilted. utterly wooden. The immortal *Cid*, as rendered with warmth and grandeur at the Théatre Francois, makes a brilliant exception to this charge; and I certainly felt a wealth of high pleasure in seeing *Le Cid* rendered twice, there, within three weeks. Our general quarrel with French classic plays is more or less just. Their declamations are inordinately long (as though the gods paused while eternity waits for a world to get done); and the swing of ten thousand French Alexandrines becomes monotonous, no matter how rythmical the motion: which is in the manner of a

literal swing, pushed now by somebody trotting behind it on one side; anon pushed back by somebody trotting at much the same pace, after a halt for breath, from the other side.

The characteristic distinction between Shakspeare and the French dramatists: that in Shakspeare we have individuals with all their complexity; in the French dramatists, types, with but little relief apart from their dominant traits,—is so familiar that I need not stop to recall it. I may simply say that by experiment I have found it a thankless task to cull anything like detached conceits, poetical imagery, or pat citations whatever, from French plays. There are few such casual touches as "the air bites shrewdly; it is very cold. It is a nipping and an eager air." "My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there; I do beseech you, send for some of them."

The French play "means business," and avoids all else; Shakspeare means life in all its phases and accidental adjustments: the whole including "business," where that belongs; but not projecting it so as to crowd out variety. Yet Harpagon is not exclusively the miser; and his intense, though selfish humanity, seems to me the nearest equivalent to the intensity of Shylock that the French "types" afford.

Bernhardt, in those years, queened it at the Porte Saint Martin; rather a shabby, second class theatre for such a star of the first magnitude;—with a curtain that advertised pianos and toothbrushes between the acts. No matter about curtains or furniture where Bernhardt prevails; she is a stage goddess, exalted by

pure genius above all detractions. Her ephemeral Greek husband was a fifth or sixth magnitude at the Gymnase, not far to the westward, along the Boulevards of greater civility. The mystery is, why Bernhardt should have bothered with a tame dull husband, or even dallied with wilder paramours. Her divine genius is a world too precious to be compromised by some vain coot of an inferior spouse; or to risk an adverse decision in the stern hereafter, for having heeding the things that make for damnation. One thing is sure: Bernhardt's voice and bodily graces yield nothing, in their living power, to the accepted charms of Antony's Egypt. I was peculiarly interested to see her as Lady Macbeth, whom she impersonated with tragic dignity, without the least ranting or extravagance; though her version of Macbeth was by the ranting, Tartar, Jean Richpin (so that eloquent apostate Pére Hyacinthe, described him once, in a fulminating arraignment of journalist atheists.)

The "second Théatre-Francias," is not a bad name to describe the respectable Odéon; so dear to booksmellers as well as to the theatre-going students: for the Odéon, close to the Luxembourg, is in the very heart of the student quarter; and its outer walls are lined with book-stalls, both modern and antiquarian. No better place in Paris for observing students informally, and only one better, the Théatre-Francais itself; for seeing standard plays. I saw an admirable rendering of Tartuffe at the Odéon, and a quite masterly portrayal of Louis XI.: a sort of grim and Luciferous Tartuffe among rascally kings.

Having heard much about the gaudy wickedness of

the spectacular Éden-Théatre,—between the Opéra and the Gare Saint Lazare,—I was a little diffident, in the tender twenties, about venturing to that fools' paradise; but the diffidence was all in my mind's eye. One may visit the Éden-Théatre with virture unassailed, and otherwise without offence. Perhaps those paradise "ladies" were highly meretricious; but they there, at least, gave no ground for scandal, and the whole audience behaved with outward decency. The spectacular piece *Excelsior*, which I saw at the Éden, was dazzling and animated; but less technically perfect, methought, than a London spectacular glory, "Whittington and his Cat," which I later witnessed, on a New Year's night, at Drury Lane. Touching the morals of the stage, I will personally say that the evil in me has never been at all encouraged by theatres. In Paris or elsewhere, my temptations were never once from that source. On the contrary, I am free to say that I have usually found good theatres (bad ones I know not; and even the Éden was good of its kind) a very wholesome form of perfectly moral recreation. If any find them the reverse, then theatres are bad for those people, and they should religiously avoid them.

Of all French plays, I believe the *Bourgeous Gertilhomme* has most become a vital part of my constitution; and this, not only because I saw it brought out with exceptional wit, mirth and magnificence at the Comédie-Francaise one glorious night of March 1885,—the cast including Thiron, Got, Jouassain, Samary, Coquelin cadet,—but because of its heartiness, naturalness, and fidelity to life. The motive is familiar: a plain blunt citizen suddenly grown rich and aspiring to all

the sudden education which wealth should command. "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets;" and that all new-hatched millionaires were as artless, genuine, humane and human, as honest old Monsieur Jourdain. There would be less distrust of goldbugs abroad in the land; less choking of inordinate poverty; a better circulation of this world's goods among all classes. The organic fault of our American "plutocrats" is, that they are too "sophisticated;" they are unnatural; morbidly self-conscious; and in the freezing strain of appearing to be at ease and unconcious of that great gulf between them and Lazarus, they are too apt to congeal into stark flunkies. Mr. Jappa van BILDERLAND, passing the plate for alms in Saint Bartholomew's Church, to the angelic tunes of a Palestrina fugue: "He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away," —is the dead image of a correct British footman; a marrowless flunkey, in sooth, for all his alms, and heavenly Palestina fugues which haply his own bounty hath provided. Moliére's *parvenu* still flushed and breathed with nature's blood in his veins; in this free Columbian land, no wonder that unreasonable superfluity of riches bears its own penalty, and robs nature and humanity from those to whom nature and humanity are alien creations.

It was an item of more than passing interest to me, to read in the Paris papers after I had seen Madame Jeanne Samary play the role of *Nicole*, saucy housemaid,—with uproarious hilarity,—that the same Madame Jeanne Samary became the happy mother of a healthy baby precisely one week from her said hilarious performance.

Time fails me to mention other particular triumphs of the French stage,—even the audacious, flashing comedies of Beaumarchais;—but I cannot close without referring to another lovely enchantment of the Comédie-Francaise: its historic *Foyer*; graced with busts and statues of all the more notable worthies of the French drama. The charm of association could hardly be better illustrated than by the contrast between the massive and sumptuous foyer of the Paris *Opera*, still new, and the plainly decoratod old foyer at the time-hallowed *Francais*. The beauty of the huge Opéra granites and porphyries is chiefly mineral, and inanimate; that of the *Comedie* statutes is one of life and character—intimate and sympathetic. I recall two notable fine life-size figures: George Sand, in marble sedentary calm at the end of a noble gallery on the side facing that brilliant square by the Louvre terminus of the Avenue de l'Opéra; then, what must be remembered everywhere from Orcus to Elysium, by all that ever caught its transfixing gleam,—Houdon's eagle-nosed, sardonic smiling, villain-reputed Voltaire. If one should attempt to suggest Paris in two words, mooning on a star night between Voltaire and George Sand, in the classic Foyer de la Comédie-Francaise; lulled by the smooth hum of a thousand perambulating cabs on the clean asphalt of the grand Avenue de l'Opéra, my venture should be these two: brilliance and rhythm. W. P.

ONE COMMENCEMENT AND OTHER TIMES.

FOUR EPISODES.

A boy and a girl were slowly strolling down one of the leafy aisles of the picturesque bit of woodland locally known and famed as "Battle's Park," sauntering leisurely along, he at least oblivious to everything and every one the world might hold, except the girl at his side. Indeed she was fair to look upon—a petite brunette from whose merry face, shaded by the large hat where the yellow roses nodded their heads mockingly to each other, her dark eyes with the gleam of fun and mischief in them looked out in evident enjoyment of the perturbed looks and unavailing efforts of her companion to keep the conversational ball in the air, and helping him no whit. Why should she? It is always amusing to see one in the mire struggling to pick his way out, when we ourselves are safe on high ground. Cruel perhaps, but she was a woman, whose natural enemy man is, and all arts and artifices must be used to bring him to a state of subjection and keep him there.

Hers was the play of the angler whose fish is fast hooked and who feels with delight the captive's efforts for freedom, knowing all the while that a little raising of the tip of the rod, a few turns of the reel and the fish is safe in the net. She knew he was fast—what woman does not know?—so why not enjoy his confusion. His very awkwardness and bashfulness in her presence were but a tribute to her power over him.

And he—he was enjoying the stroll too, tasting the first fresh delights of young love's dream, when the loved one is a perfect goddess, a Venus, only lovelier than Venus ever was; an angel, only more perfect and angelic than any ordinary angel; the sum total and highest expression of earthly perfection was there in his company at that very minute—and he dared to love her. Of course his heart was in his throat. What would you have? To him she seemed so high above him, so unapproachable, and his faint attempts to give the conversation the desired turn were disregarded altogether, and the walk was drawing to a close, for it was getting late, and he must speak. Not that he had not screwed his courage up for the plunge times unnumbered before, but it had always failed him, but now:

"Suppose we sit here for a minute or two. I have something to say to you." And down they sit, and yet the words he wants to say, rehearsed beforehand as they were, refuse to come at his bidding. Only a few vapid remarks about the little stream flowing among the rocks, and the heart in his breast leaping and beating like an imprisoned bird against the bars of his cage. Still he dares not and the minutes are fleeting by.

"We must go or we shall be late," she says. "Oh! only just a minute more," he pleads. "I am going to give you my regalia to-night," and a delighted little smile creeps about the corners of the demure mouth.

"I don't know how to thank you, it is so unexpected. I certainly appreciate it more than I can say,"

"I don't see why you say that. You know that I have loved you ever since I first saw you, and I have

never loved any one but you. Won't you take me too when you take the regalia?"

It was out, and with eager eyes trying to catch a glimpse of hers, downcast, he awaits the answer.

"I'll tell you to-night."

Would the night never come. He is half delirious with impatience as rosy visions dance through his brain. The regalia is given and accepted, and as the little gloved hand presses on his arm he whispers, "And what is my answer to be?"

"I suppose I will have to take you too since I have the regalia."

"Do you really mean it?"

"I am a lady of my word."

That was all, but he was very young and he was very happy. Doubtless she murmured to herself "Dear little fellow, he is so delightfully green."

II.

Next day they parted. To her it was an incident, an event of little importance. Why should it be otherwise? She had heard it all before and better told. Of course man's proper end and aim in life is to succumb to woman's charms. There was once a man named Sampson, even Hercules got himself into trouble over the fabled garment in days of old and a woman gave it to him. 'Twas amusing, to see the big fellow squirm, and we may imagine the woman standing a safe distance off, her hands over her pretty ears to keep the sound of his howlings away and saying to herself, "I don't believe it really hurts. I think he makes a deal of fuss over nothing at all."

Of course it was amusing. It is amusing yet to a woman—some women rather let us say—to draw out of a man to herself, all of his most sacred feelings of heart and head for the sport of the moment, the passing pleasure of an idle hour, for a toy to be thrown aside when the first flush of triumph is passed, to be trampled under foot. "It is good for them," they say. Does not that feminine oracle, that prince of parlor poets, Owen Meredith, say:

> "Man's heart is but a weed
> That needs to be trampled on boldly indeed,
> If the desired fragrance you wish to extract."

"It takes some of the conceit out of them and they all need it so badly."

To her, nothing; to him, everything, and he was not to see her again for three months, three ages rather, but she would write, she said, and so would he. The mails did not go often enough for him, and for a time all went well. The occasional letter from her marked an era, a day to be marked with a white stone, and he would steal off to read them alone and kiss the lines her hand had traced; letters to be read and reread till every one of them was known by heart, no very difficult task, truth to say, for if indeed brevity be the soul of wit, then were they examples to be chosen, and like unto the fabled angel's visits as to frequency.

And yet it was a paradise he lived in, even if it was a fool's paradise; one is as good as another when one knows no difference. One lasts, the other does not, and neither did his dream, for one of her letters brought with it his awakening. "She liked him very much as a friend, liked him too much as a friend to wish to change the relationship to anything closer, etc., etc."

Strange to himself he survived, why he could not see. What a thing was life when his sunshine was gone. His life was blighted and that of every one else also. All the world was bad and the women were the worst of all, for they had fallen further from their high estate. In short he became a cynic, a pessimist, whose mouth and brain were filled with cheap witticisms at the expense of women in general—and for what a reason—because his little world had gone wrong, because one woman had used the privilege of her sex and changed her mind, but then he was very young yet and and he loved her in spite of himself.

He would confess it to himself with an impotent mental writhe at his helplessness, and angry that he should still care for one who cared for him not at all, but her influence was yet strong, stronger than his will to forget her, stronger than all other charms. All in vain he tried to find forgetfulness in other bright eyes, the haunting undercurrent of thought was of her, all of her. He despaired, but still persevering, he seized every opportunity to be with her, even though the pain was more than the pleasure. His was the fate of the moth, singeing its wings, striking its head again and again. It does not hurt the light, and for the moth the attraction outweighs the pain, and so with him, though the pain lasted and the pleasure was but passing. Thus the months went by, days made sunshine by hope and a smile, weeks clouded by despair; but cloud and sunshine make up the year, and a year passed and once again he tried his fate and again—No.

III.

The rollicking strains of the Directorate were filling

the room as he entered that June night, poor moth still longing for his star, fluttering about the flame that will only singe his wings, but such is the nature of moths the world over. She was there and it was happiness only to see her, to breathe the same air, to hear her laugh, but she greets him with outstretched hand and whispers, "I am so glad to see you. I hoped you would come, for there is something I must tell you. I am to go home early. Will you not come too?" and for an instant the brown eyes meet his and for the moment he and she stand there alone in the world, all else is naught.

"I could not tell you the other night," she says to him afterward. "I did not know it myself till after you were gone and I thought I'd never see you again, but I know now I love you. But there is something else I must tell you that you will think strange, but I can't help it. You must try and forget for a year that I have told you anything to-night and think that I am only your very good friend. I can't explain to you but you will trust me I know."

"It is very hard to do what you ask or even pretend to do it, when it means so much to me and I have waited for you so long. Still if I must, I must, and you have made me very happy."

IV.

He was getting older now. He trusted her as implicitly as ever but he sought reasons now for those things that before he believed in blindly. "What could she mean," he asked himself. "Why had she told

him and then asked him to forget for a year. Could it be that she was yet uncertain of herself. Did she want to bind him and still remain free, or "—he would not think it; and meanwhile the weeks passed so slowly. The letters came, but no more frequently than before and soon less and less so.

"I have tried so hard to write you before and have felt I could not but I must tell you. I cannot give you what you ask and I know now that I have never given you anything more than friendship and can never give you more than that. Will you not take that and forget you ever wanted more," a letter told him one day and as he read he knew he had forgotten.

Months passed and then there came another letter in the familiar writing that had been so dear to him.

"Forgive me. I am very sorry. I did not mean it and I want to see you."

Did he go? Had he forgotten?

M.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT.

A TALE OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

It began at a February german. It hasn't ended yet. Life is like Anthony Hope's brain, with no complication-limit but the lids of the book.

His name, the name he had grown as he would grow a mustache, was Lothario. With the name which attempted to express him before he had expressed himself, we have nothing to do. Our interest is in character not in lineage.

Lothario fell in love. It was usual but, as usual, was serious. He was a stag and gave her his first lead. She relinquished her American Beauties because his hair was red. This was open encouragement. In the dressing room she said he danced divinely. The maid overheard and told his valet. The following week he sent her the Puff Box. It was a gorgeous affair with a mammoth amethyst in the top. He walked to Ralegh to select it. She made a pillow for his frat-hall.

Winged with such delicate attentions, the weeks flew swiftly and happily by until commencement. The mind of Lothario's soared above examinations, But how insignificant a thing may turn the tide of happenings! He had made her engagements—had reserved for himself the ball, and most unaccountably it fell out at the last that she had promised the ball to the chief. She came. He was away. She explained

—sweetly, for he too had a "rag" to give. But his ideal had become a mass of moving clay.

He told his woes to a chance girl who danced well. She had a sympathetic eye. It was brown and very soft. He noted the fact and the fatal step was taken. He gave his rosette to the confidante.

With this knowledge of our hero's past, we can better understand the situation presented in July. Lothario was at the Law School. The brown-eyed confidante of Commencement was also on the Hill. "When there is no one to talk to," she said, "I go to a lecture." This is commonly known as a Campus Course. Lothario was again in love.

Dulcinea seemed to smile upon him. And, as though this boon were not enough for his deserts, the gods had favored him still further. Riches were added unto him. He became engaged in a litigation for an Orange county farmer, settled the matter satisfactorily and thereby earned a professional ten dollar bill.

He quickly bore the news to Dulcinea.

"What shall I do with it?" he asked her.

The brown eyes looked at him sadly. "The first fruit of your profession."—

"And so far, the last," he assented.

"And you will throw it away on cigarettes or german fees."—

"I have not said so."

"On something. Your question implied it. You have no sentiment."

"As usual you have misunderstood me." He raised his hat and walked loftily toward the post-office.

On the way a geology tramper accosted him. (Geology counts in the summer.)

"Warm luck you had this morning. Hot fee."

"Burns my fingers," said Lothario.

"Easy to drop," said the tramper. "Celebrate at frat hall and invite the ladies of Poverty Row."

"They leave next week," he said reflectively.

They were passing the express office.

"Package for you, sir. Quarter due," called a voice from within. Lothario felt in his pocket, found only the fee, put it back and said, "Charge it." The package was round and fat. He pulled off the wrappings and disclosed the Puff Box.

"Hem!" said his comrade. "Is it your birthday?"

"Do you send sofa pillows by express?" asked Lothario.

"I wouldn't send it back till after the celebration," rejoined the other turning in at Yearby's.

Lothario walked abstractedly past the post-office. He was mixed of mood. The old question of the fox, the goose and the corn was as nothing to this problem of the fee, the Puff Box and Dulcinea. He was by nature hospitable, he assured himself. But to spend his first fee was to incur Dulcinea's displeasure. He was passing a porch where a girl sat hemming a handkerchief with suspicous demureness. (The occupation is typical.) She had promised last year to be a sister to him. Their relations were now Platonic. He sauntered in and sat on the steps at her feet attidudinizing against the pillar.

"What is it now?" she asked, still stitching, "Dulcinea or the law?"

"Both," he answered dejectedly and told his troubles.

"That's easily fixed," said she. "The February girl is a thing of the past. Give the Puff Box to Dulcinea as a peace offering and celebrate with the fee while she's in a good humor. Or," reflectively, "you might like to pay that bill at Kluttz's."

He stared in surprise.

"Be just before you be generous," she quoted apologetically.

"And that," he burst forth in scorn, "is your ideal of justice. When I was at home in June that man sent his bill to me three times a week and I was put to the expense of renting a separate post-office box and to the endless trouble of trying to explain why I did it."

"How very unfair," she murmured indifferently.

He took his leave, went to his room, wrote something on the back of his card and dispatched the Puff Box to Dulcinea. In half an hour the package was returned with these cold words: "You have forgotton to have the former initials erased." Lothario took to his bed.

There is but one important rule of ethics at a University Summer School. Everything of a confidential nature is public property. Therefore, Lothario's sympathetic room-mate joined a circle on the grass at seven thirty to discuss the matter and to fill in all gaps which might exist in the general information.

"Of course," said Miss A., "that fee ought to purchase for Dulcinea."

"But now that she's angry about the puff box"—objected Miss B.

"The necessity is so much the greater."

"In my opinion," broke in the room-mate, "that's what she meant by telling him he had no sentiment.

Affairs now took a new and unforseen turning. Lothario, to the consternation of the party, began to keep his own counsel. Even the sharer of his shuck mattress was awed into silence. The July heat was moderated by the growing coldness between Dulcinea and Lothario. No one dared to speak of celebration.

There were but three days before the separation. On the first Lothario set out on his wheel for Raleigh. He was accompanied by his faithful room-mate. On the second they returned.

"Of course," said the room-mate to his delighted hearers, "he kept me at a distance, but I saw him go into Mahler's, where he doubtless purchased a gift for Dulcinea.

On the evening of the third day a knowing smile passed like a gentle zephyr over the Summer School. Dulcinea and Lothario sat together on the Chapel steps. At last the fee has done the sentimental thing, said every one.

Next morning Dulcinea's party left the Hill.

"Lothario," I asked in September, "something is due to a friendship like mine. Tell me before we go our separate ways, what did you do with that fee?"

I wanted the tender climax from his own lips.

"I paid for that diabolical puff box," said Lothario.

MARY S. MACRAE.

A LIFE'S DEVOTION.

The village of Greenburg lies along the shores of a lake which nestles among the mountains. The calm clear air of the the valley seems to have breathed its spirit upon the people and their labors, for the busy hum of factories and rush of commerce do not disturb the slumbers of these hills. Songs echo from afar and deepen the impression of nature's silence. From the city at the opposite end of the lake, the locomotive sends its deep-voiced scream. Small steamers ply between Greenburg and this flourishing city.

Frank Warner stepped from one of these boats on a summer evening, and turned toward his sister's home. Admiring eyes followed the manly figure and noted its lofty yet humble dignity. His air was that of one who had been refined by study and pure associations.

At an early age he had determined to become a teacher, and every energy of his life was employed in preparing himself for his work. After years in the class-room, where could he find more invigorating air than among these mountains? Here he could regain health and strength sailing on the calm lake or climbing the rocky hills. Here he was close to nature in her grander moods. The solitude gave him opportunity to reflect, to withdraw from man and drink deep from the fountains of that nature which had played so small a part in his education. Thus the days of summer passed and when autumn came Mr. Warner had

decided to establish a school in this secluded spot. The school house soon became the centre of youthful activity. The vigorous minds of these mountain children expanded under the guidance of their teacher and friend, whose gentleness and firmness ruled so well. Aside from the small cares of everyday work, nothing seemed to give him a moments pain. Caring little for social life, he did not mingle much with those outside his school circle. For a year his life was as quiet as the water of the lake at his feet. The promised success of the coming year made it necessary for him to employ an assistant. Many years had passed since his heart had felt the intoxication of youthful love, and she who had then filled his dreams was now the happy wife of another. In the village there was none who knew his heart's hopes and longings. The wild flowers alone were his intimate friends. They well knew that he was capable of love amounting to devotion. They alone knew that he must inevitably find the one to whom he would pledge his heart in its deepest and fullest completeness.

One morning he said to his sister, "Nannie, I am going to Mr. Gardwell's to make arrangements with his son to teach with me this year. You remember we were classmates." He added jokingly. "I expect I shall fall a victim to the charms of his sister if she is like him."

"Oh, no, Frank there is no danger of your falling in love with anyone. Do you not remember the prophecy?"

"Never mind the prophecy."

A troubled look came into his eyes as his sister con-

tinued, "The prophecy said you would never have a wife to arouse your ambition. It did not say that you would never love." The conviction that he would love in vain flashed over him.

He was accustomed to laugh when the dark saying of the gypsy was repeated, but now he did not. As he rode towards the home of his old friend, each breeze seemed to whisper the fatal words. "You must climb alone, no wife shall urge you to win renown." After a few hours ride he saw a house which crowned a distant hill. Fertile valleys stretched away in front and on either side, while a forest darkned the background. Mr. Warner looked at the happy prospect before him and felt that the crisis of his life was at hand. A crisis fraught with untold misery if the prophecy were true.

Why do the heart strings not snap at once? Why not one keen pang and then silence? Mr. Warner knew that such would not be the case, that either extreme happiness or keenest anguish would be his, when the golden arrow should pierce his heart.

At the first glance Mr. Warner did not notice that Miss Ilsa Gardwell had blue eyes and fair hair, that she was slender and beautiful beyond all description, but he felt rather, that life would be incomplete without her. Sweetness and goodness made her a woman for whom a man might sacrifice his life or devote it to her forever. Sunshine, too, shone through her blue eyes and brigthened all around her. The peaceful evening attuned everything to melody. Mr. Warner had heard many pianists, but none had ever made a piano the living thing of passion it became under the

touch of those slender fingers. Her music revealed a deapth of feeling and power of expression which only gifted souls possess. Those strains of music haunted him for months afterward.

The prophecy had not forbidden love. Although no one noted any change in Mr. Warner, he worked more earnestly and lived more nobly, for must he not be worthy of the woman he loved? If she could not be his, she must not be able to say that he was not worthy.

In the days that followed he made the acquaintance of a young lady who won his confidence, and to her he spoke of his hopes and fears. Let us listen a moment at what they are saying. "I don't know how much I love her, I only know that my love is as deep as my nature." After a pause he added. "I almost wish she were no more to me than a friend. If that were the case, I should not suffer as I have a presentiment I shall."

"You have not tried to win her."

"No, I have not, but can a woman's heart be won by effort? I have little hope, yet the stake is great, and a life worth nothing without her is not too much to be devoted to her. Although she may never be mine, worship from afar can do her no harm. She may never return my love, but she cannot prevent it.

Mr. Gardwell's business interests caused him to move to the village where his son was teaching. Mr. Warner knew that he could not see Miss Gardwell day after day without being compelled to place his happiness and life at her disposal. He knew too that if she should regard him as a friend only, he could keep his

love to himself. If it should be necessary for his peace of mind, he would leave that secluded valley forever, and try to forget that life was void of happiness, by becoming absorbed in study. Weeks passed on without giving him any foundation for his bright dreams. In his plans for the future he could imagine no happiness unless it were shared with her, for she had become an essential part of his life. Although Miss Gardwell knew how well she was loved, she never showed any preference that could be construed into more than friendship.

At length it became impossible to be with her daily and endure the dispair that was consuming his heart. He must leave the country which was so dear to him the school that had flourished under his care, and strive to deaden his love by seeing new lands.

The love that was given from the depth of his heart was unreturned. The wierd prophecy of the gypsy again seemed to claim his confidence. In spite of everything, he determined to speak all that was in his heart, before bidding her farewell. No blushes tinged the cheeks of the fair woman at his side, for her heart felt the truth of his words, and was deeply touched.

He did not question why he could not be all to her that she was to him. He did not know of the long struggle that had brought death to the hopes of happiness in a heart other than his own. He did not learn from the calm voice that told him know "No," that he would not be alone in suffering.

Eight years do not change the everlasting hills, but many changes are wrought in the lives of men. One may rise from obscurity and reach the summits of fame

and splendor. Another may have grown weary of life's burden and laid it aside. Sorrow may rend a heart that would have not broken if little hands had healed its wounds.

Mr. Warner visits his sister's quiet home once more. He is no longer an unknown village school master, but has won distinction as a teacher in one of the leading Universities. His work was dear to him, a sacred trust of power to elevate those around him. Although he had worked earnestly, he has not forgotten the woman to whom he had given his heart and devotion.

This evening, while sitting by an open window children's voices come to him. "Ilsa, did you know Uncle Frank is coming this evening? Let's go and see if he has come." The pattering of small feet was heard and the door is opened softly. Annie ran to her Uncle at once, but Ilsa drew back when she saw the stranger. Only for a moment, however, then she climbed upon his knee. He saw the mother's image in the child and pressed the little one to his heart. Could not the heart, forever the mother's, be given to the child. The visions of his youth reappeared to him as Ilsa's curly head nestled close to his throbbing heart.

He knew that Ilsa Gardwell had married soon after his departure, and had moved to a western state. He afterward learned that her husband had loved his wife tenderly and had never imagined that her heart was not his own. Six years had passed, not wholly unhappy ones, when he passed from man's court to God's, and she with little Ilsa removed to the house of her brother.

Tonight Mr. Warner does not feel so sure of his

answer. He walks thoughtfully towards Ilsa's home the child's hand in his. The little guide carries the stranger to her mother. No introduction is needed. Their hearts speak at once. Added years have taken nothing from delayed happiness. The prophecy is fulfilled.

Renown was won without the aid of a wife, but the blessedness of life was realized by a life's devotion. CHARLES STAFFORD CANADA, '99.

OPHTHALMONOPSIS.

Melting, dazzling, tender, bright,
  Full of love's own gentle light,
Arch and mirthful, soft and pensive,
  Now assailing, now defensive,
Drooping now with silent thought,
  Now with joy and gladness fraught;
Laving lids with unshed tears,
  Moving hearts to piteous fears;
Dark with slumbrous passion deep,
  Pure as holy Vestal's sleep;
Kindling hope with veiled fire,
  —Love too bold draws scorching ire—
Pleading this with prayerful art,
  Commanding that as lightnings dart;
    With glimmer bright,
    Nor Starry night,
    Nor day's fierce light,
  Can dim that radiance,
Flashed from the soul's clear skies:—
Ah! who can describe thine eyes?

W. S. B.

North Carolina University Magazine.

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE DIALECTIC AND PHILANTHROPIC LITERARY SOCIETIES.

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The Editor's Desk.

A Parting Word. With this issue the present editorial staff concludes its connection with the Magazine and it is with mingled pleasure and regret that we yield to the new corps of editors, bid them welcome and our readers adieu. Retrospection produces regret—regret that our ideal and the reality have been so totally dissimilar. While the outcome of our labors has been far from satisfactory, still we almost feel as if we might with clear conscience say we have done the best we could. Our path has oftentimes seemed dark and

dreary and strewed with innumerable obstacles, but as is ever the case with humanity, when we draw near the end and behold the vision of light, the darkness begins to disappear before the element of pleasure in the work. Pleasure in feeling that we have succeeded in reaching the end of our labors even though the result is crude and imperfect. We feel that we have made a beginning which we fondly hope is but an earnest of what the MAGAZINE in future years will be, the true exponent of the literary ability of the undergraduate.

A magazine issued for the students and by the students should be filled with student articles however crude and immature they may be. It is much easier to obtain faculty and alumni articles and this very fact often leads to disastrous results. From a preponderance of such contributions, it is but a step to a MAGAZINE under faculty domination, the student editors being mere figureheads, and then history will repeat itself. Such a tendency should be carefully guarded against. Every student who can write should allow neither laziness nor false modesty to deter him from contributing. The MAGAZINE will never cease to be an exotic until it is no longer necessary for the faithful few to do practically all the writing. Flood the Board of Editors with contributions; think of something to write during the summer, and it will not be long before the MAGAZINE will be one of which the University can well be proud.

But we have digressed. We wish to thank all who have aided us in any way in our attempt to make the MAGAZINE a success and with a prayer for the future welfare and prosperity of the MAGAZINE we ring down the curtain upon the efforts of the Board of '98

State History. Some days ago we received the first number of *Studies in History*, issued quarterly by the Davidson College Historical Association. Judging by the first number, it will no doubt be of inestimable service in preserving the history of our State. This publication brought to our mind what a wide field of usefulness could be filled by a publication of similar nature at this institution. Every year excellent historical research work, well worthy of preservation, is done here, the majority of which is never published, and is consequently soon forgotton. It has been well said that no accurate history of our State has ever been written, and if the records of the past are either neglected or ruthlessly destroyed, the production of a history worthy of the State will be an impossibility. Such a publication is greatly needed here. Its pages should be open to meritorious articles from not only students and alumni, but from others. But its aims and limits can be defined after the publication has become a reality. Some liberal-hearted person interested in the history of our State and in the needs of the University could not do better than to establish a fund for this purpose. It would preserve much data, furnish an incentive to do historical research and cause the expansion of the North Carolina history course in the University which is at present confined to a single lecture each week, and a research course which may be taken under certain conditions after the one hour course has been completed.

Merited Praise. The MAGAZINE believes in giving honor to whom honor is due and when the guidance of University life was placed in the hands of Professor Gore during President Alderman's absence, it thought that time would demonstrate the wisdom of the action. The reins were dropped and taken up twice during a space of three months and not the slightest friction was felt. The MAGAZINE has no desire to be lavish in the bestowment of praise, but it feels that in justice it must say that it does not believe that the current of college life ever flowed more smoothly than it did under the administration of Dean Gore, and the student body will not soon forget the time and attention which he was ever ready to give to their needs. Nothing can compensate for the conclusion of the administration of the Dean except the pleasure of bidding welcome to our President.

An Explanation. Outward appearances would certainly indicate that we have transgressed our usual bounds in regard to graduate contributions in the present number. "Appearances are deceitful," and we should attempt some explanation of our conduct. "The University of North Carolina and Wake Forest College" is the usual faculty or alumni contribution found in each number. The article entitled "Souvenirs of the French Stage," was a paper prepared for the University Shakespere Club and is published by the urgent request of quite a number of our readers. "William Lenoir," by Mr. A. L. Jones, '93-'95, is an undergraduate piece of work, being written just before

the last suspension of the MAGAZINE in Mr. Jones' Sophomore year. All other contributions are strictly undergraduate work.

We dislike explanations in regard to articles, etc., but feel constrained to say this to justify a seemingly flagrant violation of the MAGAZINE'S policy.

Our Exchanges. As we have no exchange department we feel that the pleasure and profit derived from reading other college publications demand that some notice be given them. We have enjoyed reading the criticisms and at times have regretted our lack of an exchange department, but considering the way in which many such departments are used, we are not entirely sorry that it is absent from our pages.

Many of the criticisms strike us as even more devoid of merit than the articles so vigorously assailed by them, and the satirical pleasantries often indulged in by one publication at the expense of another certainly cannot be meant in a kindly spirit.

We are even less in favor of the indiscriminate praise, "you pat me and I'll pat you style," so characteristic of some magazines. The violent denonuncement of an article is oftentimes fatal to all efforts of the editor to secure further contributions from that source. In criticising a contribution there are often many strong reasons which could be given for its publication of which the critic must necessarily be totally unaware. We are not offended by anything said in regard to our MAGAZINE and hence there is no personal spleen in what we have said.

The following magazines have been moderately regular in their visits to us :

The College Message, *Clemson College Chronicle*, *Converse Concept*, *Mnemosynean*, *Criterion*, *N. C. State Normal Magazine*, *Trinity Archive*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *Wellesly Magazine*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *Wofford College Journal*, *College of Charleston Magazine*, *King College Magazine*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *Latin and High School Review*. *Red and Blue*, *Haverfordian*, *Erskinian*, *Purdue Exponent*, *S. W.P. U. Jonrnal*, *Sewanee Literary Magazine*, *William and Mary College Magazine*, *Roanoke Collegian*, *Lehigh Burr*, *Richmond College Messenger*, *University of Tennessee Magazine*, *Vanderbilt Observer*, *The Gray Jacket*, *University Courant*, *Niagara Index*.

Many others have visited us with very great irregularity.

Book Notices.

THE DESCENDANT. By Glasgow. New York Harpers. $1.25.

"The Descendant," a book that has created much comment during the last eight months, owes its popularity to the fact that it is peculiar-distinctly out of the ordinary.

The hero, Michael Akershem, to whom we are introduced immediately, is a farm—product of about ten years old. He has been adopted by a kind hearted, but unlearned, countryman. Michael's birth had been rather unfortunate—the father having seduced the mother, who was a plain girl of the woods. Although this fact was in no way due to the fault of the young progeny personally, yet he is continually confronted with it by remarks from the farmer's shrewish wife and other persons of the community, until finally he comes to hate everyone and to curse humanity in general.

Vowing to spend his life in fighting the world and its false moral codes, Michael Akershem, at the age of twenty, starts out for New York City, leaving his rural birthplace in Virginia with every wish for the future evil of its inhabitants. On reaching the city, he spends many days in seeking employment, and, finally, having nothing to do, resolves to kill himself and buys a bottle of laudanum for the accomplishment of

the act. As he passes from the drug store, whence the dose was procured, he sees a sign of "Men Wanted" in a window opposite, and concludes to make one more trial, although he thinks it of little use.

The last turn of fortune's wheel has stopped on the right color, and Akershem finds himself employed on the "Iconoclast," edited by Mr. John Driscoll. He rises rapidly, and when Driscoll, tiring of his tirade against society, leaves the paper, Michael succeeds him.

During his service under Driscoll, Akershem has become much attached to that gentleman, who is in fact, the only friend he has. On becoming head of the paper. Michael launches his bitter invective against society, abusing especially the custom of marriage and advocating more independence in the relation of the sexes. This continues for some time. Driscoll introduces Akershem to a young artist, Miss Rachel, with whom the hero rapidly falls in love. His affection is returned, and a union is formed on a non-marriage basis, although Michael says that he will be willing to give up his principles and marry for Rachel's sake.

Life is very endurable for a while and Akershem seems to be outgrowing his morbid pessimism, when unfortunately, he meets another woman, falls in love again, and finally deserts Rachael, who is almost killed by the blow. Michael is in no way consoled by his rascally desertion. His nerves suffer and he becomes subject to violent fits of temper, in one of which he shoots a fellow worker on the "Iconoclast." The penitentiary for ten years is his reward, in spite of all Driscoll's efforts in his behalf.

During these ten years Rachel attains some reputation as an artist, but her life is still overshadowed by the loss of Akershem, whom she still worships despite all her ill-treatment at his hands. Just after Michael has been released from prison, having escaped a little earlier than his time on account of ill health, Rachel meets him on the streets of New York, and takes him to her rooms. He is a complete physical wreck and is unable to resist her, although making objections at first. Being almost starved and entirely worn out, Michael enjoys the tea and the rolls, and begins to think that old times are back again, with Rachel moving around him and only striving for his comfort. While he is in this state and the two lovers are on the eve of a happy re-union, the delapidated physical structure gives way, and Michael Akershem passes out of life just as he has lived—with a curse upon the world on his lips.

"GLORIA VICTES" BY J. A. MITCHELL

New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Whatever faults may be charged to the author of Gloria Victes, everyone will certainly admit that his book is original. Furthermore the style is good. With these two features in view, the imperfections of plot and the lack of thrilling excitement are little missed.

The story opens with the portrayal of a noted confidence-man of New York City. This gentleman, Mr. Wadsworth, coolly "works" an innocent, not to speak

of beautiful, young widow out of several thousand dollars--all she has in the world. He then betakes himself home, where we meet his wife and son. The loving parents have a pugilistic and furniture breaking combat, in which the father, with the assistance of his loving son (who grasps the ankles of the enraged mother and thus trips her), gains a brilliant victory. Shortly after this episode Madame betakes herself to other parts in company with a young musician of the neighborhood. On departing she sends Wadsworth an affectionate note, regretting his inability to satisfy her as well as the said musician. At this stage of the game, in come the police officials to arrest Wadsworth Senior, but his youthful progeny again exercises his leg grabbing talents (this time on the "cop"), and so effects his father's escape.

Wadsworth Senior has now permanently disappeared from the plot, and the remainder of the story deals with the history of the younger member, Stephen Cyname. He decides to go out into the world for business immediately, though but eleven years old, and feels confident, owing to parental coaching, of great success in relieving any and everybody of any and everything he can lay his hands on. Dispite his resolution to be a "lifter", however, there is a streak of honesty in his disposition which he is not entirely able to subdue. His good trials are many. He never breaks a promise, is exceedingly generous and is unequalled for bravery. But these qualities are unable to successfully cope with his inherited tendencies to crime, and he is further hampered by his mother's in-

sane temper. To such an extent is the latter a fact, that, when once angry, he loses every instinct of a sane man and is capable of any crime, however violent.

At the close of the book, after various ups and downs, Stephen, while in a fit of angered lunacy, strikes his sweetheart dead. He immediately comes to his senses, but too late. Medical assistance is brought in, but the girl is past restoring. Mad with grief, Stephen makes his way toward a wharf in lower New York, intending to throw himself into the bay and so end his terrible sorrow. As he nears the end of the wharf, he is surprised to see a man approach him from the water's edge. This man is Jesus Christ in bodily form. He leads Stephen back to the death bed of his beloved one, resurrects her, and sends them both on the road of life—happy.

Such is the story in brief. Many are the good features of the book which could not be touched upon in this space, and anyone will be well repaid for reading it.

FORSYTH COUNTY. By Adelaide L. Fries, Salem, North Carolina. 1898 Winston; (*Stewart's Printing House*).

The above is the title page of an interesting and valuable historical monograph of 132 pages. There is evident throughout concientious and successful effort to be accurate. The style is unusually clear and graceful, and there is a praiseworthy absence of attempts at fine writing. The evolution of Forsyth

County is given and then follows the story of the first settlement of Wachovia, and of the trials of the Moravians in the Revolutionary war, including the difficult but successful steps to secure a good title to the tracts purchased of Earl Granville. A chapter is given to Kernersville, Friedberg, Friedland and Hope. Then the selection of the Court House tract, the naming of the county town, the early county courts, the Forsyth Militia, with its services at King's Mountain, Guilford Court House and elsewhere, the part taken by the men of Forsyth in the Civil War, the raid of General Stoneman, the Township lines and the fine new Court-house, all interesting subjects are well handled. We note that the religious scruples of the Moravians against fighting in the Revolutionary war, which our ancestral legislatures were so wise as to respect, were much modified in our Civil War—many of them "wore the gray" with honor.

Alumni Notes.

S. S. Holt '94–'96, Editor of the *Smithfield Herald* has recently been elected Mayor of that town.

Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn has been appointed Colonel of Second Regiment, N. C. Volunteers, United States Army.

W. Cobb Lane, A.B.,1897, who was the Principal Assistant of the High Point Graded school, has been unanimously re-elected.

T. W. Davis, "Med", '96, led his class at the South Carolina Medical College receiving the college cup for "first honor graduate in medicine".

Burton Craige, A. B. 1897, who has for the past year been Principal of the Episcopal High School in Salisbury, will during the next year be an assistant in the Horner School at Oxford.

Richard Henry Battle, A. B. 1854, tutor of Greek 1854-'58, was elected by the recent convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church one of the delegates to the General Convention to meet in Washington, D. C. in October next.

Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn, 1866-'68, on the occasion of the Memorial Exercises on May 10th at Raleigh delivered an eloquent and interesting address on the Life and Services of Gen. Thomas Lanier Clingman, '32.

The Visiting Committee of the Trustees for this year consists of Hon. Charles Alston Cook, of Warrenton, 1866-'68. A. M. Princeton, 1870, Alfred Williams Haywood, of Haw River, and Jesse Lindsay Patterson, of Winston, Law 1878-'79.

Rev. Alexander Lacy Phillips, A. B. 1880, 1895, D. D., now at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, who has been for several years in charge of the missions of the Presbyterian church to the colored people of the South, has resigned that position.

William Hyslop Sumner Burgwyn, A. B. 1868, who was a captain in the Confederate Army, who has recently held the position of U. S. Bank Examiner, is now Colonel of the 2nd North Carolina Volunteer Regiment raised for the Spanish war.

Rev. George Henry Crowell, A. B. 1892, has just finished a very successful year as Superintendent of the Graded School of High Point, and has been unanimously continued in the position. Dr. K

P. Battle, who delivered the Literary Address at the close of the school, reports that Mr. Crowell has one of the best furnished schools he has seen.

The following University men were represented in papers read before the North Carolina Section of American Chemical Society at their meeting recently held in Raleigh: H. L. Miller, '90,; Charles Baskerville, '92,: Lionel Weil, '97, F. W. Miller, '94–98, and A. W. Belden, '97. Dr. F. P. Venable, Professor of Chemistry in the University was re-elected President and Dr. Charles Baskerville, '92, was re-elected as Member of the Council.

We clip the following from the *Wilmington Messenger*; "*The Windsor Ledger* under the editorship of S. W. Kenney has improved more than any other exchange. It is indeed well conducted and is one of the best edited weeklies in North Carolina." Mr. Kenney was a student of the University from '94–97. The *Ledger* is publishing an interesting and well written history of Bertie County by its editor.

Rev. Robert Strange, A. B. 1879, D. D. 1895, rector of St. James' Episcopal church in Wilmington, N. C. at the request of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of East Carolina, appeared before the Convention of the Diocese of North Carolina and made a strong speech pleading for adding to the Eastern Diocese some counties now in the Western. On motion of Dr. K. P. Battle, A. B. 1849, the Convention expressed its willingness to make a new division, provided that the General Convention and the Missionary Jurisdiction of Asheville, will consent to the repeal of the cession of said jurisdiction to the General Conveution made in 1895 so as to have all the territory of North Carolina included in the two dioceses.

Robert A. Van Wyck, who has the distinguished honor of being the first mayor of Greater New York, was not, as some newspapers had it, a student of this University. His brothers, William Van Wyck, who married a daughter of the late Judge W. H. Battle, and Augustus Van Wyck, a judge of the Supreme Court of New York, are among our alumni. While Augustus was at the University his mother resided for some time at Chapel Hill and Robert was at school in the village, being too young to enter the University. After the war their parents lived in New York and Robert graduated from the Law Department of Columbia University. All three of the brothers embraced the profession of the law. William, who like the others, was able and influential, died 1887. Augustus married a Virginia lady. Robert is a bachelor.

DEATHS;

Elisha Benton Withers, '59. Born in Caswell County, North Carolina, December 31, 1836. Lawyer, First Lieutenant, Yanceyville Grays, C. S. A. Commandant "Cabell Graves" Camp of Confederate Veterans. Served two terms in the state legislature and in the Conventions of 1873 and 1875. Removed to Danville several years ago where he died April 23, 1898.

Clement Dowd, '56. He was a native of Moore County, where he was born, August 27, 1832. He taught for two years at the Carthage Academy, then read law and received his license in 1859. Entered the Confederate Service as first lieutenant of Company H, 26th Regiment of Troops, soon promoted to Captain and then made Major, but ill health necessitated his withdrawal from the army. In 1866 moved to Charlotte and became the law-partner of Hon. Z. B. Vance. Soon afterwards elected Mayor of the city and subsequently re-elected. In 1871, he was made president of the Merchant and Farmer's Bank and later of the Commercial National Bank which position he held until 1881. In 1880, he was elected to Congress and re-elected in 1872. In 1885, President Cleveland appointed him Collector of Internal Revenue for the western district of North Carolina. Served as State Bank Examiner for several years. The last notable work of his life was the "Life of Vance". Died April 12, 1898.

Solomon Cohen Weill, '85. Born in Charlotte in 1864, but his parents later removed to Wilmington where he spent a greater part of his life. Assistant Professor of Greek, U. N. C. 1885-'86. In 1886 he was licensed to practice law. From 1886-'88 he was associated with Major Charles M. Stedman, 1888-1896 with Mr. A. G. Ricaud. In September 1896, he removed to New York where he was associated with Mr. Nathan L. Meyer. He was presidential elector on the Cleveland ticket in 1892. In 1893, he received the appointment of United States District Attorney, but surrendered this position to go to New York, where he soon became prominent in political life receiving the nomination for Asssemblyman from Eighteenth District of the City, and was elected. Died at San Remo Hotel, New York, April 28, '98.

Hon. Thomas David Smith McDowell, of Bladen county, A.B.,1843. Born 1823, died May 1st, 1898. Representative in General Assembly 1845-'50. Senator 1854-'58. Member of Confederate Congress. Planter.

Thomas C. Thompson, 1857-59. M. D. Matriculated from Wharton, Texas. Druggist in Galveston. Member of the Board of Regents of University of Texas. Born December 27th, 1833. Died April 16, 1898.

Daniel McLean Graham. Matriculated from Fayetteville. A. B., 1857. Surgeon C. S. A. Physician at Duplin Roads. Died May 4th, 1898. Brother of Prof. Alexander Graham, of Charlotte.

Wm. Augustus Evans, 1846-'48. Matriculated from Cumberland county. Removed to Texas. Planter. Born June 12, 1828. Died April, 1898.

Edwin Alexander Whitehead, a member of the class of 1901. He matriculated from Scotland Neck. Age 20 years. Died April 12, 1898.

MARRIAGES.

Bellamy—Trenholm. Russell Bellamy,'87–'89, of New York to Miss Constance, daughter of Ex-Comptroller of Currency, W. L. Trenholm, also of New York, on April 15, 1898.

John—Bell. Maxcy Luther John, '88, of Laurinburg, N. C. to Miss Lila Bell of Mocksville, N. C. on May 18, 1898.

NOTES.

W. B. Glenn, '95-'96, late of the *Winston Journal*, has accepted a situation in the office of the auditor of the Jersey Central Rail Road with headquarters at New York.

Rev. J. M. Rose, '67-'68, D. D. delivered the annual oration before the graduating class of the North Carolina Medical College on April 25, 1898.

Studies in History published by the Davidson College Historical Association contains an article entitled, "Battle of Ramsour's Mill" by General Rufus Barringer, '42.

The Selma Journal with Wingate Underhill, '97, as editor has commenced publication.

Locke Craig, '80, City Attorney of Asheville and Hon. Charles B. Aycock, '79, delivered addresses at a public speaking of the Democrats of Laurinburg on May 12, 1898.

College Record.

The *Hellenian* will be out soon.

The Summer School opens June 21st.

Miss Mary S. MacRae will be one of the instructors in the Kindergarten during the Summer School.

The closing exercises of the Chapel Hill High School were conducted in Gerrard Hall May 24th.

The Chapel Hill Choral Society gave its first concert in Gerrard Hall on the evening of the 15th of April.

Mr. G. R. Kirby, '01, has received the appointment to West Point from the Second Congressional district of North Carolina.

Dr. Hume attended, as a delegate from this State, the Southern Baptist Convention, which met in Norfolk, Va., a short while ago.

A. W. Belden, '97, late assistant in Chemistry, U. N. C., has accepted a situation with the Alabama Iron Works, Birmingham, Ala.

Dr. Chas. Baskerville's lecture on "Habit and imagination in the Progress of Science," delivered April 21st, completed the series of faculty lectures for this term.

The members of the graduating class who have been chosen commencement orators of 1898 are Messrs. J. D. Parker, C. H. Johnston, P. D. Gold and E. K. Graham.

The Senior Class have decided to show their affection for their Alma Mater and also their love of country by presenting to the University a National and a State flag.

Our Professor of English, Rev. Thomas Hume, D. D., has accepted an invitation from Washington and Lee University to deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon at their next Commencement.

W. E. Cox, a member of the Junior class of this University was

selected to deliver one of the principal addresses at the meeting of the St. Andrews Brotherhood just held at Henderson, N. C.

Miss Watkins, one of the first young women to take advantage of the recent act admitting women into the University, has received the appointment as a teacher of higher mathematics in Peace Institute.

Professor Collier Cobb visited, on his Easter trip this year, Egypt, the Deep River coal fields, and the gold deposits of Moore county. Messrs. London, Gudger, Alston, Chadborne, and Ross accompanied Prof. Cobb.

The MAGAZINE Board for the coming year has been elected as follows: Editor-in-Chief, W, S. Wilson, Di.; Business Manager, W. E. Cox, Phi. Associate Editors: Phi; C. B. Denson, R. H. Sykes, J. F. Maddry; Di; F. M. Osborne, T. G. Pearson, J. Donnelly.

The base-ball season closed with the last game played with Trinity. Although fortune seemed to have decreed that we should have no opportunity to win the championship from Virginia, Carolina has played with eminent success this season. Out of fourteen games, she won twelve.

The University Dramatic Club made an extended Easter trip, visiting Winston, Salem, Greensboro and Reidsville. On Tuesday evening of the following week the Club delighted the students of the University and the people of Chapel Hill with a presentation of their new play.

The following additions have recently been made to the library: A morocco bound set of *Harper's Weekly*, presented by Mr. J. S. Carr, Jr.; a complete set of Darwin's works, presented by Rev. H. L. Wheeler; of Burlington, Vt., and Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature.

THE ELISHA MITCHELL SOCIETY.

The Society held its regular monthly meeting in the Chemistry Lecture Room, April 19th, at 8:00 P. M.

The following papers were read: "A Case of Stream Adjustment near Chapel Hill," by Prof. Cobb; "The Feasibility of Rearing Sponges from the Egg," by Dr. Wilson; "The Process of Division of Animal Cells," by Mr. E. J. Hood.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At the April meeting of the Historical Society Dr. E. T. Bynum read a short paper in which he showed the Czechish descent of the founders of the Moravian Church. A review of Lawson's History of North Carolina was read by Mr. W. S. Wilson. The Speaker in the Convention of 1788, by Mr. P. C. Whitlock.

The programme closed with a paper entitled "The University of North Carolina and Wake Forest College," by Prof. Cobb, in which it was shown that it was not, as is so commonly avowed, due to University men that Wake Forest College had so much difficulty in obtaining a charter.

THE SHAKESPERE CLUB.

The Shakespere Club has held two meetings since the last issue of the MAGAZINE.

At the April meeting Mr. C. H. Johnston read a paper entitled "The Moral Elements in Macbeth and Lady Macbeth." And Mr. E. K. Graham read "If Justice be thy Plea, a Defense of Shylock." The exercises were interspered with renditions from the Dagger Scene in "Macbeth," and also from "The Merchant of Venice," by Mr. J. A. Cowan.

At the next meeting, held in May, Mr. J. Donnelly read a paper entitled "The Hamlet Problem." The "Comic and Relieving Elements in Hamlet," by Mr. C. S. Canada, and the "Influence of Shakespere on the French Drama," by Mr. S. May were also read.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

With the close of the present collegiate year ends what has been a most successful period in the lives of both of the Societies.

The regular work has been uniformly good; the public exercises have been of a high order; and a keener interest has been felt in Society work this year than has been manifested for many preceding years.

The inter-collegiate debate with the University of Georgia, the annual and one of the semi-annual debates between the Societies have been mentioned in former issues of the MAGAZINE. In addi-

tion to these have been held the semi-annual debate, and the regular annual contests for medals in both Societies.

The last inter-society debate was held in the Dialectic Hall, on the evening of the 29th of April. Mr. I. E. D. Andrews was in the chair, and Mr. A. R. Berkeley performed the duties of secretary. Query: "Resolved that Congress further restrict immigration."

The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. J. R. Baggett and G. V. Cowper, of the Phi; and Messrs. H. H. and J. Reynolds, of the Di, spoke for the negative. When the last debater had concluded his argument, the judges, Professors Williams, Cain and Smith, after having retired and spent a short time in private consultation, rendered a unanimous decision in favor of the affirmative.

The medal contest in the Phi Society occurred on April 16th. The judges were Mr. W. D. Merritt and Drs. Battle and Wilson. The query for debate was: "Resolved that the Ten per cent Tax on State Bank Issues be Repealed." The affirmative was represented by Mr. E. D. Broadhurst and the negative by Messrs. J. D. Parker and F. O. Carver. The medal was a awarded to Mr. Parker. Mr. B. B. Lane was the successful competitor for the Declaimer's medal.

At a similar contest in the Dialectic Society the affirmative of the query, "Resolved that the present jury system should be abolished," was sustained by Messrs. C. C. Brown and F. M. Osborne, and the negative by Messrs. W. S. Wilson and J. E. Little. The judges were Dr. Battle and Profs. Gore and Williams. Mr. Brown won the medal. The Declaimer's medal was won by Mr. Nelson.

The aesthetic has been neglected no more than the literary. Both halls have recently been provided with new carpets which greatly improve their appearance.

'98 Commencement.

The Commencement exercises of 1898 opened on Sunday morning, May 29th with the Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. Wilbur Fisk Tillet, D. D., Dean of the Theological Department of Vanderbilt University. He preached from the text, "Till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the fullness of Christ".

On Monday, May 30th,

A new feature of Commencement was the address before the Law School by Hon. Thomas C. Fuller, of Raleigh, and if we are to judge the speeches to follow by Judge Fuller's, it will hereafter form a permanent feature of the exercises. In the evening the usual anniversary meetings of the two literary societies were held.

On Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock the Seniors formed in front of Memorial Hall and marched to the Chapel for a brief word of prayer by Rev. Thomas Hume, D.D.

Shortly afterward the regular commencement meeting of the Board of Trustees was held in Person Hall.

At noon the Senior Class Day Exercises were opened in a brief speech by the President, Mr. J. D. Parker. The program was continued as follows:—

History and Statistics.....Mr. J. G. McCormick.

Class Prophecy.....Mr. P. C. Whitlock.

Class Poem.....Mr. P. W. McMullen.

Oration presenting the Class gift, a state and national flag, to the University by Mr. W. J. Brogden, Speech of acceptance on behalf of the University by President Alderman.

In the evening at 8 o'clock the orations by the members of the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies began,

The subjects and orators were as follows:—

"The Problem of the Age".....R. D. W. Connor (Phi).

"Political Progress as Illustrated in American History",.....T. C. Bowie(Di).

"Types of Southern Statesman",.....G. R. Swink (Di).

"Our Future Progress Must be by Way of the Sea," .....E. D. Broadhurst (Phi).

BACHELOR OF LAW:—

Charles Exum Best, William Demsie Grimes, Samuel Selden Lamb, Oliver Stockard Newlin.

MASTER OF ARTS:—

Ralph Henry Graves, John Knox Hair.

Doctor of Philosophy:—

Thomas James Wilson.

MEDALS AND PRIZES.

The Holt Medal in Mathematics....Earnest Horatio Woodson.

The Hume Medal in English Composition....Willis James Brogden.

The Hill Prize in History. Pleasant Daniel Gold, Jr,

The Worth Prize in Philosophy.....Charles Hughes Johnston.

The Manning Prize....Charles Exum Best.

The Wilson Prize. William McEntire Walton, Jr.

The Harris Prize in Anatomy....George Pate.

The Materia Medica Prize....George Edward Newby.

After the conclusion of these exercises, a reception was held in Commons Hall by the President and Faculty.

At 10:45 o'clock Wednesday morning, the Academic Procession formed in front of Gerrard Hall and marched to Memorial Hall.

After prayer, President Alderman read the subjects of theses submitted by the candidates for degrees.

Edward Lawrence Abbott....."The Orient in Politics."

Ira Edgerton Dwight Andrews....."The Mexican War; Its influence on American Character and Life."

Lorenzo James Bell....."The Man in The Book."

Charles Exum Best....."The Stanley County Bond Case."

Willis James Brogden....."Liberty and Law."

Vernon Luther Brown....." The Question of Strikes."

Richard Smith Busbee....."A Study of Crime."

Charles Stuart Carr....."The Evolution of the Modern State."

Calvert Rogers Dey....."An Old Borough."

Fred Wooten Foscue....."The Survival of Superstition."

William Demsie Grimes....."Inter-State Commerce."

William Grimes Haywood....."A Study of Certain Double Chromates."

Archibald Henderson....."A Philosophic Review of Mathematical Science."

John Wright Johnson....."Judah's Reformer."

Samuel Selden Lamb....."Growth of Corporate Power."

Richard Henry Lewis, Jr....."The Causes and Effects of the War of 1812."

John Gilchrist McCormick....."Typical English Statesman."

Percy Wood McMullan....."Crime and Its Punishment."

Eddie Nevin Moize....."Artesian Well Prospects in the Coastal Plain Region of North Carolina."

Oliver Stockard Newlin....."Inter-State Commerce under the Constitution."

Henry Faison Peirce....."The Construction of Public Highways and their Effect on Civilization."

John Kenneth Pfohl....."The Work of the Hebrew Prophet."

Edward Emmett Sams....."Compromise"

Sallie Walker Stockard....."Nature in Poetry."

Oscar Milton Suttle....."Woman's Place in Politics, or the Power Behind the Throne."

Walter Rice Thompson....."North Carolina—The Force which Retards her."

William Thomas Usry....."The Hero as a Missionary."

Herbert Dillon Walker.....“Milton, the Representative of Ideals in Politics.”

John Franklin Webb.....“The Religion of the Greeks.”

Percy DuPonceau Whitaker.....“The Origin of Knowledge.”

Paul Cameron Whitlock.....“Popular Delusions.”

For the Masters Degree:

Ralph Henry Graves.....“The Puritan and Cavalier of 1640.”

John Knox Hair.....“Maximum Stresses Through Pratt Truss for Wheel Loads.”

For the Doctor's Degree:

Thomas James Wilson, Jr.....“The Genitive of Quality and the Ablative of Quality in Latin.”

ORATIONS:

Pleasant Daniel Gold, Jr.....“Feudalism of the Nineteenth Century.”

Charles Hughes Johnston.....“The Hebrew Versus the Greek.”

James Daniel Parker.....“The Scholar's Duty to Society.”

Edward Kidder Graham.....“The Economic Man,”

SPECIAL CERTIFICATES.

Greek....Charles Hughes Johnston.

Latin....Henry Meredith.

English....Charles Hughes Johnston, Edward Kidder Graham.

Physics....Edward Emmett Sams, Edward Lawrence Abbott.

Chemistry....William Grimes Haywood.
Biology....Edward Jenner Wood.

The Orators of the Class of '98 were then introduced and spoke on the following subject in the following order:

"Feudalism of the Nineteenth Century", by Mr. P. D. Gold, Jr.

"The Hebrew versus the Greek", by Mr. C. H. Johnston.

"The Economic Man", by Mr. E, K. Graham.

"The Scholar's Duty to Society", by Mr. J. D. Parker.

The regular commencement orator, Hon. Hannis Taylor of Mobile, Ala., was then introduced. His subject was, "Our Widening Destiny" which he handled in a masterly manner.

The following degrees in course were then conferred:

Bachelor of Arts:—Edward Lawrence Abbott, Ira Edgerton Dwight Andrews, Richard Smith Busbee, Charles Stuart Carr, Pleasant Daniel Gold, Jr., Archibald Henderson, Charles Hughes Johnston, Richard Henry Lewis, John Gilchrist McCormick, John Kenneth Pfohl, Sallie Walker Stockard, William Thomas Usry, John Frederick Webb.

Batchelor of Philosophy:—Lorenzo James Bell, Willis James Brogden, Calvert Rogers Dey, Edward Kidder Graham, Percy Wood McMullan, James Daniel Parker, Edward Emmett Sams, Oscar Milton Suttle.

Bachelor of Science:—Vernon Luther Brown, Robert Edward Follin, Fred Wooten Foscue, Eddie Nevin

Moize, Walter Rice Thompson, Herbert Dillon Walker, Percy DuPonceau Whitaker, Paul Cameron Whitlock.

Bachelor of Letters:—William Grimes Haywood, Henry Faison Peirce.

At 5, P. M., the ceremonies attendant upon the laying of the corner stone of the Alumni Building began with Masonic cerimonies. Hon. Julian S. Carr, '64, made the speech of Presentation on bahalf of the alumni, and the response on behalf of the trustees was dilivered by Hon. Francis D. Winston, '69.

The University Dramatic Club presented the play, "A Modern Ananias," in Gerrard Hall in the evening which concluded the Commencement exercises proper. On Wednesday night, the Commencement German began under the graceful leadership of Chief Ball Manager, F. O. Rogers, and the final dance was conluded Friday morning.

NORTH CAROLINA

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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(Founded in 1844.)

The Board of Editors.

DECEMBER ISSUE.

S. S. LAMB, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Phi.	*Di.*
J. G. McCORMICK, '98,	J. K. PFOHL, '98,
R. D. W. CONNOR, '99,	T. G. PEARSON, '99,
E. A. ABERNETHY, "MED,"	P. C. WHITLOCK, '98.

FEBRUARY.

J. G. McCORMICK, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

R. D. W. CONNOR, '99,	J. K. PFOHL, '98,
E. A. ABERNETHY, "MED,"	T. G. PEARSON, '99,
J. D. PARKER, '98,	P. C. WHITLOCK, '98.

APRIL AND JUNE.

J. G. McCORMICK, '98, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

R. D. W. CONNOR, '99,	J. K. PFOHL, '98,
J. D. PARKER, '98,	T. G. PEARSON, '99,
F. O. CARVER, '98,	C. H. JOHNSTON, '98.

W. S. WILSON, '99, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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